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THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

EDITH O'DELL, *Editor*

FREDERICA FIELD, *Literary Editor* RALPH ROCKAFELLOW, *Art Editor*

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Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

THE AUTHOR OF "Extra! Extra!," Robert Emmet Sherwood, is former editor of *Life,* author of "The Road to Rome" and several other successful plays, a dramatic and moving-picture critic reverently heard. He is anything but old. In 1917 he left Harvard to enlist in the Canadian Black Watch, and spent the next two years in active service. He was gassed at Arras, and wounded at Amiens. Following his discharge in 1919 he became dramatic editor of *Vanity Fair,* then associate editor and finally editor of *Life,* which post he held until last year, when he gave it up to devote his time to playwriting and criticism for newspapers and magazines. He is that rare thing—a native-born New Yorker.

One of the finest looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusky, dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian looking, clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy, smokes infinite tobacco.

SO TENNYSON is described by his good friend Thomas Carlyle in 1842. *The Idylls of the King* had just appeared, and Tennyson was already the leading poet of his day. Eight years later, after the publication of *In Memoriam,* he was appointed Poet Laureate to succeed Wordsworth, and from that time until his death in 1896 he received recognition and applause in ever-increasing volume. Of the high and moving quality of his poetry, never more apparent than in "Ring Out, Wild Bells," Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote:

Perhaps the first spell cast by Mr. Tennyson, the master of many spells, he cast upon the ear. His power as a versifier is remarkable. His measures flow softly or roll nobly to his pen; as well one as the other. He can gather up his strength, like a serpent, in the silver coil of a line; or dart it out straight and free. He will write you a poem with nothing in it except music; and as if its music were everything, it shall fill your soul.

HERMANN SUDERMANN WAS, at the time of his death in 1928, the greatest living German writer. In spite of an early life of heart-breaking deprivation, he had managed to abandon service as a chemist's apprentice for study at the universities, and to prepare himself to write.

"Write," he says in his autobiography, *The Story of My Youth.* "Easily said, but what? . . . Today it is sufficient to allow one's imagination to wander up and down the flowery meadows of the German language as fancy directs the flow of thoughts, and to put together a brilliantly variegated nosegay from whatever one comes across.

"But in those days (1880) the masters of literature had laid down stringent rules for the tying of literary posies, the neglect of which was met inevitably with scorn and outlawry or, what was worse, laughing neglect. . . .

"In my nature, however, impetuosity and lack of skill were engaged in a mad battle. I foamed with fury against the narrowness of the forms prescribed, and yet I felt flattered when I got a perfect strophe."

Sudermann became journalist and editor in Berlin, on the way to learn "the Art of Writing to its limits." In 1887 he produced one of his most famous novels, *Dame Care.* In 1892 his play *Magda* made him famous throughout Europe. The title rôle of this play has been interpreted by such actresses as Modjeska, Bernhardt, Duse, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Nearly everything Sudermann wrote was vividly dramatic, and showed him a keen observer of manners. "The New Year's Eve Confession" is terse, ironic, drawn from the same vein of realism as the best of Maupassant.

THAT BROBDINGNAGIAN maker of paradoxes, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, is, in our mind, first and foremost a poet. The exultant and tremendous music of "Lepanto" and those other colorful poems, "The Wild Knight" and "The Ballad of the White Horse," nearly outbalances for us his forty-five or so books that are not poetry: his witty and often penetrating essays, his novels, the famous Father Brown detective stories, his excellent and at times beautiful criticism.

Chesterton is a vivid figure in the British world of letters—his huge bulk; his trick of stating that everything that is so is not so, and proving it; his warm and sincere emotion; his prodigious output have made him a favorite legend. As for the facts of his life: He was born in Kensington in 1874, and educated at St. Paul's and at the Slade art school. His literary career began as a reviewer of art books, and his popular fame as a newspaper columnist. Soon the names of the magazines which he either contributed to or edited began to take so much space in *Who's Who* that they are no longer enumerated there.

His best books are perhaps *Heretics, Tremendous Trifles, Dickens, Browning, A Short History of England,* and *Irish Impressions*—and, of course, his poetry.

A SLENDER, QUIET YOUNG MAN from Newark, New Jersey, so poor that he had to borrow money to have his manuscript typed, suddenly achieved international fame in 1895. This was Stephen Crane, who at twenty-five wrote a story of the Civil War, *The Red Badge of Courage,* which overnight

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Six distinguished foreign authors now serve as an International Advisory Committee for the Book-of-the-Month Club. The function the individuals in this foreign group perform is to keep our judges advised about what they consider the significant new books published abroad, each in his own country. The Committee consists of: For England: H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett. For France: André Maurois. For Germany and Austria: Thomas Mann and Arthur Schnitzler. For Scandinavia: Sigrid Undset.

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Are You Afraid to Face the Truth About Yourself?

THERE are occasions in the life of every man when he realizes how miserably he has fallen below what others have expected of him and what he had dreamed for himself. The "big" man faces the truth, and does something about it. The "little" man finds an excuse for his failure and does nothing. What are *your* answers when you ask yourself questions like these?

Am I not drifting along aimlessly?

What, after all, is my purpose in life?

Am I trusting too much to chance to bring me success?

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made him America's most important young author. Five years later Crane was dead, but because of *Maggie, The Red Badge of Courage,* "The Open Boat," and a dozen other tales, he still promises permanent brilliance.

Crane joined a rare power of observation to an almost luridly brilliant imagination. To this he added an artfulness with words, at times too great, and a swift, journalistic sense for a good story. His work was electric among that of his fellow writers at the time, and still arouses us to leaping enthusiasm.

"A. S. M. HUTCHINSON," writes William Lyon Phelps, "is a formidable ally of Truth, Beauty and Goodness. He is on the side of the angels."

Like Thackeray, Eden Philpotts, and Kipling, Arthur Stuart Menteth Hutchinson is a native of India. He was destined for the army, and then, because of his poor eyesight, for the medical service. But in 1903, at the age of twenty-four, he left his hospital work to become a writer. He turned out poems, humorous articles, and short stories, only a few of which were published; then he worked on the staff of a magazine for four years. Next he turned to newspaper work, becoming night editor of the London *Daily Graphic* in 1907 and editor-in-chief in 1912.

His first novel appeared in 1908, *Once Aboard the Lugger.* He finished two other novels—*The Happy Warrior* and *The Clean Heart*—before the World War broke out. Toward the end of the War he finally managed to reach the front.

He apparently forgot all about novel-writing during the War; but in the silent vigils of the trenches he was busy imagining and developing the characters who later appeared in *If Winter Comes*—the novel whose overwhelming popularity made Hutchinson universally known. Since the publication of this book, he now devotes all his energies to fiction. The drawings for "The Strike Breaker" are by the famous illustrator of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*—Reginald Birch.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS (1861-1911) was one of that chosen group of nineteenth century humorists whose memory lives so brightly and warmly in American hearts. Like Mark Twain, Charles Dudley Warner, Eugene Field, and John Kendrick Bangs, this gentle Brooklyn ex-businessman added great personal charm to the adroitness of his pen. Stuart Henry says:

> Loomis had a wonderful mask for humor. He had the marked appearance of an unusual man, a talented man, though shyer than a woman and as gentle. The moment his face appeared above the horizon before an audience, a smile would be apt to break forth audibly through the room, and his lectures and readings, scintillating with simple fun, never failed of their response of congenial laughter. . . . He saw life as through a glass brightly, and so did all who came in contact with him or read his stories. His was the instinct of the people, for the mass. Possessing a lively capacity for enjoying himself, he radiated softly, pervasively, with sunshine, tenderness, douceur.

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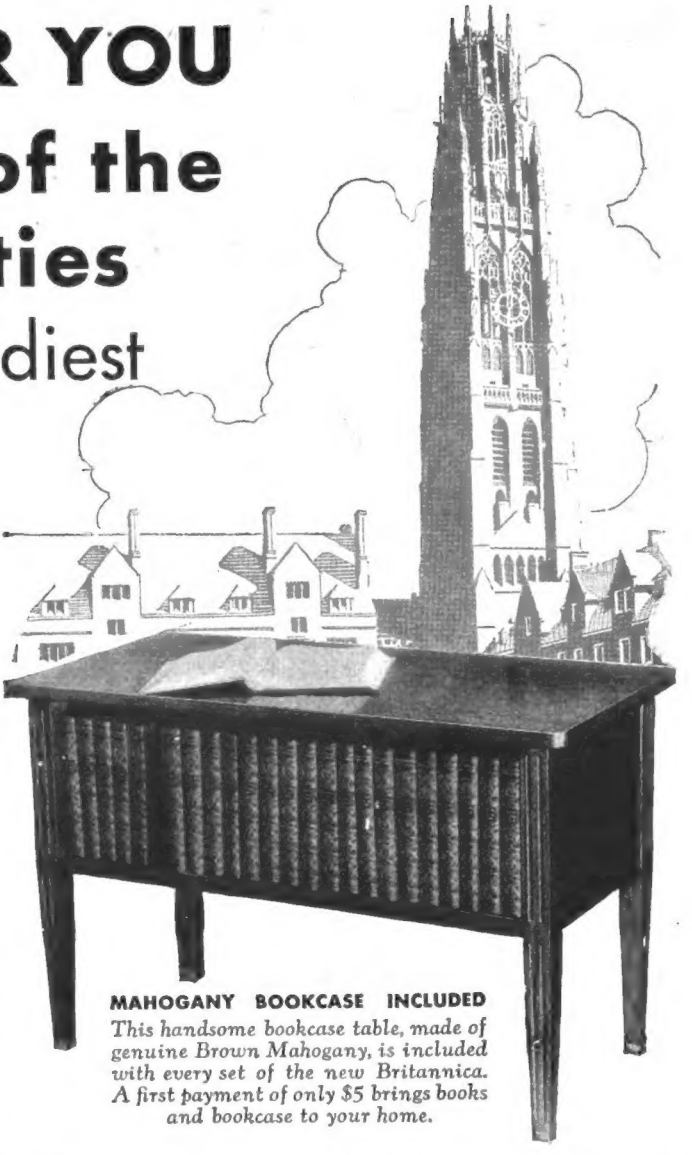

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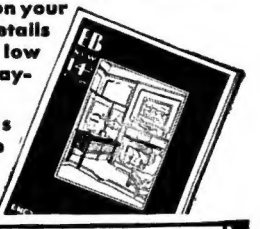

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Louis Stern

Authors and Books

WHO BETTER to start off the New Year than old Ben Franklin, maker extraordinary of resolutions, and patron saint of publishers? . . . Here is a fine new biography of him by Bernard Faÿ that is both scholarly and fascinating. . . .

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S career is the most magnificent of success stories. . . . No memoirs of an office boy now Chairman of the Board can equal the tale of this self-educated Boston tallow-chandler's son who became America's first and almost only great international figure. . . . Ben was one of the boys who found that the home town did not appreciate him. His first appearances in print (at the age of thirteen) were well received, but did nothing for his fame. . . . They were signed "Widow Dogood," and were on such controversial subjects as inoculation for smallpox and the drunkenness and idleness of Harvard students. . . . So Benjamin eloped with his talents to Philadelphia. . . . As soon as he left home his charm began to tell, and his steady rise in the world began. He learned to make friends everywhere, to make himself indispensable, and to steer each new step in the direction of success. . . . Even his matrimonial projects were handled with the care of an investor examining earnings. . . . He went from business success to local Pennsylvania politics, then national politics; he became an empire builder, responsible for the treaty with France at the close of the Revolution, for diplomatic advances in England. . . . At the close of his career he dominated the political, scientific, and philosophic world of his time, and he is remembered now as one of the great leaders of men of his century. . . . A complete picture of Franklin includes, of course, not only the main scene in America, but the conquests in France and forays in England. . . . And no one seems better equipped to do this perfectly than Bernard Faÿ. Few European scholars know America as he does, and he has assembled a mass of new material (including more than six hundred hitherto unpublished letters) on which other biographies for years to come will be based. . . . And the clarity, simplicity, and wit of Mr. Faÿ's prose make a friendly and charming book. . . .

"Insidiously it uncoils its length"—Traffic, from John Vassos' *Contempo.*

THE BEST-READING biography of the winter, we state uncompromisingly, is D. B. Wyndham Lewis's *King Spider: Some Aspects of Louis XI of France.* . . . It is not a complete history of the amazing fifteenth century king who brought forth a unified and peaceful France. This is the material of such a history, but only such parts of it have been chosen as shed more piercing light on Louis' crafty face, or give the colors, tastes, and smells of the world he lived in and the people he molded. . . . Mr. Lewis believes that it matters that Louis ordered a hat with the same exact and imperious care as he directed a state. . . . He shows us the boy exiled at seventeen for attempting to usurp his father's throne; the cold young husband glancing with a sneer at one of his first wife's many attempts at poetry before throwing it into the fire; the king crowned at thirty-eight ("a man better equipped by intelligence, temperament, and experience to rule a nation has never ascended any throne"); the bent and ruthless old man fighting guilefully for peace, who knew men—and loved dogs. . . . He gives you the popular songs of 1461, the year of the coronation, the flowers that were by Louis' bedside when he died in 1483. . . . We know, in snatches littered with the names of monarchs and treaties, the political panorama from which he emerged, which he shaped for a while in his own meager hands; we know the people who lived along muddy, stinking streets where children dragged corpses after the great massacres; we know the "Coquillards," Villon's gang, the Chicago racketeers of feudal France. . . .

"A writhing, struggling stream of humanity is ground into the rollers of the press"—The Tabloid, from John Vassos' *Contempo.*

Mr. Lewis's biography of Villon, published last year, was brilliant, but this—father or son of that biography—is immensely better. . . . Where the pages of *Villon* were clogged with too great a multitude of matter, until the picture of the man was as obscured as the Sphinx in sand, each detail here adds one more speck of color to a book ablaze with azure, argent, and gules. . . . We do not share Mr. Lewis's overwhelming admiration for this great Catholic monarch, at the close of the book, but our interest never flagged. . . . Coward-McCann and Edwin V. Mitchell are its publishers. . . .

A NOVEL BY REBECCA WEST is not to be lightly filliped away by any feather-duster of criticism, even though the book be a flower-weight fantasy. . . . In *Harriet Hume* (Doubleday, Doran), the heroine skims through the pages like a finely-fashioned and incredibly graceful marionette, pursuing the mind of her fond but too ambitious Condorex. . . . The whole is an enchanting mockery of the failure of our lives to live up to what we want of them. . . . Charming and mannered until at times it beats down our lazy will to keep on tip-toe, the first irony comes upon us while we are still considerably put about by Miss West's gallivantings with words. . . . The beautiful Harriet, the beautiful Arnold Condorex, are in love, and they are granted by Miss West the perfect communion which all lovers crave: Harriet finds suddenly that she can perceive whatever is in Arnold's mind. . . . Soon enough—and rightly so—Arnold finds this an unpardonable intrusion, and

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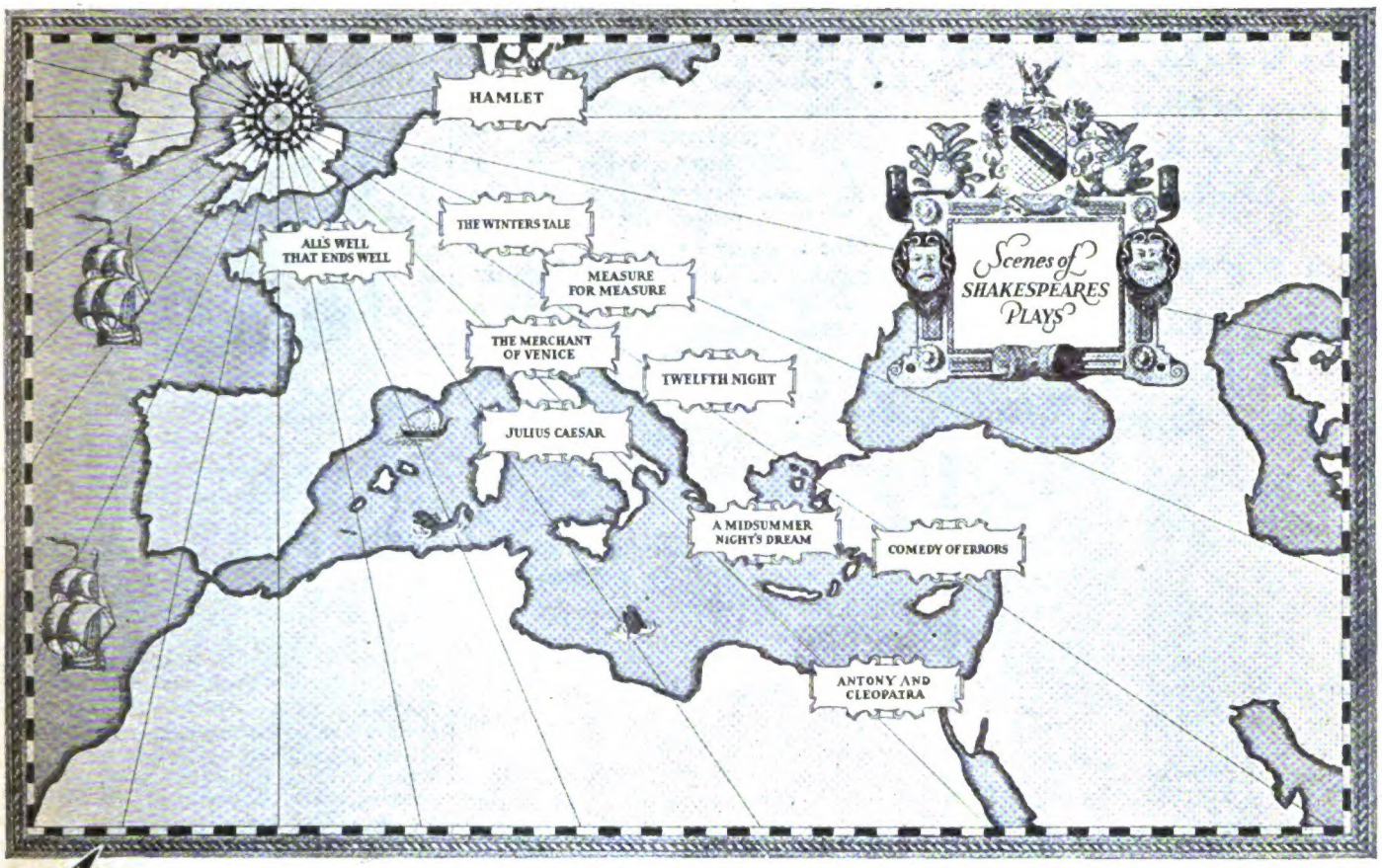

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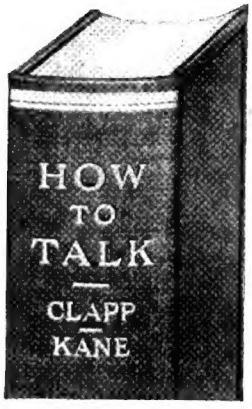

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he makes haste to click the gate shut between them. . . . They meet in the book only a half-dozen times after this, on the up and down sides of Arnold's giddy pitch to fame . . . and at each meeting Harriet's doting on him, her "arm like a rod of spirally rounded ivory," "her gazelle-like hams" cannot prevent them falling out over the unsavory truths she points out in his mind. . . . To this egg-shell contrivance called a novel, made alive only by the constant bubbling of its humor, Miss West gaily puts a happy ending. . . . Arnold pays a last visit to Harriet, just after he has shot himself dead at his home in Portland Place. She herself has "returned only a little while from a long journey," and has fortunately lost her uncomfortable powers. . . . The book is far from perfect; it is in parts dull and its purpose not clear; but its artistry and its wit are delectable. . . .

EMIL LUDWIG'S *July '14* strikes us as a species of inspired fiction which may in its general picture come as close to the true story of how the World War came to be declared as will any historical treatise. . . . We are not competent to question or defend Ludwig's facts or his conclusion, which is that "a peaceable, industrious, sensible mass of 500,000,000 was hounded by a few dozen incapable leaders, by falsified documents, by lying stories of threats, and by chauvinistic catchwords, into a war which was in no way inevitable." . . . But there can be no question of the thrilling drama of his telling, nor, we should think, on the whole, of his shifting the last-minute responsibility for action onto the personalities which he makes brilliantly living—Sir Edward Grey, Count von Berchtold, Count Sazonov, Poincaré, Isvolski, Jaurés, von Bethmann-Hollweg, von Moltke, and others. . . . Here is an astonishingly vivid recreation of those days of tragic crisis. . . . This is a Putnam book, translated without loss of staccato speed by C. A. Macartney. . . .

ACCORDING TO MR. CABELL HIMSELF, *The Way of Ecben* (McBride) is his last work of fiction. . . . And, suitably enough, it is a little more perfect, a little paler, than its predecessors. . . . Mr. Cabell is saying with the easy polish of too much practice what he has said before, and his spell falls short of transporting you to his favorite world of romance and pretty words, because Mr. Cabell is himself through with his old abracadabra. . . . He begins with an ironic myth, in which Alfgar, King of Ecben, pursues his Ettarre, ever-changing, ageless witch-woman, who causes men's dreams and foolishnesses. . . . Alfgar gives all but life to reach her, and at last, through the kind intervention of Horvendile, all comes to pass as well as may be. . . . Then, the story over, the importance of this book begins. . . . Its second part is an essay by Mr. Cabell on youth and age

There's the germ of a story in this picture. What can you do with it? What couldn't you do with it if you were a newspaper-trained writer?

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New Book Club Cuts Price of Month's Leading Books to 42c

By ARTHUR K. WHITLEY

NEVER before in the history of book publishing has there been so wide and varied a deluge of important—really significant—books. A recent list of best-sellers includes such names as Julian Green, Susan Ertz, John Galsworthy, Hugh Walpole. There is no doubt that American readers want good literature, and are willing to read any amount of good books—if they are within reach.

But so many books are published each year that it is almost impossible for the average reader to buy every volume he would like to own. As a result, hundreds of worthwhile volumes are overlooked—due to the "high cost of literature."

Why are books so expensive? Why can they not be sold as cheaply as magazines? This has long been the problem of a group of distinguished writers, educators and publishers.

The Writer said: "The author's earnings do not increase the price of good books. He would much prefer having 50,000 readers purchase his book for 42c a copy than only 5,000 at $2.50."

The Educator said: "Free public education has given the average citizen an appreciation of good books. More fine literature is being read today than ever before."

The Publisher said: "If enough buyers can be secured in advance, I can publish important new books, have them artistically designed, durably bound—and sell them for 42c a volume, or 1/6 the present prices."

And so the writer, educator and publisher conferred with printers, artists, distributors—*and worked out their plan.* The result is: *Paper Books.* This is a wonderful new book club that provides one outstanding volume a month—12 important, notable books a year—for the unheard of price of only 42c a volume! The books average 300 pages and contain as many words in as large type as the average $3 or $4 book.

Thousands upon thousands of readers who never dreamed that fine books, beautifully designed and printed could be sold for only 42c a volume, have already become charter members. After subscribers received their first two selections, "The Golden Wind" by Takashi Ohta and Margaret Sperry, a fascinating novel, and "Frederick the Great" by Margaret Goldsmith, a vivid, *full-length* biography—letter after letter came to the Editorial Board expressing amazement that such a publishing feat could have been accomplished.

The New York *Times*, writing of the first Paper Book selection, says: "Not only is 'The Golden Wind' remarkable for a most unusual and successful blending of East and West in romantic narrative, but its selection marks it as a portent in American publication. With cover and end-papers designed by Rockwell Kent, it is a distinguished piece of work, compounded of good paper, clear type and well bound."

Another *Paper Book* selection is "Dewer Rides" by L.A.G. Strong. This novel created a sensation in England where it received greater praise from critics than any other novel in recent years. Selections like these more than justify the original plans of this remarkable new book club. Now everyone can enjoy a whole year's distinguished reading—*for less than the price of two books;* and still have sufficient in their book budget to buy other volumes that may interest them.

Some of the men responsible for this wonderful new publishing innovation are: Padraic Colum, famous author, Everett Dean Martin, distinguished educator, Lincoln Colcord, eminent critic, Louis Untermyer, outstanding American editor, poet and critic, Horace M. Kallen and Charles Boni.

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Woodcut by Lucinda Smith Wakefield for *Hudson River Bracketed*

OCCASIONALLY WE GO GADDING. . . . We washed our face and hands and took a clean hankie and set out for the Dial Press not long ago, to meet "the best-dressed woman in Europe"—who wouldn't? . . . Daisy Fellowes (the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes) is the author of an amusing satire, *Cats in the Isle of Man,* and very charming she proved. . . .

SO THEN WE WENT to Mr. John Macrea's tea for Mr. and Mrs. John Vassos, whose book *Contempo* is one of our enthusiasms-of-the-month. . . . Mr. Vassos is a Greek artist who adds to a beautiful and unusual technique a something to say that sets him apart from most modern artists. . . . In many of his interpretations of Oscar Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol,* for instance, and in a few of the pictures in *Contempo*—a cross-section of modern life with excellent prose by Mrs. Vassos—the universe is his background, and his drawing is magnificent with meaning. . . . Then, all the same week, we made a trip to the Oxford Press, which was as good as our annual Christmas binge in a toy-shop. . . . In the first place, the whole delicate green interior of the Oxford

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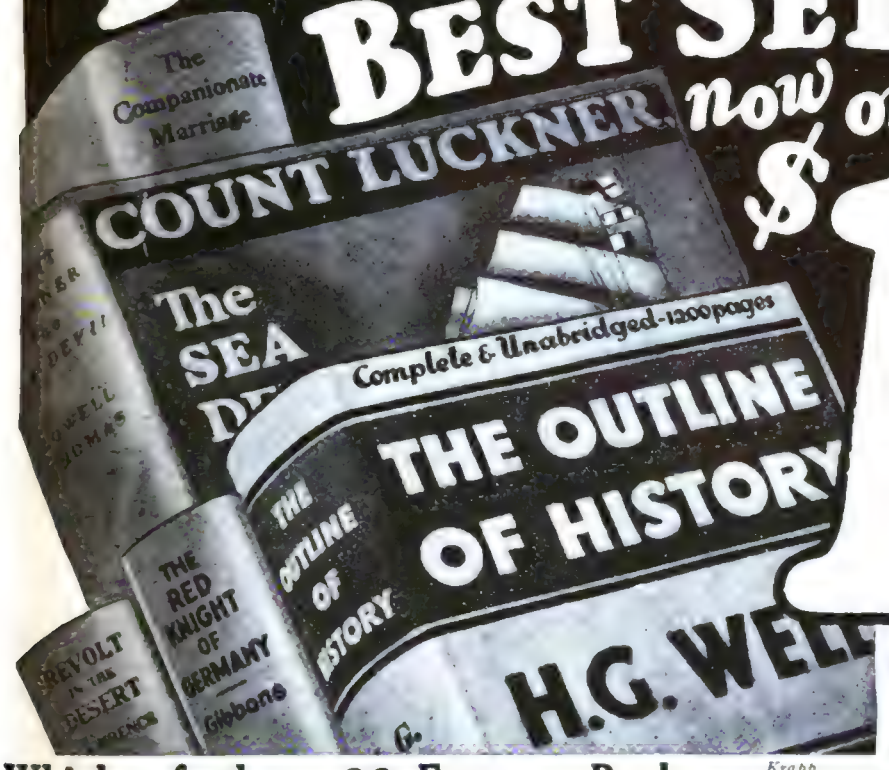

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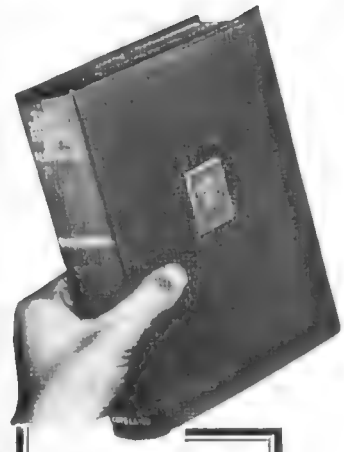

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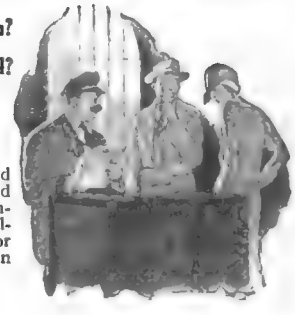

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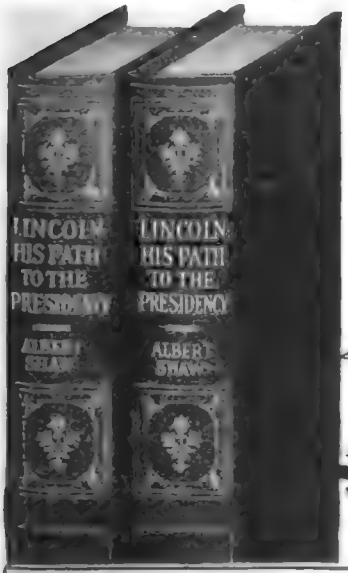

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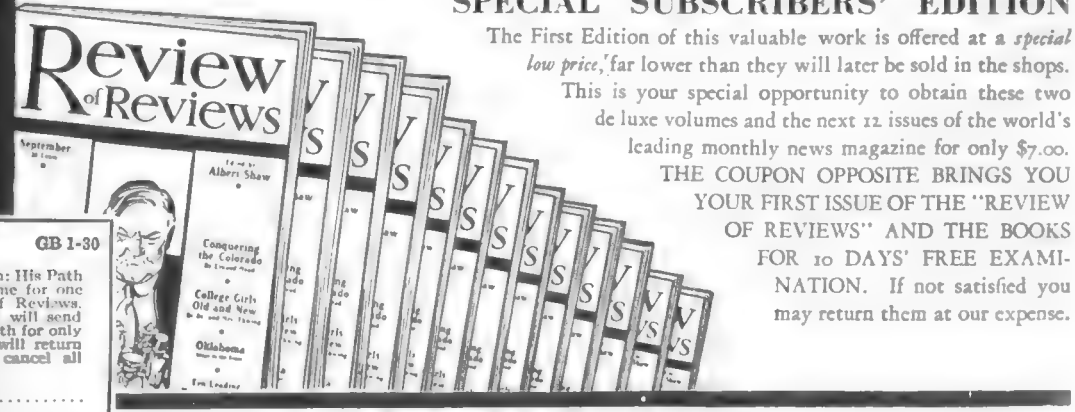

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Woodcut by M. J. Gallagher

By ALFRED TENNYSON

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

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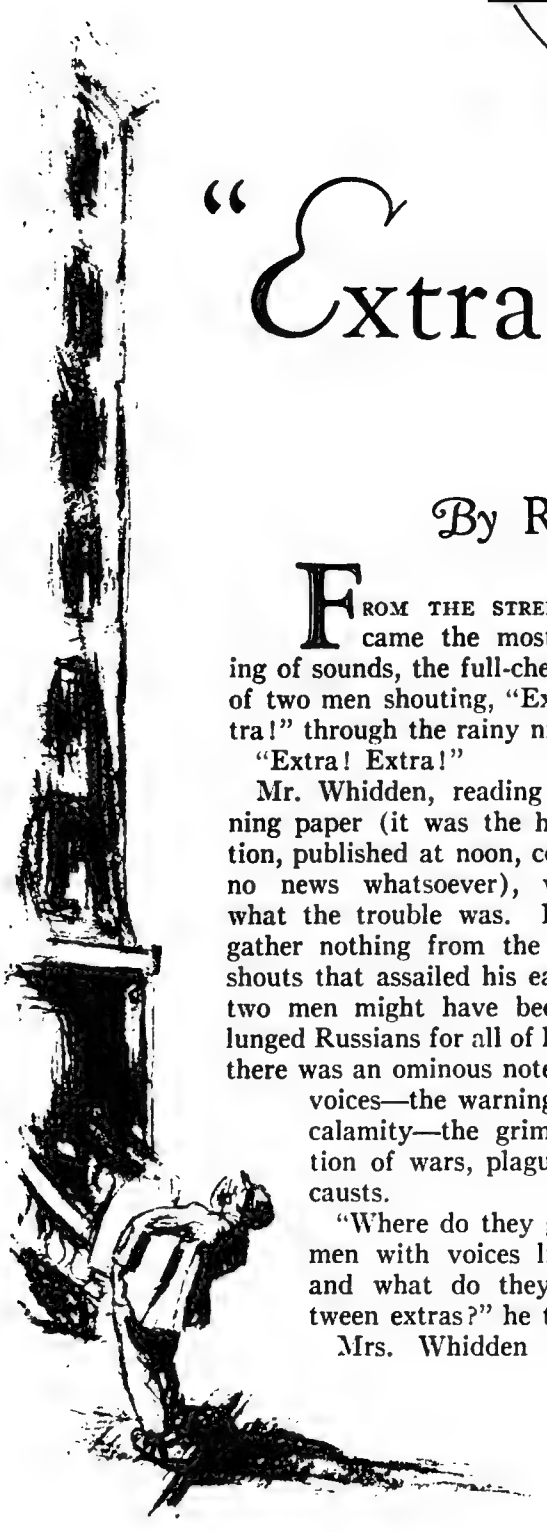

A story with a dash of salt by the former editor of "Life"

"Extra! Extra!"

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

FROM THE STREET below came the most terrifying of sounds, the full-chested roar of two men shouting, "Extra! Extra!" through the rainy night.

"Extra! Extra!"

Mr. Whidden, reading his evening paper (it was the home edition, published at noon, containing no news whatsoever), wondered what the trouble was. He could gather nothing from the ominous shouts that assailed his ears. The two men might have been lusty-lunged Russians for all of him. But there was an ominous note in their voices—the warning of dark calamity—the grim suggestion of wars, plagues, holocausts.

"Where do they get those men with voices like that, and what do they do between extras?" he thought.

Mrs. Whidden emerged from the kitchen, whither she had retired to bathe the supper-dishes.

"There's an extra out, Roy," she announced.

"So I hear," said her husband, who was not above an occasional facetious sally.

She walked over to the window, opened it, and thrust her head out into the rain. In the street, five stories below, she could see the two news-venders.

"Extra! Extra!"

Mrs. Whidden turned from the window.

"Something must have happened."

There was an overtone of complaint in her remark that Mr. Whidden recognized only too well. It was a tone that always suggested unwelcome activity on Mr. Whidden's part. He wished that she would come right out and say, "Go down-stairs and get the paper," but she never did. She always prefaced her commands with a series of whining insinuations.

"I wonder what it was?" she asked, as though expecting her husband to know.

"Oh, nothing, I guess. Those extras never amount to anything."

Mrs. Whidden turned again to the window.

"Something awful must have happened," she observed, and the counterpoint of complaint was even more pronounced.

Mr. Whidden shifted uneasily in his chair—the one comfortable chair in the flat—the chair which he himself had bought for his own occupancy and about which there had been so much argument. He knew

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what was coming; he didn't want to move, and walk down and up four flights of stairs for the sake of some information that would not affect his life in the remotest degree.

"Don't you intend to find *out?*" asked Mrs. Whidden, and it was evident that she had reached the snappy stage. Her husband knew that, if he didn't go down and buy that damned paper, he would provide fuel for an irritation that would burn well into the night. Nevertheless, that chair was so comfortable, and the weather was so disagreeable, and the stairs were such a climb! . . .

"I guess I won't go down, Emmy. Those extras are always fakes, anyway, and, besides, if it is anything important, we'll find out about it in the morning paper."

The roars of the men shouting "Extra! Extra!" reverberated through the street, beating with determined violence against the sheer walls of the walk-up apartment-houses, shuddering through the open window of the Whiddens' living-room, jarring the fringed shade of the reading-lamp, the souvenirs on the bookshelves, the tasseled portières that led into the hall.

"You're just lazy, Roy Whidden," said Mrs. Whidden. "You sit there reading your paper—night after night—night after night." She turned as though to an invisible jury, to whom she was addressing a fervent plea for recognition of her prolonged martyrdom. Then, with all the dramatic suddenness of an experienced prosecutor, she snapped at the defendant: "What do *you* read, anyway? Answer me that! What *do* you read?"

Mr. Whidden knew that the question was purely rhetorical. No answer was expected.

"You don't read a *thing*. You just sit there and stare at that fool paper—probably the death-notices. When anything important happens, you don't even care enough to step out into the street and see what it is."

"How do *you* know it's important?" Mr. Whidden inquired, being inclined, albeit unwisely, to display a little spirit.

"How do you know it *isn't?*" Mrs. Whidden backfired. "How will you ever know *any*thing unless you take the trouble to find out?"

Mr. Whidden uncrossed his legs and then crossed them again.

"I suppose you expect *me* to go down and get that paper," cried Mrs. Whidden, whose voice was now rivaling the news-venders'. "With all I've got to do—the dishes, and the baby's ten-o'clock feeding, and . . . all right! I'll *go!* I'll walk down the four flights of stairs and *get* the paper, so that your majesty won't have to trouble yourself." There was a fine sarcasm in her tone now.

Mr. Whidden knew that it was the end. For seven years this exact scene had been repeating itself over and over again. If there had only been some slight variation in his wife's technic . . . but there never had. At first, he had tried to be frightfully sporting about it, assuming the blame at the first hint of trouble and doing whatever was demanded of him with all possible grace; but that pose (and it had not been long before he admitted that it *was* a pose) was worn away by a process of erosion, a process that had kept up for seven years—seven years of writing things in ledgers in an airless office on Dey Street; seven years of listening to those endless scoldings and complaints at home. Whatever of gallantry had existed in Mr. Whidden's soul had crumbled before the persistent and ever-increasing waves of temper. He knew that now, if he gave in, he did so because of cowardice and not because of any worthily chivalrous motives.

He threw his paper down, stood up, and walked into the bedroom to get his coat. Little Conrad was asleep in there, lying on his stomach, his face pressed against the bars of the crib.

Over the crib hung a colored photograph of the Taj Mahal, a lovely, white building that Mr. Whidden had always wanted to see. He also wanted to see Singapore, and the Straits Settlements, and the west coast of Africa, places that he had read about in books.

He was thinking about these places, and wondering whether little Conrad would ever see them, when his wife's voice rasped at him irritatingly from the next room.

"Are you going or will I have to go. Must I drop everything——".

"I'm going, dear," he assured her, in the manner of one who is tired.

"Well, hurry! Those men are a block away by now."

Mr. Whidden put on his coat, looked at little Conrad and at the Taj Mahal, and then started down the stairs.

Robert Sherwood writes us:

"THIS STORY *is the only short story I've ever written that is even decent. I wrote many stories before it, and have written many since, and they're all indescribably terrible. This is irritating to me, because I've tried every known form of writing, and short story concoction is the one form that has completely thrown me. I spend about two weeks (at the most) writing a play, and two years (at the least) on a short story. 'Extra! Extra!' however, was an exception. That took about three hours—and perhaps that's the answer.*

"HOWEVER, *I shall keep on trying in the hope that I may make the* GOLDEN BOOK *again.*

"I HAVE *a new play, called 'Waterloo Bridge,' opening in Boston, . . . and due in New York; but one never knows. Dillingham is producing it, and Glenn Hunter and June Walker are the stars.*

"I LAY *claim to the distinction of being the only individual in the civilized world who admits he likes the talking pictures.*"

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There were four flights of them, and it was raining hard outside.

TWELVE YEARS LATER Mrs. Whidden (now Mrs. Burchall) sat sewing on the front porch of a pleasant house in a respectable suburb. It was a brilliantly sunny day, and the hydrangeas were just starting to burst out into profuse bloom on the bushes at either side of the steps.

"And do you mean to tell me you never *heard* from him?" asked Mrs. Lent, who was also sewing.

"Not a word," replied Mrs. Burchall, without rancor. "Not one word in twelve years. He used to send money sometimes to the bank, but they'd never tell me where it came from."

"I guess you ain't sorry he went. Fred Burchall's a good man."

"You'd think he was a good man all right if you could've seen what I had before. My *good*ness! When I think of the seven years I wasted being Roy Whidden's wife!"

Mrs. Burchall heaved a profound sigh.

"Ain't you ever sort of afraid he might show up?" asked Mrs. Lent.

"Not him. And if he did, what of it? Fred could kick him out with one hand tied behind his back. Fred Burchall's something, Roy Whidden never was—a real *man*."

"I suppose you expect me *to go down and get that paper," cried Mrs. Whidden.*

She sewed in silence for a while.

"Of course, I *am* a little worried about Conrad. He thinks his father's dead. You see, we wanted to spare him from knowing about the divorce and all that. We couldn't have the boy starting out in life with his father's disgrace on his shoulders."

Shortly thereafter Mrs. Lent went on her way and Mrs. Burchall stepped into the house to see whether the maid was doing anything constructive. She found her son Conrad curled up in a chair, reading some book.

"You sitting in the house reading on a fine day like this! Go on out into the fresh air and shake your limbs."

"But, mother——"

"Go on out, I tell you. Can't you try to be a *real* boy for a change?"

"But this book's exciting."

"I'll bet. Anything in print is better than fresh air and outdoor exercise, I suppose. You're just like your —can't you ever stop reading for one *in*stant? I declare! One of these days you'll turn into a book. . . . Now you set that book down and go out of this house this instant."

Conrad went out to the front yard and started, with no enthusiasm, to bounce an old golf-ball up and down upon the concrete walk that led from the front porch to the gate. He was thus engaged when a strange man appeared in the street, stopping before the gate to look for the number which wasn't there.

"Hey, sonny, is this Mrs. Burchall's house?"

"Yes," said the boy, "it is. Want to see her?"

The man was short, slight, and none too formidable-looking; although he was obviously a representative of the lower classes—possibly a tramp—Conrad was not in the least afraid of him. He had a rather friendly expression, a peaceful expression, as though he bore ill-will to no one.

"What's your name?" the man inquired.

"My name's Conrad—Conrad Whidden."

Conrad wondered why the man stared at him so.

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"Oh, you're a sailor!" Conrad was obviously impressed.

Drawings by Clive Weed

"I used to know your mother," the man explained, "before I went to sea."

"Oh, you're a sailor!" Conrad was obviously impressed. "Where've you been?"

"Oh, all over. I just came from Marseilles."

"Gosh," said Conrad. "I'd like to go there. I've been reading about it in a book—it's a book called *The Arrow of Gold*."

The man smiled.

"You were named after the man who wrote that book," said the sailor.

"I never knew that."

"No, I guess not. Your mother didn't know, either."

JUST THEN Mrs. Burchall appeared on the front steps, attracted perhaps by the suspicious cessation of the sharp pops that the golf-ball had been making on the concrete walk.

When she saw her former husband leaning on the gate, her first thought was this: "Well, of all things! And here I was talking about him to Adele Lent not ten minutes ago." Then she realized, with sudden horror, that her son was actually in conversation with his father. She wondered whether that fool Roy had said anything. . . .

"Conrad, you come here this instant!"

Conrad ambled up the concrete walk.

"How many times do I have to tell you not to talk to every strange man that comes around?"

"He's a sailor, mother."

"Oh, a sailor, is he!" Somehow or other, that annoyed Mrs. Burchall. "Well, you just chase yourself around to the back and don't let me catch you talking to any tramps—or sailors, either."

Conrad cast one glance toward the man who had come from Marseilles, and then disappeared from view behind the house.

Mrs. Burchall walked elegantly down to the front gate and confronted Roy Whidden.

"So you're a sailor, are you?" she said, and surveyed him with deliberate satisfaction. "You look to me like a common bum. I always knew you'd never get anywhere."

"I guess you were right."

He smiled as he said this. Mrs. Burchall was irritated by the easy good humor of his tone, by the calm confidence in his eyes.

"Why did you do it?" she asked.

"I don't know. It was a rainy night, and I heard a fog-horn out in the river."

"So you left me for a fog-horn!"

"Yes—I knew you'd be all right. Your people had money, and I sent some."

"A lot you sent."

"I guess it wasn't much—but it was all I could scrape together."

"Well, what are you bumming around here for now? What do you want? More money? Well, you won't get it. Not one nickel. I told Fred Burchall if you ever showed up he was to kick you right out. And he'd do it, too! I advise you to make yourself scarce before *he* gets home."

"Don't worry, I'm going. My ship sails at six."

"Oh, your *ship* sails, does it! I'll bet it's a *fine* ship." She laughed harshly at the mental picture of any ship on which Roy Whidden could obtain employment. "How did you ever find out where I live?"

"Oh, I kept track of you through the bank. I knew when you got the divorce and got married again."

"Well, then, why didn't you leave me alone? What did you come snoopin' around here for?"

"Just curiosity. I wanted to see what the boy looks like."

"Well—you've seen him."

"Yes, I've seen him. That's all I wanted."

He straightened up and started to move away. "Well—good-by, Em."

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"Good-by, and I hope you enjoy yourself on that *ship* of yours."

He was walking away down the street when suddenly she called to him: "*Roy!*"

He stopped abruptly in response to that well-remembered and once familiar summons.

"There was something I meant to ask you," she said with a hesitancy unusual for the Emmy he knew. "What—what was that extra about?"

He rubbed his none-too-smooth chin and thought for an instant.

"Let's see," he said. "It was something about . . . no, that was later. I guess I've forgotten."

"Was it about the World Series?" she asked, as though trying desperately hard to prompt him. "The morning papers were full of it. Was it about that?"

He smiled with relief.

"Of course—that was it! The Red Sox won."

The Hen

By LORD DUNSANY

All along the farmyard gables the swallows sat a-row, twittering uneasily to one another, telling of many things, but thinking only of Summer and the South, for Autumn was afoot and the North wind waiting.

And suddenly one day they were all quite gone. And everyone spoke of the swallows and the South.

"I think I shall go South myself next year," said a hen.

And the year wore on and the swallows came again, and the year wore on and they sat again on the gables, and all the poultry discussed the departure of the hen.

And very early one morning, the wind being from the North, the swallows all soared suddenly and felt the wind in their wings; and a strength came upon them and a strange old knowledge and a more than human faith, and flying high they left the smoke of our cities and small remembered eaves, and saw at last the huge and homeless sea, and steering by gray sea-currents went southward with the wind. And going South, they went by glittering fog-banks and saw old islands lifting their heads above them; they saw the slow quests of the wandering ships, and divers seeking pearls, and lands at war, till there came in view the mountains that they sought and the sight of the peaks they knew; and they descended into an austral valley, and saw Summer sometimes sleeping and sometimes singing song.

"I think the wind is about right," said the hen; and she spread her wings and ran out of the poultry-yard. And she ran fluttering out on to the road and some way down it until she came to a garden.

At evening she came back panting.

And in the poultry-yard she told the poultry how she had gone South as far as the highroad, and saw the great world's traffic going by, and came to lands where the potato grew, and saw the stubble upon which men live, and at the end of the road had found a garden, and there were roses in it—beautiful roses!—and the gardener himself was there with his braces on.

"How extremely interesting," the poultry said, "and what a really beautiful description!"

And the Winter wore away, and the bitter months went by, and the Spring of the year appeared, and the swallows came again.

"We have been to the South," they said, "and the valleys beyond the sea."

But the poultry would not agree that there was a sea in the South: "You should hear our hen," they said.

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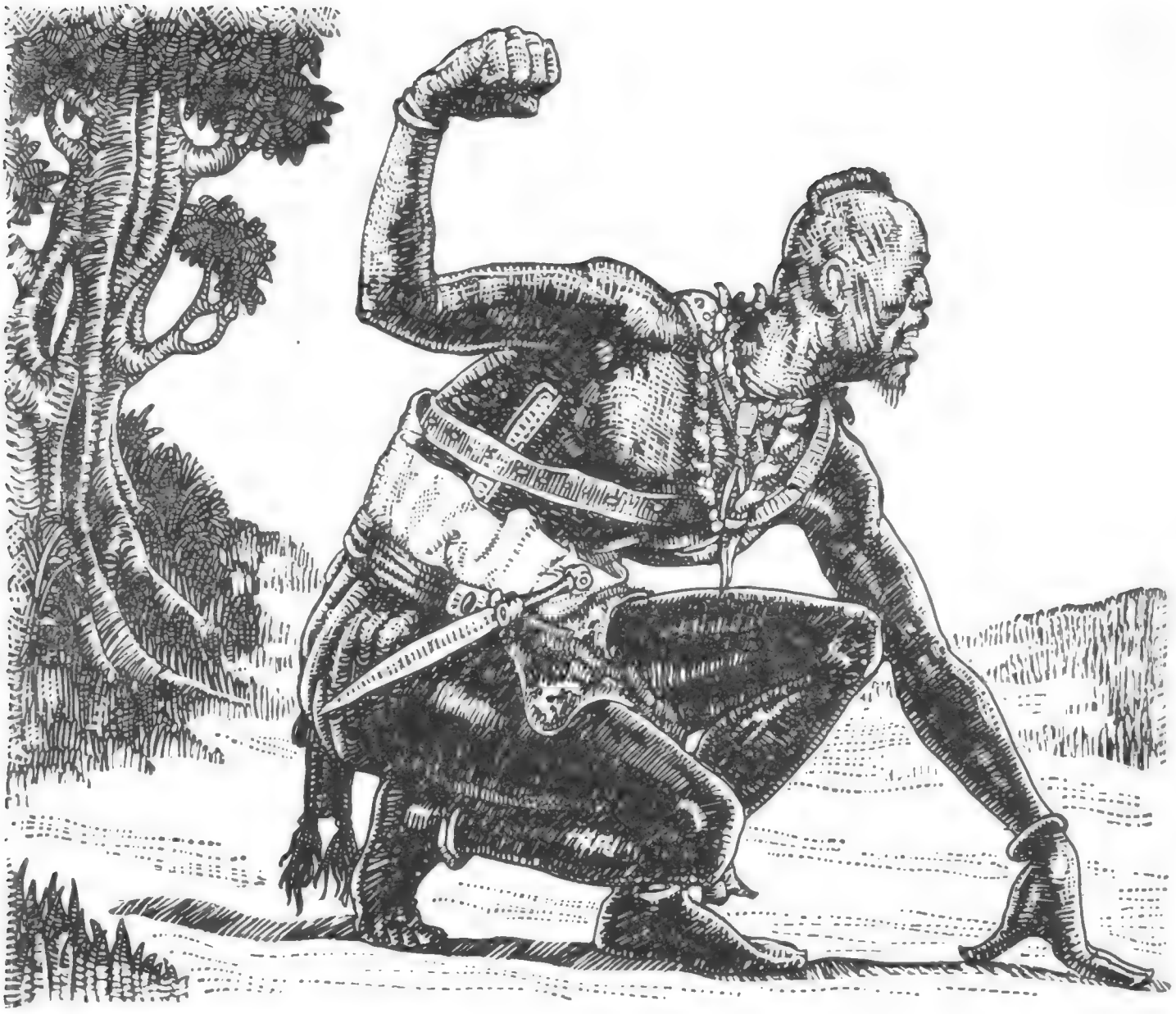
First of a Series by EDGAR WALLACE



SANDERS HAD BEEN AWAY on a holiday.

The Commissioner, whose work lay for the main part in wandering through a malarial country in some discomfort and danger, spent his holiday in traveling through another malarial country in as great discomfort and at no less risk. The only perceptible difference, so far as could be seen, between his work and his holiday was that instead of considering his own worries he had to listen to the troubles of somebody else.

Mr. Commissioner Sanders derived no small amount of satisfaction from such a vacation, which is a sure sign that he was most human.

His holiday was a long one, for he went by way of St. Paul de Loanda overland to the Congo, shot an elephant or two in the French Congo, went by mission steamer to the Sangar River, and made his way back to Stanley Pool.

At Matadi he found letters from his relief, a mild youth who had come from headquarters to take his place as a temporary measure, and was quite satisfied in his inside mind that he was eminently qualified to occupy the seat of the Commissioner.

The letter was a little discursive, but Sanders read it as eagerly as a girl reads her first love letter. For he was reading about a land which was very dear to him.

"Umfebi, the headman of Kulanga, has given me a little trouble. He wants sitting on badly, and if I had control . . ." Sanders grinned unpleasantly and said something about "impertinent swine," but did he not refer to the erring Umfebi? "I find M'laka, the

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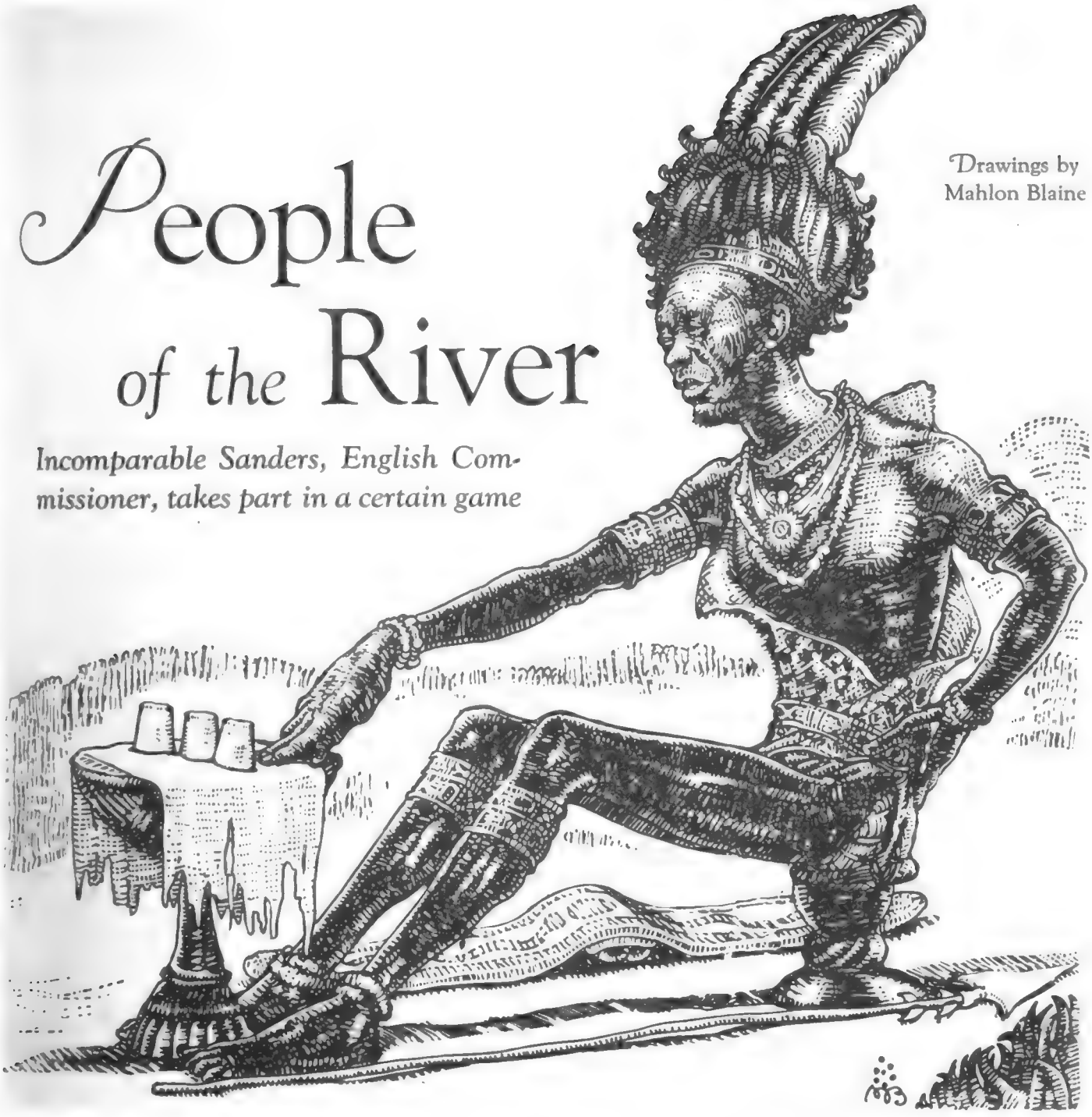
People of the River

Incomparable Sanders, English Commissioner, takes part in a certain game

Drawings by Mahlon Blaine



chief of the Little River, a very pleasant man to deal with: he was most attentive to me when I visited his village, and trotted out all his dancing girls for my amusement." Sanders made a little grimace. He knew M'laka for a rascal, and wondered. "A chief who has been most civil and courteous is Bosambo of the Ochori. I know this will interest you, because Bosambo tells me that he is a special protégé of yours. He tells me how you had paid for his education as a child, and had gone to a lot of trouble to teach him the English language. I did not know of this."

Sanders did not know of it either, and swore an oath to the brazen sky to take this same Bosambo, thief by nature, convict by the wise provision of the Liberian Government, and chief of the Ochori by sheer effrontery, and kick him from end to end of the city.

"He is certainly the most civilized of your men," the letter went on. "He has been most attentive to the astronomical mission which came out in your absence to observe the eclipse of the moon. They speak very highly of his attention, and he has been most active in his attempt to recover some of their property which was either lost or stolen on their way down the river."

Sanders smiled, for he himself had lost property in Bosambo's territory.

"I think I will go home," said Sanders.

Home he went by the nearest and the quickest way and came to headquarters early one morning, to the annoyance of his relief, who had planned a great and fairly useless palaver to which all the chiefs of all the land had been invited.

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"For," he explained to Sanders in a grieved tone, "it seems to me that the only way to insure peace is to get at the minds of these people, and the only method by which one can get at their minds is to bring them all together."

Sanders stretched his legs contemptuously and sniffed. They sat at chop on the broad stoep before the Commissioner's house, and Mr. Franks—so the Deputy Commissioner was named—was in every sense a guest. Sanders checked the vitriolic appreciation of the native mind which came readily to his lips, and inquired:

"When is this prec—when is this palaver?"

"This evening," said Franks.

Sanders shrugged his shoulders.

"Since you have gathered all these chiefs together," he said, "and they are at present in my Houssa lines, with their wives and servants, eating up my 'special expense' vote, you had better go through with it."

Sanders scrutinized the assembly with an unfriendly eye. . . .

That evening the chiefs assembled before the residency, squatting in a semi-circle about the chair on which sat Mr. Franks—an enthusiastic young man with a very pink face and gold-mounted spectacles.

SANDERS SAT a little behind and said nothing, scrutinizing the assembly with an unfriendly eye. He observed without emotion that Bosambo of the Ochori occupied the place of honor in the center, wearing a leopard skin and loop after loop of glittering glass beads. He had ostrich feathers in his hair, and bangles of polished brass about his arms and ankles, and, chiefest abomination, suspended by a scarlet ribbon from that portion of the skin which covered his left shoulder, hung a large and elaborate decoration.

Beside him the kings and chiefs of other lands were mean, commonplace men. B'fari of the Larger Isisi, Kulala of the N'Gombi, Kandara of the Akasava, Etobi of the River-beyond-the-River, and a score of little kings and overlords might have been so many carriers.

It was M'laka of the Lesser Isisi who opened the palaver.

"Lord Franki," he began, "we are great chiefs who are as dogs before the brightness of your face, which is like the sun that sets through a cloud."

Mr. Franks, to whom this was interpreted, coughed and went pinker than ever.

"Now that you are our father," continued M'laka, "and that Sandi has gone from us, though you have summoned him to this palaver to testify to your greatness, the land has grown fruitful, sickness has departed, and there is peace amongst us."

He avoided Sanders' cold eye whilst the speech was being translated.

"Now that Sandi has gone," M'laka went on with relish, "we are sorry, for he was a good man according to some, though he had not the great heart and the gentle spirit of our lord Franki."

This he said, and much more, especially with regard to the advisability of calling together the chiefs and headmen that they might know of the injustice of taxation, the hardship of life under certain heartless lords—here he looked at Sanders—and need for restoring the old powers of chiefs.

Other orations followed. It gave them great sorrow, they said, because Sandi, their lord, was going to leave them. Sanders observed that the blushing Mr. Franks was puzzled, and acquitted him of spreading the report of his retirement.

Then Bosambo, sometime of Monrovia, and now chief of the Ochori, from-the-border-of-the-river-to-the-mountains-by-the-forest.

"Lord Franki," he said, "I feel shame that I must say what I have to say, for you have been to me as a brother."

He said this much and paused as one overcome by his feelings. Franks was

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doubly affected, but Sanders watched the man suspiciously.

"But Sandi was our father and our mother," said Bosambo; "in his arms he carried us across swift rivers, and with his beautiful body he shielded us from our enemies; his eyes were bright for our goodness and dim to our faults, and now that we must lose him my stomach is full of misery, and I wish I were dead."

He hung his head, shaking it slowly from side to side, and there were tears in his eyes when he lifted them. David lamenting Jonathan was no more woeful than Bosambo of Monrovia taking a mistaken farewell of his master.

"Franki is good," he went on, mastering himself with visible effort; "his face is very bright and pretty, and he is as innocent as a child; his heart is pure, and he has no cunning."

Franks shifted uneasily in his seat as the compliment was translated.

"And when M'laka speaks to him with a tongue of oil," said Bosambo, "lo! Franki believes him, though Sandi knows that M'laka is a liar and a breaker of laws, who poisoned his brother in Sandi's absence and is unpunished.

M'laka half rose from his seat and reached for his elephant sword.

"Down!" snarled Sanders; his hand went swiftly to his jacket pocket, and M'laka cowered.

"And when Kulala of the N'gombi raids into Almandy territory stealing girls, our lord is so gentle of spirit——"

"Liar and dog and eater of fish!" exclaimed the accused.

The outraged Kulala was on his feet, his fat figure shaking with wrath.

But Sanders was up now, stiffly standing by his relief, and a gesture sent insulter and insulted squatting to earth.

All that followed was Greek to Mr. Franks, because nobody troubled to translate what was said.

"It seems to me," said Sanders, "that I may divide my chiefs into three parts, saying this part is made of rogues, this part of fools, and this, and the greater part, of people who are rogues in a foolish way. Now I know only one of you who is a pure rogue, and that is Bosambo of the Ochori, and for the rest you are like children.

"For when Bosambo spread the lie that I was leaving you, and when the master Franki called you together, you, being simpletons, who throw your faces to the shadows, thought, 'Now this is the time to speak evilly of Sandi and well of the new master.' But Bosambo, who is a rogue and a liar, has more wisdom than all of you, for the cunning one has said, 'I will speak well of Sandi, knowing that he will stay with us; and Sandi, hearing me, will love me for my kindness.'"

For one of the few times of his life Bosambo was embarrassed and looked it.

"Tomorrow," said Sanders, "when I come from my house, I wish to see no chief nor headman, for the sight of you already makes me violently ill. Rather I would prefer to hear from my men that you are hurrying back with all speed to your various homes. Later, I will come and there will be palavers—especially in the matter of poisoning. The palaver is finished."

He walked into the house with Franks, who was not quite sure whether to be annoyed or apologetic.

"I am afraid my ideas do not exactly tally with yours," he said, a little ruefully.

Sanders smiled kindly.

"My dear chap," he said, "nobody's ideas really tally with anybody's! Native folk are weird folk—that is why I know them. I am a bit of a weird bird myself."

When he had settled his belongings in their various

It was M'laka of the Lesser Isisi who opened the palaver.

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places the Commissioner sent for Bosambo, and that worthy came, stripped of his gaudy furnishings, and sat humbly on the stoep before Sanders.

"Bosambo," he said briefly, "you have the tongue of a monkey that chatters all the time."

"Master, it is good that monkeys chatter," said the crestfallen chief, "otherwise the hunter would never catch them."

"That may be," said Sanders; "but if their chattering attracts bigger game to stalk the hunter, then they are dangerous beasts. You shall tell me later about the poisoning of M'laka's brother; but first you shall say why you desire to stand well with me. You need not lie, for we are men talking together."

BOSAMBO MET his master's eye fearlessly.

"Lord," he said, "I am a little chief of a little people. They are not of my race, yet I govern them wisely. I have made them a nation of fighters where they were a nation of women."

Sanders nodded.

"All this is true! if it were not so, I should have removed you long since. This you know. Also that I have reason to be grateful to you for certain happenings."

"Lord," said Bosambo earnestly, "I am no beggar for favors, for I am, as you know, a Christian, being acquainted with the blessed Peter and the blessed Paul and other holy saints which I have forgotten. But I am a better man than all these chiefs, and I desire to be a king."

"How much?" asked the astonished Sanders.

"A king, lord," said Bosambo, unashamed; "for I am fitted for kingship, and a witch doctor in the Kroo country, to whom I dashed a bottle of gin, predicted I should rule vast lands."

"Not this side of heaven," said Sanders decisively. He did not say "heaven," but let that pass.

Bosambo hesitated.

"Ochori is a little place and a little people," he said, half to himself; "and by my borders sits M'laka, who rules a large country three times as large and very rich——"

Sanders clicked his lips impatiently, then the humor of the thing took possession of him.

"Go you to M'laka," he said, with a little inward grin, "say to him all that you have said to me. If M'laka will deliver his kingdom into your hands, I shall be content."

"Lord," said Bosambo, "this I will do, for I am a man of great attainments and have a winning way."

With the dignity of an emperor's son he stalked through the garden and disappeared.

The next morning Sanders said good-by to Mr. Franks—a coasting steamer gave the Commissioner an excuse for hurrying him off. The chiefs had departed at sunrise, and by the evening life had resumed its normal course for Sanders.

It ran smoothly for two months, at the end of which time M'laka paid a visit to his brother-in-law, Kulala, a chief of N'Gombi, and a man of some importance, since he was lord of five hundred spears, and famous hunters. They held a palaver which lasted the greater part of a week, and at the end there was a big dance.

It was more than a coincidence that on the last day of the palaver two shivering men of the Ochori were led into the village by their captors and promptly sacrificed.

The dance followed.

The next morning M'laka and his relative went out against the Ochori, capturing on their way a man whom M'laka denounced as a spy of Sandi's. Him they did to death in a conventional fashion, and he died uncomplainingly. Then they rested three days.

M'laka and his men came to the Ochori city at daybreak and held a brief palaver in the forest.

"Now news of this will come to Sandi," he said; "and Sandi, who is a white devil, will come with his soldiers, and we will say that we were driven to do this because Bosambo invited us to a dance, and then endeavored to destroy us."

"Bosambo would have destroyed us," chanted the assembly faithfully.

"Further, if we kill all the Ochori, we will say that it was not our people who did the killing, but the Akasava."

"Lord, the killing was done by the Akasava," they chanted again.

Having thus arranged both an excuse and an alibi, M'laka led his men to their quarry.

In the gray light of dawn the Ochori village lay defenseless. No fires spluttered in the long village street, no curl of smoke uprose to indicate activity.

M'laka's army in one long, irregular line went swiftly across the clearing which separated the city from the forest.

"Kill!" breathed M'laka; and along the ranks the order was taken up and repeated.

NEARER AND NEARER CREPT the attackers; then from a hut on the outskirts of the town stepped Bosambo, alone. He walked slowly to the center of the street, and M'laka saw:

In a thin-legged tripod something straight and shining and ominous.

Something that caught the first rays of the sun as they topped the trees of the forest and sent them flashing and gleaming back again.

Six hundred fighting men of the N'Gombi checked and halted dead at the sight of it. Bosambo touched the big brass cylinder with his hand and turned it carelessly on its swivel until it pointed in the direction of M'laka, who was ahead of the others, and no more than thirty paces distant.

As if to make assurance doubly sure, he stooped and glanced along the polished surface, and M'laka dropped his short spear at his feet and raised his hands.

"Lord Bosambo," he said mildly, "we come in peace."

"In peace you shall go," said Bosambo, and whistled.

The city was suddenly alive with armed men. From every hut they came into the open.

"I love you as a man loves his goats," said M'laka fervently; "I saw you in a dream, and my heart led me to you."

"I, too, saw you in a dream," said Bosambo; "and

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so I arose to meet you, for M'laka, the king of the Lesser Isisi, is like a brother to me."

M'laka, who never took his eyes from the brass-coated cylinder, had an inspiration.

"This much I beg of you, master and lord," he said; "this I ask, my brother, that my men may be allowed to come into your city and make joyful sacrifices, for that is the custom."

Bosambo scratched his chin reflectively.

"This I grant," he said; "yet every man shall leave his spear, stuck head downward into earth—which is our custom before sacrifice."

M'laka shifted his feet awkwardly. He made the two little double-shuffle steps which native men make when they are embarrassed.

Bosambo's hand went slowly to the tripod.

"It shall be as you command," said M'laka hastily; and gave the order.

Six hundred dejected men, unarmed, filed through the village street, and on either side of them marched a line of Ochori warriors—who were not without weapons. Before Bosambo's hut M'laka, his brother-in-law, Kulala, his headmen, and the headmen of the Ochori, sat to conference which was half meal and half palaver.

"Tell me, Lord Bosambo," asked M'laka, "how does it come about that Sandi gives you the gun that says 'Ha-ha-ha'? For it is forbidden that the chiefs and people of this land should be armed with guns."

Bosambo nodded, and replied with studied dignity.

"Sandi loves me," he said simply, "for reasons which I should be a dog to speak of, for does not the same blood run in his veins that runs in mine?"

"That is foolish talk," said Kulala, the brother-in-law; "for he is white and you are black."

"None the less it is true," said the calm Bosambo; "for he is my cousin, his brother having married my mother, who was a chief's daughter. Sandi wished to marry her," he went on reminiscently; "but there are matters which it is shame to talk about. Also he gave me these."

From beneath the blanket which enveloped his shoulders he produced a leather wallet. From this he took a little package. It looked like a short, stumpy bato. Slowly he removed its wrapping of fine native cloth, till there were revealed three small cups of wood. In shape they favored the tumbler of commerce, in size they were like very large thimbles.

Each had been cut from a solid piece of wood, and was of extreme thinness. They were fitted one inside the other when he removed them from the cloth, and now he separated them slowly and impressively.

At a word, a man brought a stool from the tent and placed it before him.

Over this he spread the wisp of cloth and placed the cups thereon, upside down.

From the interior of one he took a small red ball of copal and camwood kneaded together.

Fascinated, the marauding chiefs watched him.

"These Sandi gave me," said Bosambo, "that I might pass the days of the rains pleasantly; with these I play with my headman."

"Lord Bosambo," said M'laka, "how do you play?"

Bosambo looked up to the warm sky and shook his head sadly.

"This is no game for you, M'laka," he said, addressing the heavens; "but for one whose eyes are very quick to see; moreover, it is a game played by Christians."

Now the Isisi folk pride themselves on their keenness of vision. Is it not a proverb of the River, "The N'gombi to hear, the Bushman to smell, the Isisi to see, and the Ochori to run"?

"Let me see what I cannot see," said M'laka; and, with a reluctant air, Bosambo put the little red ball on the improvised table behind the cup.

"Watch them, M'laka! I put this ball under this cup: I move the cup——"

Very leisurely he shifted the cups.

"I have seen no game like this," said M'laka; and contempt was in his voice.

"Yet it is a game which pleased me and my men of bright eyes," said Bosambo; "for we wager so much rods against so much salts that no man can follow the red ball."

The chief of the Lesser Isisi knew where the red ball was, because there was a slight scratch on the cup which covered it.

"Lord Bosambo," he said, quoting a saying, "only the rat comes to dinner and stays to ravage—yet if I did not sit in the shadow of your hut, I would take every rod from you."

"The nukusa is a small animal, but he has a big voice," said Bosambo, giving saying for saying; "and I would wager you could not uncover the red ball."

M'laka leaned forward.

"I will stake the spears of my warriors against the spears of the Ochori," he said.

Bosambo nodded.

Edgar Wallace

EDGAR WALLACE *has touched more hearts with his books than anyone since Dickens, says Hugh Walpole. Wallace has written about one hundred and forty novels (he has lost count), two to four hundred short stories, dashed off innumerable plays between breakfast and dinner, is dramatic critic for a London daily, and conducts one of the most eagerly followed racing columns in England.*

The adventures of imperturbable Sanders which we publish here are the best stories Wallace has ever written. The material for them was gleaned at first hand during the time he spent as a journalist in the Belgian Congo.

Mr. Wallace began his amazing career fifty-three years ago. At nine days he was a foundling adopted by a warm-hearted fish porter and his wife. At ten he was associate of a burglar's gang; he has been newspaper boy, factory hand, milkman, cockney soldier in South Africa, journalist, publisher, theatrical producer, writer. Not so long ago the overwhelming success of his mystery play THE RINGER *brought him sudden fame. Magazines that had bought his stories for $250 paid $2,500 for the right to run them again; newspapers paid $50,000 for thrillers written over a week-end.*

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"By my head," he said.

M'laka stretched forward his hand and lifted the cup, but the red ball was not there. Rather it was under the next cup, as Bosambo demonstrated.

M'laka stared.

"I am no blind man," he said roughly; "and your tongue is like the burning of dry sticks—clack, clack, clack!"

Bosambo accepted the insult without resentment.

"It is the eye," he said meditatively; "we Ochori folk see quickly."

M'LAKA SWALLOWED an offensive saying.

"I have ten bags of salt in my house," he said shortly, "and it shall be my salt against the spears you have won."

"By my heart and life," said Bosambo, and put the ball under the cup. Very lazily he moved the cups to and fro, changing their positions.

"My salt against your spears," said M'laka exultantly, for he saw now which was the cup. It had a little stain near the rim.

Bosambo nodded, and M'laka leaned forward and lifted the cup. But the ball was not there.

M'laka drew a deep breath and swore by Iwa—which is death—and by devils of kinds unknown; by sickness and by his father—who had been hanged and was in consequence canonized.

"It is the eye," said Bosambo sadly; "as they say by the River, 'The Ochori to see——'"

"That is a lie!" hissed M'laka; "the Ochori see nothing but the way they run. Make this game again——"

And again Bosambo covered the red ball; but this time he bungled, for he placed the cup which covered the ball on an uneven place on the stool. And between the rim of the cup and the cloth there was a little space where a small ball showed redly—and M'laka was not blind.

"Bosambo," he said, holding himself, "I wager big things, for I am a chief of great possessions, and you are a little chief, yet this time I will wager my all."

"M'laka of the Isisi," responded Bosambo slowly, "I also am a great chief and a relative by marriage to Sandi. Also I am a God-man speaking white men's talk and knowing of Santa Antonio, Marki, Luki, the blessed Timothi, and similar magics. Now this shall be the wager: if you find a red ball you shall find a slave whose name is Bosambo of the Ochori, but if you lose the red one you shall lose your country."

"May the sickness *mongo* come to me if I do not speak the truth," swore M'laka, "but to all this I agree."

He stretched out his hand and touched the cup.

"It is here!" he shouted and lifted the cover.

There was no red ball.

M'laka was on his feet breathing quickly through his nose.

He opened his mouth to speak, but there was no need, for an Ochori runner came panting through the street with news; before he could reach the hut where his overlord sat and tell it, the head of Sanders' column emerged from the forest path.

It is said that the smell of blood carries farther than a man can see. It had been a tactical error to kill one of Sanders' spies.

The Commissioner was stained and spoiled and he was unshaven, for the call of war had brought him by forced marches through the worst forest path in the world.

Into the open strode the column, line after line of blue-coated Houssas, bare-legged, sandal-footed, scarlet-headed, spreading out as smoke spreads when it comes from a narrow barrel. Forming in two straggling lines, it felt its way cautiously forward, for the Ochori city might hold an enemy.

Bosambo guessed the meaning of the demonstration and hurried forward to meet the Commissioner. At a word from Sanders the lines halted, and midway between the city and the wood they met—Bosambo and his master.

"Lord," said Bosambo conventionally, "all that I have is yours."

"It seems that you have your life, which is more than I expected," said Sanders. "I know that M'laka, chief of the Lesser Isisi, is sheltering in your village. You shall deliver this man to me for judgment."

"M'laka, I know," said Bosambo, carefully, "and he shall be delivered; but when you speak of the chief of the Lesser Isisi you speak of me, for I have won all his lands by a certain game."

"We will talk of that later," said Sanders.

He led his men to the city, posting them on its four sides, then he followed Bosambo to where M'laka and his headman waited his coming—for the guest of a chief does not come out to welcome other guests.

"M'laka," said Sanders, "there are two ways with chiefs who kill the servants of Government. One is a high and a short way, as you know."

M'laka's eyes sought a possible tree, and he shivered.

"The other way," said Sanders, "is long and tiresome, and that is the way for you. You shall sit down in the Village of Irons for my King's pleasure."

"Master, how long?" asked M'laka in a shaky voice.

"Whilst you live," said Sanders.

M'laka accepted what was tantamount to penal servitude for life philosophically—for there are worse things.

"Lord," he said, "you have always hated me. Also you have favored other chiefs and oppressed me. Me, you deny all privilege; yet to Bosambo, your uncle——"

Sanders drew a long breath.

"——you give many favors, such as guns."

"If my word had not been given," said Sanders coldly, "I should hang you, M'laka, for you are the father of liars and the son of liars. What guns have I given Bosambo?"

"Lord, that is for you to see," said M'laka and jerked his head to the terrifying tripod.

Sanders walked towards the instrument.

"Bosambo," he said, with a catch in his voice, "I have in mind three white men who came to see the moon."

"Lord, that is so," said Bosambo cheerfully; "they were mad, and they looked at the moon through this thing; also at stars."

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He pointed to the innocent telescope. "And this they lost?" said Sanders.

Bosambo nodded.

"It was lost by them and found by an Ochori man who brought it to me," said Bosambo. "Lord, I have not hidden it, but placed it here where all men can see it."

Sanders scanned the horizon. To the right of the forest was a broad strip of marshland; beyond, blurred blue in the morning sunlight, rose the little hill that marks the city of the Lesser Isisi.

He stooped down to the telescope and focussed it upon the hill. At its foot was a cluster of dark huts.

"Look," he said, and Bosambo took his place. "What do you see?" asked Sanders.

"The city of the Lesser Isisi," said Bosambo.

"Look well," said Sanders, "but that is the city you have won by a certain game.

Bosambo shifted uncomfortably.

"When I come to my new city——" he began.

"I also will come," said Sanders significantly. On the stool before the huts the three little wooden cups still stood, and Sanders had seen them, also the red ball. "Tomorrow I shall appoint a new chief to the Lesser Isisi. When the moon is at full I shall come to see the new chief," he said, "and if he has lost his land by 'a certain game' I shall appoint two more chiefs, one for the Isisi and one for the Ochori, and there will be sorrow amongst the Ochori, for Bosambo of Monrovia will be gone from them."

"Lord," said Bosambo, making one final effort for Empire, "you said that if M'laka gave, Bosambo should keep."

Sanders picked up the red ball and slipped it under one cup. He changed their positions slightly.

"If your game is a fair game," he said, "show me the cup with the ball."

"Lord, it is the center one," said Bosambo without hesitation.

Sanders raised the cup. There was no ball.

"I see," said Bosambo slowly, "I see that my lord Sandi is also a Christian."

* * *

"It was a jest," explained Bosambo to his headsmen when Sanders had departed; "thus my lord Sandi always jested even when I nursed him as a child. Menchimis, let the lokali sound and the people be brought together for a greater palaver, and I will tell them the story of Sandi, who is my half-brother by another mother. . . ."

Here and There

THE LIFE *of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story, and writes another; and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it.*

JAMES M. BARRIE.

ART, LIKE MORALITY, *consists in drawing the line somewhere.*

G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHAT ARCHITECT *would construct a staircase that should lead to nothing? Why suppose the gentle architect of the world more stupid and improvident than an ordinary architect?*

GAUTIER.

TO SAY *"Everyone is talking about him" is a eulogy; but to say "Everyone is talking about her" is an elegy.*

ANONYMOUS.

HE THAT KNOWS NOT—and knows that he knows not,
Is simple—Teach him.
He that knows not and knows not that he knows not,
Is a fool—Avoid him.
He that knows and knows not that he knows,
Is asleep—Awaken him.
But he that knows and knows that he knows,
Is a wise man—Follow him.

DARIUS THE PERSIAN.

IN EACH HUMAN HEART *are a tiger, a pig, an ass, and a nightingale. Diversity of character is due to their unequal activity.*

AMBROSE BIERCE.

TIME *deals gently only with those who take it gently.*

ANATOLE FRANCE.

IN YOUTH *acquire that which may requite you for the deprivations of old age; and if you are mindful that old age has wisdom for its food, you will so exert yourself in youth, that your old age will not lack sustenance.*

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

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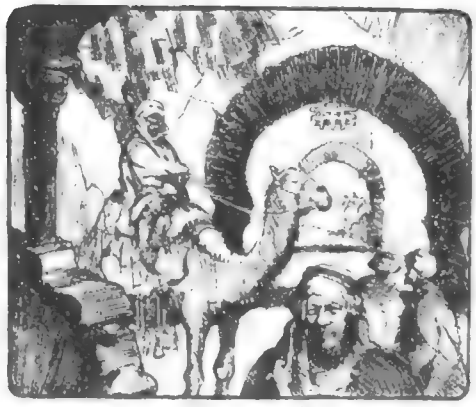
Written Especially for
The Golden Book Magazine

How I Came to Write "The Marriage in Kairwan"



THE FIRST TIME I ever saw Kairwan, the Fourth Pillar of Islam, I saw it as a sun-baked island rising on brick cliffs from an illimitable sea of dust. Before I left it the long drought was broken, abruptly and without a warning; in the length of one night enough water fell to make of it an island.

It was in the days following, between hours of drizzle and quarter-hours of violent downpour, that, sheltered under the arch of the *souk* of the saddle-makers, I went somewhat deeply into the philosophy of Mohammedan love and marriage with the local notary to whom I had been given a letter by a mutual friend up Tunis way. And it was with this same immaculate-mannered, gentle-minded, pock-marked Mohammed Adoub that I followed in inch-long strides the march of a Kairwan bridegroom on a night when all the mosque-towers were drawn against the sky in strings of the cupped candles of the Arab Christmas.

I had been many months more in Barbary, very deep (at that time) in the rock desert of Algeria, the valley of the Mzab, before I came to write the story, "The Marriage in Kairwan." And so strong is the influence on one's outlook of a day-by-day living in friendly association with even the most alien people, over an uninterrupted period of time, that in setting down the actions and reactions that go to make this tale it could not have occurred to me that there was anything in them that would ever come to seem to me, myself, incredible.

But then I left Africa. I returned into my own proper setting of the Western World. Little by little I forgot. After a year, reading my own story, I was struck by doubt and a little by dismay. I had been hypnotized. I had told a traveler's tale, made a mountain of à molehill, drawn a long bow. I hid the story from me, as one hides the memory of being gratuitously had.

Three years passed, and I found myself once more in Tunis City. Sitting that first afternoon on a café sidewalk outside the gate of the Arab town, whom should I discover solitary at a neighboring tin table, far-strayed up here from the midlands, but my gentle-minded friend, the Kairwan notary, Adoub. After the customary salutations, and while he was giving me the news of his home and friends, my mind ran back to the story I had laid there, and it came to me that there I might put the whole bothering business briefly and finally to the touch.

So, while we sat over our coffee-glasses, I told him my fiction, not as fiction, not particularly as anything. And I watched him. And when I had finished, and he had done nothing more than end his coffee, wipe his lip, and heave a sigh, I put the question to him.

"This that I have told you, Si Mohammed, would it be true?"

The line between his brows as he studied me should have been my answer. Mystification.

"*Could* it be true, Si Mohammed."

But presently his brow was ironed out.

"Ah, but yes, but now I perceive of what you speak. Yes, unfortunately, and more so since the War. It spreads among our young men, these years. Our young men, some few of them see the stranger white and the friend black. The Law becomes a little thing. Paris is golden. There is a season when they are not content to be as their fathers have been. Yes, it is true, all true."

"But it is not of the dallying of the young man I ask, Si Mohammed. It is of the girl. Would her lover by the code of your country have acted as I have described."

There was almost reproach in Si Mohammed's eyes as he answered, "But of course, Monsieur—how otherwise?"

Edith Wharton Stark

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The Marriage in Kairwan

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

The call to prayer rolled between the stars and the town. "La illah il Allah . . . God is great!"

KAIRWAN THE HOLY lay asleep, pent in its thick walls. The moon had sunk at midnight, but the chill light seemed scarcely to have diminished; only the limewashed city had become a marble city, and all the towers turned fabulous in the fierce, dry needle rain of the stars that burn over the desert of mid-Tunisia.

In the street Bab Djedid the nailed boots of the watch passed from west to east. When their thin racket had turned out and died in the dust of the market, Habib ben Habib emerged from the shadow of a door arch and, putting a foot on the tiled ledge of Bou-Kedj's fry shop, swung up by cranny and gutter till he stood on the plain of the housetops.

Now he looked about him, for on this dim tableland he walked with his life in his hands. He looked to the west, toward the gate, to the south, to the northeast through the ghostly wood of minarets. Then, perceiving nothing that stirred, he went on, moving without sound in the camel-skin slippers he had taken from his father's court.

In the uncertain light, but for those slippers and the long-tasseled *chechia* on his head, one would not have taken him for anything but a European and a stranger. And one would have been right, almost. In the city of his birth and rearing, of the birth and rearing of his Arab fathers generations dead, Habib ben Habib bel-Kalfate looked upon himself in the rebellious, romantic light of a prisoner in exile—exile from the streets of Paris where, in his four years, he had tasted the strange delights of the Christian—exile from the university where he had dabbled with his keen, light-ballasted mind in the learning of the conqueror.

Sometimes, in the month since he had come home, he had shaken himself and wondered aloud, "Where am I?" with the least little hint, perhaps, of melodrama. Sometimes, in the French café outside the walls, among the officers of the garrison, a bantering perversity drove him on to chant the old glories of Islam, the poets of Andalusia, and the bombastic histories of the saints; and in the midst of it, his face pink with the Frenchmen's wine and his own bitter, half-frightened mockery, he would break off suddenly, *"Voilà, messieurs!* you will see that I am the best of Mussulmans!" He would laugh then in a key so high and restless that the commandant, shaking his head, would murmur to the lieutenant beside him, "One day, Genet, we must be on the alert for a dagger in that quarter there, eh?"

And Genet, who knew almost as much of the character of the university Arab as the commandant himself, would nod his head.

When Habib had laughed for a moment he would grow silent. Presently he would go out into the ugly dark of the foreign quarter, followed very often by Raoul Genet. He had known Raoul most casually in Paris. Here in the Tunisian *bled,* when Raoul held out his hand to say good night under the gate lamp at the Bab Djelladin, the troubled fellow clung to it. The smell of the African city, coming under the great brick arch, reached out and closed around him like a hand—a hand bigger than Raoul's.

"You are my brother; not they. I am not of these people, Raoul!"

But then he would go in, under the black arch and the black shade of the false-pepper trees. In the darkness he felt the trees, centuries old, and all the blank houses watching him. . . .

TONIGHT, stealing across the sleeping roofs, he felt the starlit mosque towers watching him in secret, the pale, silent espionage of them who could wait. The hush of the desert troubled him. Youth troubled him. His lips were dry.

He had come to an arbor covered with a vine. Whose it was, on what householder's roof it was

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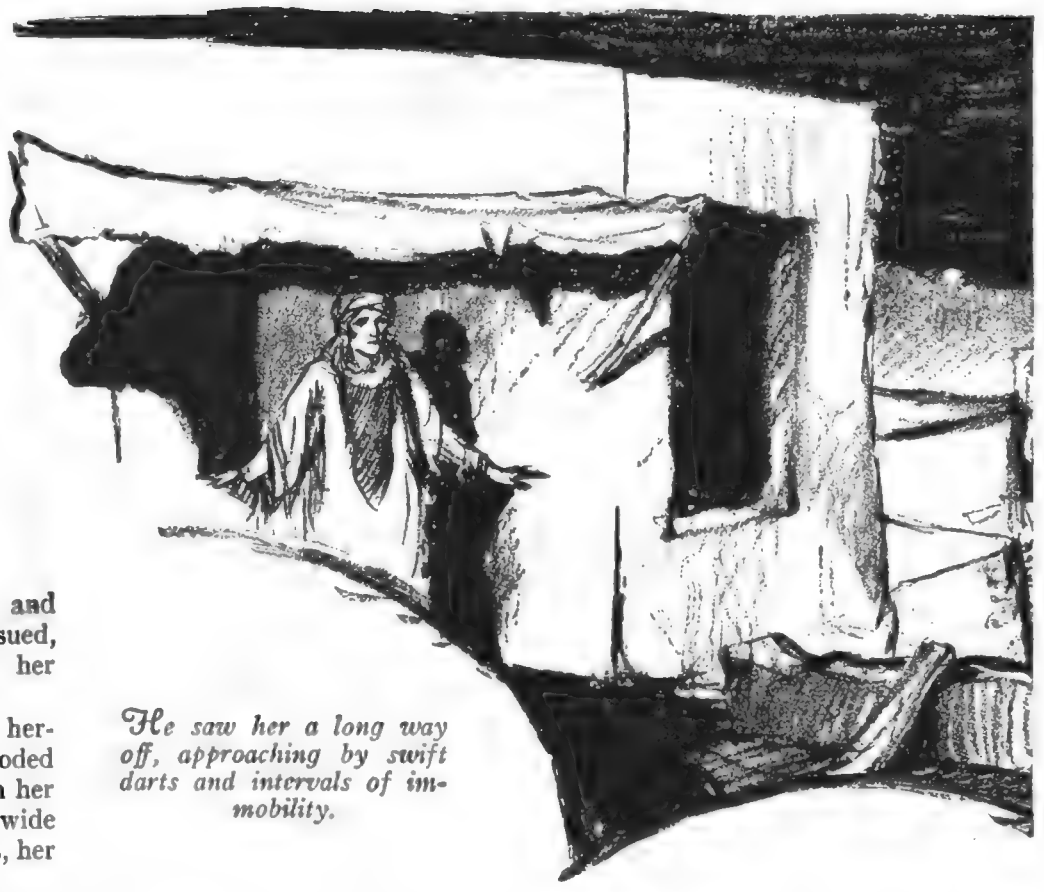
reared, he had never known. He entered.

"She is not here." He moistened his lips with his tongue.

He sat down on the stone divan to wait, watching toward the west through the doorway, across which hung a loop of vine, like a snake.

He saw her a long way off, approaching by swift darts and intervals of immobility, when her whiteness grew a part of the whiteness of the terrace. It was so he had seen her moving on that first night when, half tipsy with wine and strangeness, he had pursued, caught her, and uncovered her face.



He saw her a long way off, approaching by swift darts and intervals of immobility.

Tonight she uncovered it herself. She put back the hooded fold of her *haik*, showing him her face, her scarlet mouth, her wide eyes, long at the outer corners, her hair aflame with henna.

The hush of a thousand empty miles lay over the city. For an hour nothing lived but the universe, the bright dust in the sky. . . .

That hush was disrupted. The single long crash of a human throat! Rolling down over the plain of the housetops!

"La illah il Allah, Mohammed rassoul 'lah! Allah Akbar! God is great!"

One by one the dim towers took it up. The call to prayer rolled between the stars and the town. It searched the white runways. It penetrated the vine-bowered arbor. Little by little, tower by tower, it died. In a *fondouk* outside the gate a waking camel lifted a gargling wail. A jackal dog barked in the Oued Zaroud two miles away. And again the silence of the desert came up over the city walls.

Under the vine Habib whispered: "No, I don't care anything about thy name. A name is such a little thing. I'll call thee 'Nedjma,' because we are under the stars."

"Ai, Nedjmetek—'Thy Star'!" The girl's lips moved drowsily. In the dark her eyes shone with a dull, steady luster, unblinking, unquestioning, always unquestioning.

That slumberous acquiescence, taken from all her Arab mothers, began to touch his nerves with the old uneasiness. He took her shoulders between his hands and shook her roughly, crying in a whisper:

"Why dost thou do nothing but repeat my words? Talk! Say things to me! Thou art like the rest; thou wouldst try to make me seem like these Arab men, who wish for nothing in a woman but the shadow of themselves. And I am not like that!"

"No, *sidi*, no."

"But talk! Tell me things, about thyself, thy life, thy world. Talk! In Paris, now, a man and a woman can talk together—yes—as if they were two friends met in a coffee house. And those women can talk! Ah! in Paris I have known women——"

The girl stirred now. Her eyes narrowed; the dark line of her lips thinned. At last something comprehensible had touched her mind.

"Thou hast known many women, then, *sidi!* Thou hast come here but to tell me that? Me, who am of little beauty in a man's eyes!"

Habib laughed under his breath. He shook her again. He kissed her and kissed her again on her red lips.

"Thou art jealous, then! But thou canst not comprehend. Canst thou comprehend this, that thou art more beautiful by many times than any other woman I have ever seen? Thou art a heaven of loveliness, and I cannot live without thee. That is true. . . . Nedjma. I am going to take thee for my wife, because I cannot live without thine eyes, thine lips, the fragrance of thy hair. . . . Yes, I am going to marry thee, my star. It is written! It is written!"

For the first time he could not see her eyes. She had turned them away. Once again something had come in contact with the smooth, heavy substance of her mind. He pulled at her.

"Say! Say, Nedjma! . . . It is written!"

"It is not written, *sidi.*" The same ungroping acquiescence was in her whisper. "I have been promised, *sidi*, to another than thee."

Habib's arms let go; her weight sank away in the dark under the vine. The silence of the dead night crept in and lay between them.

"And in the night of thy marriage, then, thy hus-

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Drawings by
E. M. Frandzen

band—or thy father, if thou hast a father—will kill thee."

"*In-cha-'llah.* If it be the will of God."

Again the silence came and lay heavy between them. A minute and another minute went away. Habib's wrists were shaking. His breast began to heave. With a sudden roughness he took her back, to devour her lips and eyes and hair with the violence of his kisses.

"No, no! I'll not have it! No! Thou art too beautiful for any other man than I even to look upon! No, no, no!"

HABIB BEN HABIB walked out of the gate Djelladin. The day had come; the dawn made a crimson flame in the false-pepper trees. The life of the gate was already at full tide of sound and color, braying, gargling, quarreling—nomads wading in their flocks, Djlass countrymen, Singalese soldiers, Jewish pack-peddlers, Bedouin women bent double under their stacks of desert fire-grass, streaming inward, dust white, dust yellow, and all red in the dawn.

The flood ran against him. It tried to suck him back into the maw of the city. He fought against it with his shoulders and his knees. He tried not to run. It sucked him back. A wandering *Aissaoua* plucked at his sleeve and held under his nose a desert viper that gave off metallic rose glints in its slow, pained constrictions.

"To the glory of Sidna Aissa, master, two sous."

He kept tugging at Habib's sleeve, holding him back, sucking him back with his twisting reptile into the city of the faithful.

"In the name of Jesus, master, two copper sous!"

Habib's nerves snapped. He struck off the holy mendicant with his fist. "That the devil grill thee!" he chattered. He ran. He bumped into beasts. He bumped into a blue tunic. He halted, blinked, and passed a hand over his hot-lidded eyes. He stammered:

"My friend! I have been looking for you! *Hamdou lillah! El hamdou 'llah!*"

Raoul Genet, studying the flushed, bright-eyed, unsteady youth, put up a hand to cover a little smile, half ironic, half pitying.

"So, Habib Ben Habib, you revert! Camel drivers' talk in your mouth and camel's-hide slippers on your feet. Already you revert! Eh?"

"No, that is not the truth. But I am in need of a friend."

"You look like a ghost, Habib." The faint smile still twisted Raoul's lips. "Or a drunken angel. You have not slept."

"That's of no importance. I am in need——"

"You've not had coffee, Habib. When you've had coffee——"

"Coffee! My God! Raoul, that you go on talking of coffee when life and death are in the balance! For I can't live without—— Listen, now! Strictly! I have need tonight—tomorrow night—one night when it is dark—I have need of the garrison car."

The other made a blowing sound. "I'm the commandant, am I, overnight? *Zut!* The garrison car!"

Habib took hold of his arm and held it tight. "If not the car, two horses, then. And I call you my friend."

"*Two* horses! Ah! So! I begin to perceive. Youth! Youth!"

"Don't jibe, Raoul! I have need of two horses—two horses that are fast and strong."

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"Are the horses in thy father's stable, then, of no swiftness and of no strength?"

It was said in the *patois*, the bastard Arabic of the Tunisian *bled*. A shadow had fallen across them; the voice came from above. From the height of his crimson saddle Si Habib bel-Kalfate awaited the answer of his son. His brown, unlined, black-bearded face, shadowed in the hood of his creamy burnoose, remained serene, benign, urbanely attendant. But if an Arab knows when to wait, he knows also when not to wait. And now it was as if nothing had been said before.

"Greeting, my son. I have been seeking thee. Thy couch was not slept upon last night."

Habib's face was sullen to stupidity. "Last night, sire, I slept at the *caserne*, at the invitation of my friend, Lieutenant Genet, whom you see beside me."

The Arab, turning in his saddle, appeared to notice the Christian for the first time. His lids drooped; his head inclined an inch.

"Greeting to thee, oh master!"

"To thee, greeting!"

"Thou art in well-being?"

"There is no ill. And thou?"

"There is no ill. That the praise be to God, and the prayer!"

Bel-Kalfate cleared his throat and lifted the reins from the neck of his mare.

"Rest in well-being!" he pronounced.

Raoul shrugged his shoulders a little and murmured: "May God multiply thy days! . . . And yours, too," he added to Habib in French. He bowed and took his leave.

Bel-Kalfate watched him away through the thinning crowd, sitting his saddle stolidly, in an attitude of rumination. When the blue cap had vanished behind the blazing corner of the wool dyers, he threw the reins to his Sudanese stirrup boy and got down to the ground. He took his son's hand. So, palm in palm, at a grave pace, they walked back under the arch into the city. The market-going stream was nearly done. The tide, against which at its flood Habib had fought and won ground, carried him down again with its last shallow wash—so easily!

HIS NERVES HAD GONE SLACK. He walked in a heavy white dream. The city drew him deeper into its murmurous heart. The walls pressed closer and hid him away. The *souks* swallowed him under their shadowy arcades. The breath of the bazar, fetor of offal, stench of raw leather, and all the creeping perfumes of Barbary, attar of roses, chypre and amber and musk, clogged his senses like the drug of some abominable seduction. He was weary, weary, weary. And in a strange, troubling way he was at rest.

"*Mektoub!* It is written! It is written in the book of the destiny of man!"

With a kind of hypnotic fascination, out of the corners of his eyes, he took stock of the face beside him, the face of the strange being that was his father—the broad, moist, unmarked brow; the large eyes, heavy-lidded, serene; the full-fleshed cheeks, from which the beard sprang soft and rank, and against which a hyacinth, pendent over the ear, showed with a startling purity of pallor; and the mobile, deep-colored, humid lips—the lips of the voluptuary, the eyes of the dreamer, the brow of the man of never-troubled faith.

"Am I like that?" And then, "What can that one be to me?"

As if in answer, bel-Kalfate's gaze came to his son.

"I love thee," he said, and he kissed Habib's temple with his lips. "Thou art my son," he went on, "and my eyes were thirsty to drink of the sight of thee. It is *el jammaa*.[1] It is time we should go to the prayer. We shall go with Hadji Daoud today, for afterward, there at the mosque, I have rendezvous with his friends, in the matter of the dowry. It is the day, thou rememberest, that he appointed."

Habib wanted to stop. He wanted to think. He wanted time. But the serene, warm pressure of his father's hand carried him on.

Stammering words fell from his mouth.

"My mother—I remember—my mother, it is true, said something—but I did not altogether comprehend—and— Oh! my sire——"

"Thou shalt be content. Thou art a man now. The days of thy learning are accomplished. Thou hast suffered exile; now is thy reward prepared. And the daughter of the notary, thy betrothed, is as lovely as a palm tree in the morning and as mild as sweet milk, beauteous as a pearl, Habib, a milk-white pearl. See!"

Drawing from his burnoose a sack of Moroccan lambskin, he opened it and lifted out a pearl. His fingers, even at rest, seemed to caress it. They slid back among the treasure in the sack, the bargaining price for the first wife of the only son of a man blessed by God. And now they brought forth also a red stone, cut in the fashion of Tunis.

"A milk-white sea pearl, look thou; to wed in a jewel with the blood-red ruby that is the son of my breast. Ah, Habib, my Habib, but thou shalt be content!"

They stood in the sunlight before the green door of a mosque. As the hand of the city had reached out for Habib through the city gate, so now the prayer, throbbing like a tide across the pillared mystery of the court, reached out through the doorway in the blaze. . . . And he heard his own voice, strange in his mouth, shallow as a bleat:

"Why, then, sire—why, oh! why, then, hast thou allowed me to make of those others the friends of my spirit, the companions of my mind?"

"They are neither companions nor friends of thine, for God is God!"

"And why hast thou sent me to learn the teaching of the French?"

"When thou settest thy horse against an enemy it is well to have two lances to thy hand—thine own and his. . . . And it is written, Habib, son of Habib, that thou shalt be content. . . . Put off thy shoes now and come. It is time we were at prayer."

Summer died. Autumn grew. With the approach of winter an obscure nervousness spread over the land. In the dust of its eight-months' drought, from one day to another, from one glass-dry night to another, the desert waited for the coming of the rains.

[1] Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath.

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The earth cracked. A cloud sailing lone and high from the coast of Sousse passed under the moon, and everywhere men stirred in their sleep, woke, looked out—from their tents on the cactus steppes, from *fondouks* on the camel tracks of the west, from marble courts of Kairwan. . . . The cloud passed on and vanished in the sky. On the plain the earth cracks crept and ramified. Gaunt beasts tugged at their heel ropes and would not be still. The jackals came closer to the tents. The city slept again, but in its sleep it seemed to mutter and twitch. . . .

IN THE SERPENT-SPOTTED LIGHT under the vine on the housetop Habib muttered, too, and twitched a little. It was as if the arid months had got in under his skin and peeled off the coverings of his nerves. The girl's eyes widened with a gradual, phlegmatic wonder of pain under the pinch of his blue fingers on her arms. His face was the color of the moon.

"Am I a child of three years, that my father should lead me here or lead me there by the hand? Am I that?"

"Nay, *sidi*, nay."

"Am I a sheep between two wells, that the herder's stick should tell me, 'Here, and not there, thou shalt drink'? Am I a sheep?"

"Thou art neither child nor sheep, *sidi*, but a lion!"

"Yes, a lion!" A sudden thin exaltation shook him like a fever chill. "I am more than a lion, Nedjma, I am a man—just as the *Roumi*[1] are men—men who decide—men who undertake—agitate—accomplish . . . and now, for the last time, I have decided. A fate has given thy loveliness to me, and no man shall take it away from me to enjoy. I will take it away from them instead! From all the men of this Africa, conquered by the French. Hark! I will come and take thee away in the night, to the land beyond the sea, where thou mayest be always near me, and neither God nor man say yes or no!"

"And there, *sidi*, beyond the sea, I may talk unveiled with other men? As thou hast told me, in France——"

"Yes, yes, as I have told thee, there thou mayest—thou——"

He broke off, lost in thought, staring down at the dim oval of her face. Again he twitched a little. Again his fingers tightened on her arms. He twisted her around with a kind of violence of confrontation.

"But wouldst thou rather talk with other men than with me? Dost thou no longer love me, then?"

"*Ai*, master, I love thee. I wish to see no other man than thee."

"Ah, my star, I know!" He drew her close and covered her face with his kisses.

And in her ear he whispered: "And when I come for thee in the night, thou wilt go with me? Say!"

"I will go, *sidi*. *In-cha-'llah!* If God will!"

At that he shook her again, even more roughly than before.

"Don't say that! Not 'If God will!' Say to me, 'If *thou* wilt!'"

"*Ai— Ai—*"

There was a silence for several endless seconds.

"But let it be quickly," he heard her whispering, after a while. Under his hand he felt a slow shiver moving over her arms. "*Nekaf!*" she breathed, so low that he could hardly hear. "I am afraid."

IT WAS ANOTHER NIGHT when the air was electric and men stirred in their sleep. Lieutenant Genet turned over in bed and stared at the moonlight streaming in through the window from the court of the *caserne*. In the moonlight stood Habib.

"What do you want?" Genet demanded, gruff with sleep.

"I came to you because you are my friend."

The other rubbed his eyes and peered through the window to mark the Sudanese sentry standing awake beside his box at the gate.

"How did you get in?"

"I got in as I shall get out, not only from here, but from Kairwan, from Africa—because I am a man of decision."

"You are also, Habib, a skeleton. The moon shows through you. What have you been doing these weeks, these months, that you should be so shivery and so thin? Is it Old Africa gnawing at your bones? Or are you, perhaps, in love?"

"I am in love. Yes. . . . *Ai, ai*, Raoul *habiby*, if but thou couldst see her—the lotus bloom opening at dawn—the palm tree in a land of streams——"

"Talk French!" Genet got his legs over the side of the bed and sat up. He passed a hand through his hair. "You are in love, then . . . and again I tell you, for perhaps the twentieth time, Habib, that between a man and a woman in Islam there is no such thing as love."

"But I am not in Islam. I am not in anything! And if you could but see her——"

"Lust!"

"What do you mean by 'lust'?"

"Lust is the thing you find where you don't find trust. Lust is a priceless perfume that a man has in a crystal vial, and he is the miser of its fragrance. He closes the windows when he takes the stopper out of that bottle to drink its breath, and he puts the stopper back quickly again, so that it will not evaporate—not too soon."

"But that, Raoul, is love! All men know that for love. The priceless perfume in a crystal beyond price."

"Yes, love, too, is the perfume in the vial. But the man who has that vial opens the windows and throws the stopper away, and all the air is sweet, forever. The perfume evaporates, forever. And this, Habib, is the miracle. The vial is never any emptier than when it began."

"Yes, yes—I know—perhaps—but tonight I have no time——"

The moon *did* shine through him. He was but a rag blown in the dark wind. He had been torn to pieces too long.

"I have no time!" he repeated, with a feverish force. "Listen, Raoul, my dear friend. Today the price was paid in the presence of the *cadi*, Ben Iskhar. Three days from now they lead me to marriage with the daughter of the notary. What, to me, is the daughter

[1]Romans—*i.e.*, Christians.

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of the notary? They lead me like a sheep to kill at a tomb. . . . Raoul, for the sake of our friendship, give me hold of your hand. Tomorrow night—the car! Or, if you say you haven't the disposal of the car, bring me horses." And again the shaking of his nerves got the better of him; again he tumbled back into the country tongue. "For the sake of God, bring me two horses! By Sidna Aissa! by the Three Hairs from the Head of the Prophet I swear it! My first-born shall be named for thee, Raoul. Only bring thou horses! Raoul! Raoul!"

It was the whine of the beggar of Barbary. Genet lay back, his hands behind his head, staring into the deeps of the shadows which lay under the ceiling.

"Better the car. I'll manage it with some lies. Tomorrow night at moonset I'll have the car outside the gate Djedid." After a moment he added, under his breath, "But I know your kind too well, Habib ben Habib, and I know that you will not be there."

Habib was not there. From moonset till half past three, well over two hours, Genet waited, sitting on the stone in the shadow of the gate or prowling the little square inside. He smoked twenty cigarettes. He yawned three times twenty times. At last he went out, got into the car and drove away.

As the throb of the engine grew faint a figure in European clothes and a long-tasseled *chechia* crept out from the dark of a door arch along the street. It advanced toward the gate. It started back at a sound. It rallied again, a figure bedeviled by vacillation. It came as far as the well in the center of the little square.

On the horizon toward the coast of Sousse rested a low black wall of cloud. Lightning came out of it from time to time and ran up the sky, soundless, glimmering. . . . The cry of the morning muezzin rolled down over the town. The lightning showed the figure sprawled face down on the cool stone of the coping of the well. . . .

THE COURT of the house of bel-Kalfate swam in the glow of candles. A striped awning shut out the night sky, heavy with clouds, and the women, crowding for stolen peeps on the flat roof. A confusion of voices, raillery, laughter, eddied around the arcaded walls, and thin music bound it together with a monotonous count of notes.

Through the doorway from the marble *entresol* where he stood, Habib could see his father, cross-legged on a dais, with the notary. They sat hand in hand like big children, conversing gravely. With them was the *caid* of Kairwan, the *cadi*, ben Iskhar, and a dark-skinned cousin from the oases of the Djerid in the south. Their garments shone; there was perfume in their beards. On a rostrum beyond and above the crowded heads the musicians swayed at their work—*tabouka* players with strong, nervous thumbs; an oily, gross lutist; an organist, watching everything with the lizard eyes of the hashish taker. Among them, behind a taborette piled with bait of food and drink, the Jewish dancing woman from Algiers lolled in her cushions, a drift of white disdain. . . .

He saw it all through a kind of mist. It was as if time had halted, and he was still at the steaming *hammam* of the afternoon, his spirit and his flesh undone, and all about him in the perfumed vapor of the bath the white bodies of his boyhood comrades glimmering luminous and opalescent.

His flesh was still asleep, and so was his soul. The hand of his father city had come closer about him, and for a moment it seemed that he was too weary, or too lazy, to push it away. For a little while he drifted with the warm and perfumed cloud of the hours.

Hands turned him around. It was Houseen Abdelkader, the *caid's* son, the comrade of long ago—Houseen in silk of wine and silver, a light of festival in his eyes.

The words were fair. But bel-Kalfate was looking at his son's face.

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"Es-selam alekoum, ya Habib habiby!" It was the salutation in the plural—to Habib, and to the angels that walk, one at either shoulder of every son of God. And as he spoke he threw a new white burnoose over Habib's head, so that it hung down straight and covered him like a bridal veil.

"Alekoum selam, ya Seenou!" It was the name of boyhood, Seenou, the diminutive, that fell from Habib's lips. And he could not call it back.

"Come thou now." He felt the gentle push of Houseen's hands. He found himself moving toward the door that stood open into the street. The light of an outer conflagration was in his eyes. The thin music of lute and *tabouka* in the court behind him grew thinner; the boom of drums and voices in the street grew big. He had crossed the threshold. A hundred candles, carried in horizontal banks on laths by little boys, came around him on three sides, like footlights. And beyond the glare, in the flaming mist, he saw the street Dar-el-Bey massed with men. All their faces were toward him, hot yellow spots in which the black spots of their mouths gaped and vanished.

"That the marriage of Habib be blessed! Blessed be the marriage of Habib!"

The riot of sound began to take form. It began to emerge in a measure, a *boom-boom-boom* of tambours and big goatskin drums. A bamboo fife struck into a high, quavering note. The singing club of Sidibou-Saïd joined voice.

The footlights were moving forward toward the street of the market. Habib moved with them a few slow paces, without effort or will. And again they had all stopped. It could not be more than two hundred yards to the house of the notary and his waiting bride, but by the ancient tradition of Kairwan an hour must be consumed on the way.

An hour! An eternity! Panic came over Habib. He turned his hooded eyes for some path of escape. To the right, Houseen! To the left, close at his shoulder, Mohammed Sherif—Mohammed the laughing and the well-beloved—Mohammed, with whom in the long, white days he used to chase lizards by the pool of the Aglabides . . . in the long, white, happy days, while beyond the veil of palms the swaying camel palanquins of women, like huge, bright blooms, went northward up the Tunis road. . . .

What made him think of that?

"Boom-boom-boom-boom!" And around the drums beyond the candles he heard them singing:

> On the day of the going away of my Love,
> When the litters, carrying the women of the tribe,
> Traversed the valley of Dad, like a sea, mirage,
> They were like ships, great ships, the work of the children of Adoul,
> Or like the boats of Yamen's sons. . . .

"Boom-boom!" The monotonous pulse, the slow minor slide of sixteenth tones, the stark rests—he felt the hypnotic pulse of the old music tampering with the pulse of his blood. It gave him a queer creeping fright. He shut his eyes, as if that would keep it out. And in the glow of his lids he saw the tents on the naked desert; he saw the forms of veiled women; he saw the horses of warriors coming like a breaker over the sand—the horses of the warriors of God!

He pulled the burnoose over his lids to make them dark. And even in the dark he could see. He saw two eyes gazing at his, untroubled, untroubling, out of the desert night. And they were the eyes of any woman—the eyes of his bride, of his sister, his mother, the eyes of his mothers a thousand years dead.

"Master!" they said.

They were pushing him forward by the elbows, Mohammed and Houseen. He opened his eyes. The crowd swam before him through the yellow glow. Something had made an odd breach in his soul, and through the breach came memories.

Memories! There at his left was the smoky shelf of blind Moulay's café—black-faced, white-eyed old Moulay. Moulay was dead now, many years, but the men still sat in the same attitudes, holding the same cups, smoking the same *chibouk* with the same gulping of bubbles as in the happy days. And there between the café and the *souk* gate was the same whitewashed niche where three lads used to sit with their feet tucked under their *kashabias,* their lips pursed to spit after the leather legs of the infidel conquerors passing by. The *Roumi,* the French blasphemers, the defilers of the mosque! Spit on the dogs! Spit!

Behind his reverie the drums boomed, the voices chanted. The lament of drums and voices beat at the back of his brain—while he remembered the three lads sitting in the niche, waiting from one white day to another for the coming of Moulay Saa, the Messiah; watching for the Holy War to begin.

"And I shall ride in the front rank of the horsemen, please God!"

"And I, I shall ride at Moulay Saa's right hand, please God, and I shall cut the necks of *Roumi* with my sword, like barley straw!"

Habib advanced in the spotlight of the candles. Under the burnoose his face, half shadowed, looked green and white, as if he were sick to his death. Or, perhaps, as if he were being born again.

The minutes passed, and they were hours. The music went on. But now Habib himself was the instrument, and the song of his race played its will on him.

Pinkness began to creep over the green-white cheeks. The cadence of the chanting had changed. It grew ardent, melting, voluptuous.

> . . . And conquests I have made among the fair ones, perfume inundated,
> Beauties ravishing, that sway in an air of musk and saffron,
> Bearing still on their white necks the traces of kisses. . . .

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It hung under the pepper trees, drunk with the beauty of flesh, fainting with passion. Above the trees mute lightning played in the cloud. Habib ben Habib was born again. Again, after exile, he came back into the heritage. He saw the heaven of the men of his race. He saw Paradise in a walking dream. He saw women forever young and forever lovely in a land of streams, women forever changing, forever virgin, forever new; strangers intimate and tender. The angels of a creed of love—or of lust!

"Lust is the thing you find where you don't find trust."

A thin echo of the Frenchman's diatribe flickered through his memory, and he smiled. He smiled because his eyes were open now. He seemed to see this Christian fellow sitting on his bed, bare-footed, rumple-haired, talking dogmatically of perfumes and vials and stoppers thrown away, talking of faith in women. And that was the jest. For he seemed to see the women, over there in Paris, that the brothers of that naïve fellow trusted—trusted alone with a handsome young university student from Tunisia. Ha-ha-ha! Now he remembered. He wanted to laugh out loud at a race of men that could be as simple as that. He wanted to laugh at the bursting of the iridescent bubble of faith in the virtue of beautiful women. The Arab knew!

A color of health was on his face; his step had grown confident. Of a sudden, and very quietly, all the mixed past was blotted out. He heard only the chanting voices and the beating drums.

> Once I came into the tent of a young beauty on a day of rain. . . .
> Beauty blinding. . . . Charms that ravished and made drunkards of the eyes. . . .

His blood ran with the song, pulse and pulse. The mute lightning came down through the trees and bathed his soul. And, shivering a little, he let his thoughts go for the first time to the strange and virgin creature that awaited his coming there, somewhere, behind some blind house wall, so near.

"Thou hast suffered exile. Now is thy reward prepared."

What a fool! What a fool he had been!

He wanted to run now. The lassitude of months was gone from his limbs. He wanted to fling aside that clogging crowd, run, leap, arrive. How long was this hour? Where was he? He tried to see the housetops to know, but the glow was in his eyes. He felt the hands of his comrades on his arms.

But now there was another sound in the air. His ears, strained to the alert, caught it above the drums and voices—a thin, high ululation. It came from behind high walls and hung among the leaves of the trees, a phantom yodeling, the welcoming *"you-you-you-you"* of the women of Islam.

Before him he saw that the crowd had vanished. Even the candles went away. There was a door, and the door was open.

He entered, and no one followed. He penetrated alone into an empty house of silence, and all around him the emptiness moved and the silence rustled.

He traversed a court and came into a chamber where there was a light. He saw a negress, a Sudanese duenna, crouching in a corner and staring at him with white eyes. He turned toward the other side of the room.

She sat on a high divan, like a throne, her hands palms together, her legs crossed. In the completeness of her immobility she might have been a doll, or a corpse. After the strict fashion of brides, her eyebrows were painted in thick black arches, her lips drawn in scarlet, her cheeks splashed with rose. Her face was a mask, and jewels in a crust hid the flame of her hair. Under the stiff kohl of their lids her eyes turned neither to the left nor to the right. She seemed not to breathe. It is a dishonor for a maid to look or to breathe in the moment when her naked face suffers for the first time the gaze of the lord whom she has never seen.

A minute passed away.

"This is the thing that is mine!" A blinding exultation ran through his brain and flesh. "Better this than the 'trust' of fools and infidels! No question here of 'faith.' *Here I know!* I know that this thing that is mine has not been bandied about by the eyes of all the men in the world. I know that this perfume has never been breathed by the passers in the street. I know that it has been treasured from the beginning in a secret place—against this moment—for me. This bud has come to its opening in a hidden garden; no man has ever looked upon it; no man will ever look upon it. None but I."

He roused himself. He moved nearer, consumed with the craving and exquisite curiosity of the new. He stood before the dais and gazed into the unwavering eyes. As he gazed, as his sight forgot the grotesque doll painting of the face around those eyes, something queer began to come over him. A confusion. Something bothering. A kind of fright.

"Thou!" he breathed.

Her icy stillness endured. Not once did her dilated pupils waver from the straight line. Not once did her bosom lift with breath.

"Thou! It is *thou,* then, O runner on the housetops by night!"

The fright of his soul grew deeper, and suddenly it went out. And in its place there came a black calm.

The eyes before him remained transfixed in the space beyond his shoulder. But by and by the painted lips stirred once.

"Nekaf! . . . I am afraid!"

Habib turned away and went out of the house.

In the house of bel-Kalfate the Jewess danced, still, even in voluptuous motion, a white drift of disdain. The music eddied under the rayed awning. Raillery and laughter were magnified. More than a little *bokha,* the forbidden liquor distilled of figs, had been consumed in secret. Eyes gleamed; lips hung. . . . Alone in the thronged court, on the dais, the host and the notary, the *caid,* the *cadi* and the cousin from the south continued to converse in measured tones, holding their coffee cups in their palms.

"It comes to me, on thought," pronounced bel-Kalfate, inclining his head toward the notary with an

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air of courtly deprecation—"it comes to me that thou hast been defrauded. For what is a trifle of ten thousand *douros* of silver as against the rarest jewel (I am certain, *sidi*) that has ever crowned the sex which thou mayest perhaps forgive me for mentioning?"

And in the same tone, with the same gesture, Hadji Daoud replied: "Nay, master and friend, by the Beard of the Prophet, but I should repay thee the half. For that is a treasure for a sultan's daughter, and this *fillette* of mine (forgive me) is of no great beauty or worth——"

"In saying that, Sidi Hadji, thou sayest a thing which is at odds with half the truth."

They were startled at the voice of Habib coming from behind their backs.

"For thy daughter, Sidi Hadji, thy Zina, is surely as lovely as the full moon sinking in the west in the hour before the dawn." The words were fair. But bel-Kalfate was looking at his son's face.

"Where are thy comrades?" he asked, in a low voice. "How hast thou come?" Then, with a hint of haste: "The dance is admirable. It would be well that we should remain quiet, Habib, my son."

But the notary continued to face the young man. He set his cup down and clasped his hands about his knee. The knuckles were a little white.

"May I beg thee, Habib ben Habib, that thou shouldst speak the thing which is in thy mind?"

"There is only this, *sidi;* a little thing: When thou hast another bird to vend in the market of hearts, it would perhaps be well to examine with care the cage in which thou hast kept that bird."

"Thy daughter," he added, after a moment of silence—"thy daughter, Sidi Hadji, is with child."

That was all that was said. Hadji Daoud lifted his cup and drained it, sucking politely at the dregs. The *cadi* coughed. The *caid* raised his eyes to the awning and appeared to listen. Then he observed, "Tonight, *in-cha-'llah,* it will rain." The notary pulled his burnoose over his shoulders, groped down with his toes for his slippers, and got to his feet.

"Rest in well-being!" he said. Then, without haste, he went out. Habib followed him tardily as far as the outer door. In the darkness of the empty street he saw the loom of the man's figure moving off toward his own house, still without any haste.

"And in the night of thy marriage thy husband, or thy father, if thou hast a father——"

Habib did not finish with the memory. He turned and walked a few steps along the street. He could still hear the music and the clank of the Jewess' silver in his father's court. . . .

"In-cha-'llah!" she had said, that night.

And, after all, it *had* been the will of God. . . .

A miracle had happened. All the dry pain had gone out of the air. Just now the months of waiting for the winter rains were done. All about him the big, cool drops were spattering on the invisible stones. The rain bathed his face. His soul was washed with the waters of the merciful God of Arab men.

For, after all, from the beginning, it had been written. All written!

"Mektoub!"

Mia Carlotta

By THOMAS A. DALY

Giuseppe, da barber, ees greata for "mash,"
He gotta da bigga, da blacka mustache,
Good clo'es an' good styla an' playnta good cash.
W'enevra Giuseppe ees walk on da street,
Da people dey talka, "how nobby! how neat!
How softa da handa, how smalla da feet."
He raisa hees hat an' he shaka hees curls,
An' smila weeth teetha so shiny like pearls;
O! many da heart of da seely young girls
He gotta.
Yes, playnta he gotta—
But notta
Carlotta!

Giuseppe, da barber, he maka da eye,
An' lika da steam engine puffa an' sigh,
For catcha Carlotta w'en she ees go by.
Carlotta she walka weeth nose in da air,
An' look through Giuseppe weeth far-away stare,
As eef she no see dere ees som'body dere.
Giuseppe, da barber, he gotta da cash,
He gotta da clo'es an' da bigga mustache,
He gotta da seely young girls for da "mash,"
But notta—
You bat my life, notta—
Carlotta.
I gotta!

Drawings by Caran d'Ache

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A *foremost German writer tells a story with all the flavor of De Maupassant*

"Once — something happened—between me and — your wife . . . and now the time has come to make a clean breast of it."

AH, DEAR LADY, it's good to be here with you again, sitting so peacefully in this comfortable chair, ready for a cozy chat. Thank goodness, the holiday hubbub is over and done with, and you have a little leisure for me again.

Oh, the Christmas season! I do believe it was invented by the devil especially for the annoyance of us bachelors, to impress upon us the dreariness of our homeless lives. The thing that is a source of delight to others is a torture to us. Of course, of course, we're not all of us lonely. The joy of bestowing joy blooms for most of us, too. But the pure pleasure of sharing pleasure with others is embittered partly by a dose of ironical self-criticism, partly by that acid yearning which I might call, instead of homesickness, marriagesickness.

Why did I not come and pour my heart out to you? you ask, you sympathetic soul, who bestow consolation as generously as most of your sex bestow petty spite. Ah, but you see, the matter is not so simple. Don't you know what Speidel says in his charmingly chatty *Lonely Sparrows,* which you, correctly divining the state of my soul, sent me on the third day of the holiday? He says, "The genuine bachelor does not *want* to be consoled. Once having become unhappy, he wants to indulge his unhappiness."

Besides Speidel's lonely sparrow, there is also a species of confirmed old bachelors, family friends. I

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By
HERMANN
SUDERMANN

The New Year's Eve Confession

Illustrations by
Charles V. Sandford

do not mean those professional destroyers of the family who insinuate themselves hypocritically with evil intent while making themselves comfortable at the hospitable hearth. I mean the good old uncle, papa's whilom schoolmate, who dandles baby on his knees while respectably reading aloud to mamma the story in the evening paper—with omission of the indecent passages.

I know of men whose whole life goes in the service of a family with which they have become friendly, men who pass their days without desire beside a lovely woman whom they secretly adore.

You are sceptical? Oh, it is the "without desire" that you object to? You may be right. In the depths of even the tamest heart there probably lurks a wild desire, but a desire—it is understood—that is held in check.

I should like to give you an example and tell you of a conversation that two ancient gentlemen had with each other this very New Year's Eve. You must not ask me how I found out about the conversation, and you must not tell it to anyone else. May I begin?

Picture, as the scene, a high-ceilinged room furnished in an old-fashioned style and dimly lighted by a green-shaded, brightly polished hanging lamp, such as our parents used before the era of kerosene; the light falling upon a round table covered with a white cloth and set with the ingredients for mixing a New Year's

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punch, and in the center a few drippings of oil spreading slowly.

My two ancient gentlemen sat half in the dimness cast by the green shade. Moldy ruins they were of a time long past, each tremulously sunk in himself, and each staring into space with the dim eyes and the dull look of old age. The one, the host, was a military man, as was clear at first glance from his close-fitting stock, his pointed mustache, shaved off under the points, and his eyebrows knitted in a martial frown. He sat huddled in a rolling chair and clutched the handle of the steering rod with both hands like a crooked walking-stick. Nothing about him stirred except his lower jaw, which went up and down incessantly with a chewing movement. The other, who was sitting beside him on the sofa, was tall and thin, with narrow shoulders and the head of a thinker, angular and broad of brow. He drew skimpy clouds of smoke from a long pipe that was about to go out. Snowy white curls framed his face, and in the thousand fine lines of his smooth, dried-up skin nestled a soft, quiet smile, such as nothing but the peace of renunciation can impress upon an aged countenance.

They sat without talking. In the silence you could hear the slight bubbling of the burning oil mingled with the slight bubbling of the tobacco juice. Then the clock on the wall in the dark background wheezed and struck eleven.

"This is about the time you usually brew the punch," said the man with the thinker's head. His voice sounded soft and quavered a little.

"Yes, this is the time," the other rejoined. His tone was harsh, as if again resounding with the strident shouts of command.

"I should never have thought," the guest continued, "that it would be so sad without her."

The host nodded and chewed on.

"She made the New Year's punch for us forty-four times."

"Yes," the old soldier put in, "ever since I have been living here in Berlin and you have been coming to see us."

"LAST YEAR AT THIS TIME," the guest continued, "we three were still together, so happily. She sat there in the easy chair, knitting socks for Paul's oldest child, and hurrying as fast as she could. They had to be finished by twelve o'clock, she said. And they were. Then we drank the punch and very comfortably discussed death. And two months later she actually was carried out to the cemetery. You know, I wrote a thick volume on the immortality of the idea. You never could bear it. And I cannot bear it any more either, since your wife died. As a matter of fact, I don't give a fig for any ideas any more."

"Yes, she was a good woman," said the husband of the deceased. "She took good care of me. When I had to be out for service by five o'clock in the morning, she was always up ahead of me and saw to it that I had a good cup of coffee before I left. To be sure, she had her faults, too. When once she got to philosophizing with you—whew!"

"You simply never understood her," murmured the guest, something like restrained resentment quivering about the corners of his mouth, though the look he allowed to rest on his friend a long time was mild and sad, as though his soul carried the secret consciousness of guilt.

After a period of silence, he began:

"Listen, Franz, I must tell you something—something that has been gnawing at me a long while. I cannot possibly go down into the grave carrying it along with me."

"FIRE AWAY, THEN," said Franz, picking up the long pipe leaning against his rolling chair and stuffing its bowl with tobacco.

"Once—something happened—between me and—your wife."

"Please don't joke, Doc," said Franz.

"I'm in grim earnest, Franz. I have been carrying it round with me for more than forty years, and now the time has come at last to make a clean breast of it."

"Do you mean to say my wife deceived me?" the old soldier shouted in a rage.

"Shame on you, Franz," said the philosopher, with his sad, mild smile.

Franz mumbled and muttered a little, and then lighted his pipe.

"No, she was pure as an angel," the philosopher went on. "You and I are the criminals. Listen to me. It was forty-three years ago. You had just been ordered to Berlin as a captain, and I was teaching at the University. You know what a wild fellow you were then."

"Hm," said Franz, and raised his shaking hand to twist the points of his mustache.

"There was a beautiful actress with big black eyes and small white teeth. Do you remember?"

"Do I remember! Bianca was her name." A feeble smile flitted across the old man's weather-beaten countenance with the marks on it of hard and fast living. "She could bite, I tell you, she could bite!"

"You deceived your wife, and she suspected it. But she never said anything, and suffered in silence. You did not notice it, but I did. She was the first woman I got to know after my mother's death. She came into my life like a shining star, and I looked up to her as to a shining star. Finally I summoned up the courage to ask her what was troubling her. She smiled and said she was not feeling quite well yet. You remember, it was only a short while before that that Paul had been born. Then came New Year's Eve—exactly forty-three years ago this very night. I came to your house at about eight o'clock, as usual. She sat embroidering, and I read to her while we waited for you. The hours passed, one by one. You did not come. I saw how uneasy she became and how she began to tremble, and I trembled with her. I knew what was keeping you, and I was afraid that you would forget twelve o'clock in that woman's arms. It was getting very near the hour. She stopped embroidering, and I stopped reading, and an awful silence descended on us. I saw a tear creep out slowly between her lashes and fall down on her embroidery. I jumped up and wanted to go out and

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bring you home. I felt capable of tearing you by force from that woman's side. But at the same instant your wife jumped up, too, from this very seat I am sitting on.

"'Where are you going?' she cried. There was unspeakable dread in her face.

"'I am going to get Franz,' I said.

"At that she fairly screamed.

"'For goodness' sake, stay with me. At least *you* stay with me. Don't *you* leave me.'

"And she threw herself on me and laid her hands on my shoulders and hid her wet face on my chest. My whole body quivered. Never before had a woman been so close to me. But I held on to myself and spoke to her comfortingly. She so needed comforting. Soon after, you came back. You did not notice my confusion. Your cheeks were flushed and there was a love-drunken weariness in your eyes.

"That New Year's Eve produced a change in me which filled me with alarm. Since I had felt her soft arms around my neck and had drawn in the perfume of her hair, the star had fallen from heaven, and instead of the star it was the *woman,* the woman, beautiful, and breathing love. I knew there was ardor in my glances; and I denounced myself as a blackguard, a deceiver; and to make at least partial atonement to my conscience, I went to work to separate you from your mistress. Fortunately, I had some money, which I had inherited, and she was satisfied with the sum I offered her, and——"

"By Jingo," the old soldier interjected, "so you're the one to blame for Bianca's writing me that touching good-by letter in which she told me it was with a breaking heart that she had to forego my love?"

"Yes, I am the one to blame for it. But listen. I had expected to purchase peace with the money I gave her. I was mistaken. The wild thoughts kept going round and round in my brain worse and worse. I buried myself in my work. It was just then that I conceived the central thought for my *Immortality of the Idea.* No use. Peace did not come that way.

"And so a whole year went by, and another New Year's Eve arrived. I was sitting beside her on this seat once again. This time you were at home, but you were lying asleep on the sofa in the next room, tired out by a jollification at the club. Sitting there, close beside her, looking at her pale face, the recollection of the New Year's Eve before came back and overwhelmed me irresistibly. Just to feel her head at my neck once again, just to kiss her once again, and then let come what may! Our glances met for an instant. It seemed to me that a secret understanding flashed into her eyes. I could not control myself any longer. I dropped at her feet and hid my burning face in her lap.

"I lay there like that, motionless, for possibly two seconds, when I felt her hand cool on my head and heard her say softly and gently:

"'You must be good.'

"Yes, I must be good. I must not deceive the man sleeping in the next room so trustfully. I jumped up and looked about, disconcerted. She picked up a book from the table and handed it to me. I knew what she meant, and opened the book at random and started to read aloud. I do not know what I read. The letters danced before my eyes. But gradually the storm in my soul subsided, and when it struck twelve, and you, with a sleepy look in your eyes, came in to wish us a Happy New Year, I felt as though that instant of sin lay far, far behind me, in an era long past.

"From that time on I became calmer. I knew she did not return my love, and I had nothing to hope for from her but compassion. The years went by. Your children grew up and married. We three grew old. You gave up sowing wild oats and lived for only the one woman, like myself. I did not stop loving her. No, that was impossible. But my love took on other forms. It discarded earthly desires and turned into a spiritual communion. You often used to laugh when you heard us philosophizing. But had you divined how my soul became one with hers, it would have made you very jealous. And now she's dead. Perhaps by next New Year's Eve we shall have followed her. That is why it is high time for me to unburden myself of my secret and say to you, 'Franz, I once did you a wrong. Forgive me!'"

He held out his hand to his friend pleadingly, but Franz answered testily:

"Bah, stuff and nonsense! A lot to forgive! This news of yours, this confession, is stale. I've known it for ages. She herself told me all about it forty years ago. And now I'll tell you the reason I ran after women the way I did until I was an old man—because, when she told me, she also said that you were the only man she had ever loved."

His guest stared at him in silence. The clock on the wall wheezed and struck twelve o'clock.

She Walks *in* Beauty

By LORD BYRON

▼

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

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The Story of the

The Soldan of Byzantium

By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

Lepanto

Drawings by Mahlon Blaine

BRILLIANT and awful must have been the great sea battle of Lepanto. Sun flashed from thirty thousand oar blades as the galleys of the Christians swept down upon those of the Turks in the blue bay of Lepanto. The quiet of that October day in 1571 was torn by a hundred cannon; men screamed, wood splintered, steel clashed on steel, and ship after ship slipped between churning, blood-colored waters. At the close of the day, the Turkish fleet was annihilated, twenty thousand Infidels were dead, fifteen thousand Christian slaves had been freed from their galley chains. Don John of Austria, greatest knight of his time, had led the combined forces of Italy, Austria, and Spain. Cervantes, author of "Don Quixote," had been foremost in the fighting. In the Vatican, Pope Pius IV was pleased: never again would the Turks hold dread supremacy in the Mediterranean. The Crusades were over.

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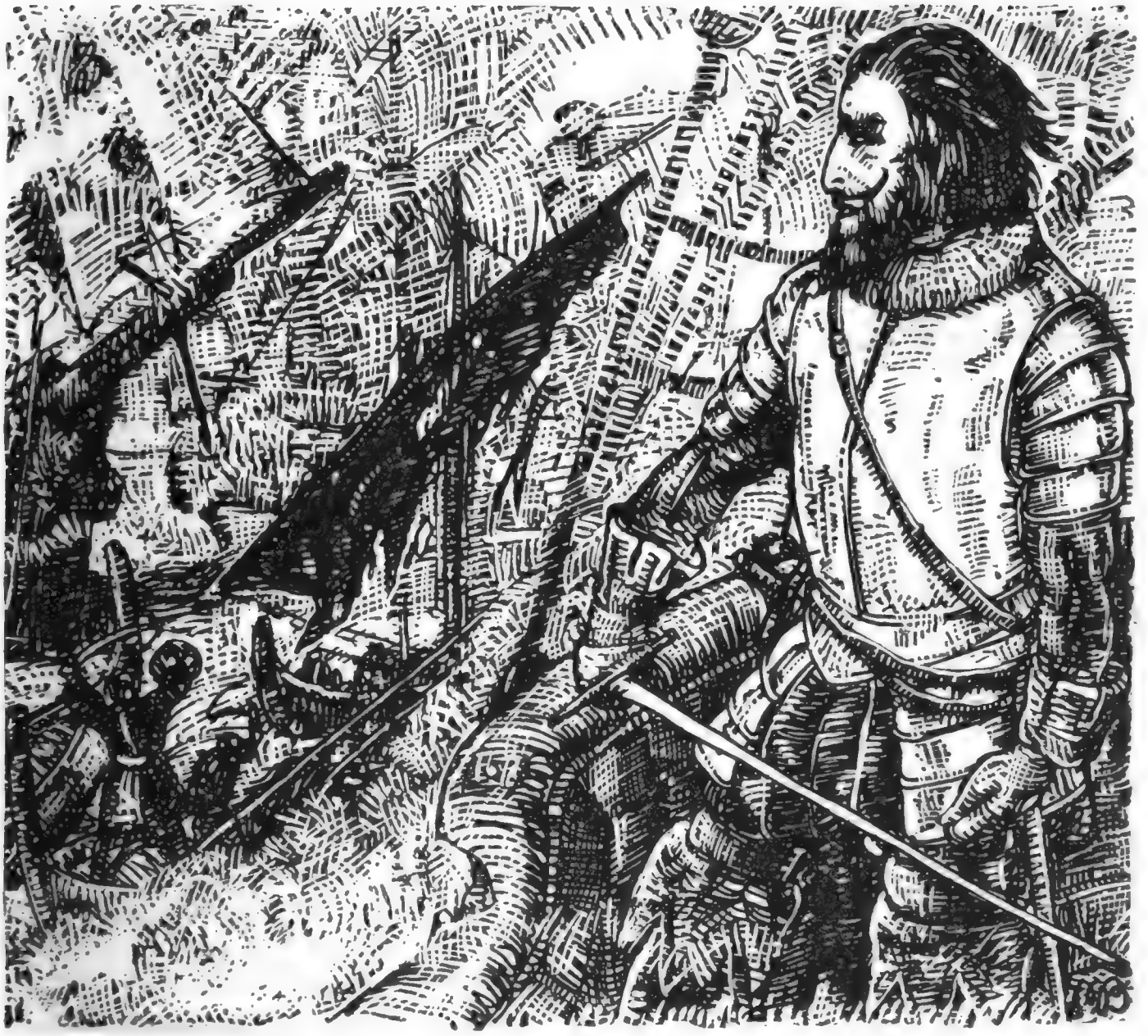
Last Great Battle of the Crusades



WHITE FOUNTS FALLING in the Courts of the sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run;
There is laughter like the fountains in that face of all men feared,
It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard,
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips,
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.
They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy,
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,
And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the Cross.
The cold queen of England is looking in the glass;
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass;
From evening isles fantastical rings faint the Spanish gun,
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is laughing in the sun.
Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has stirred,

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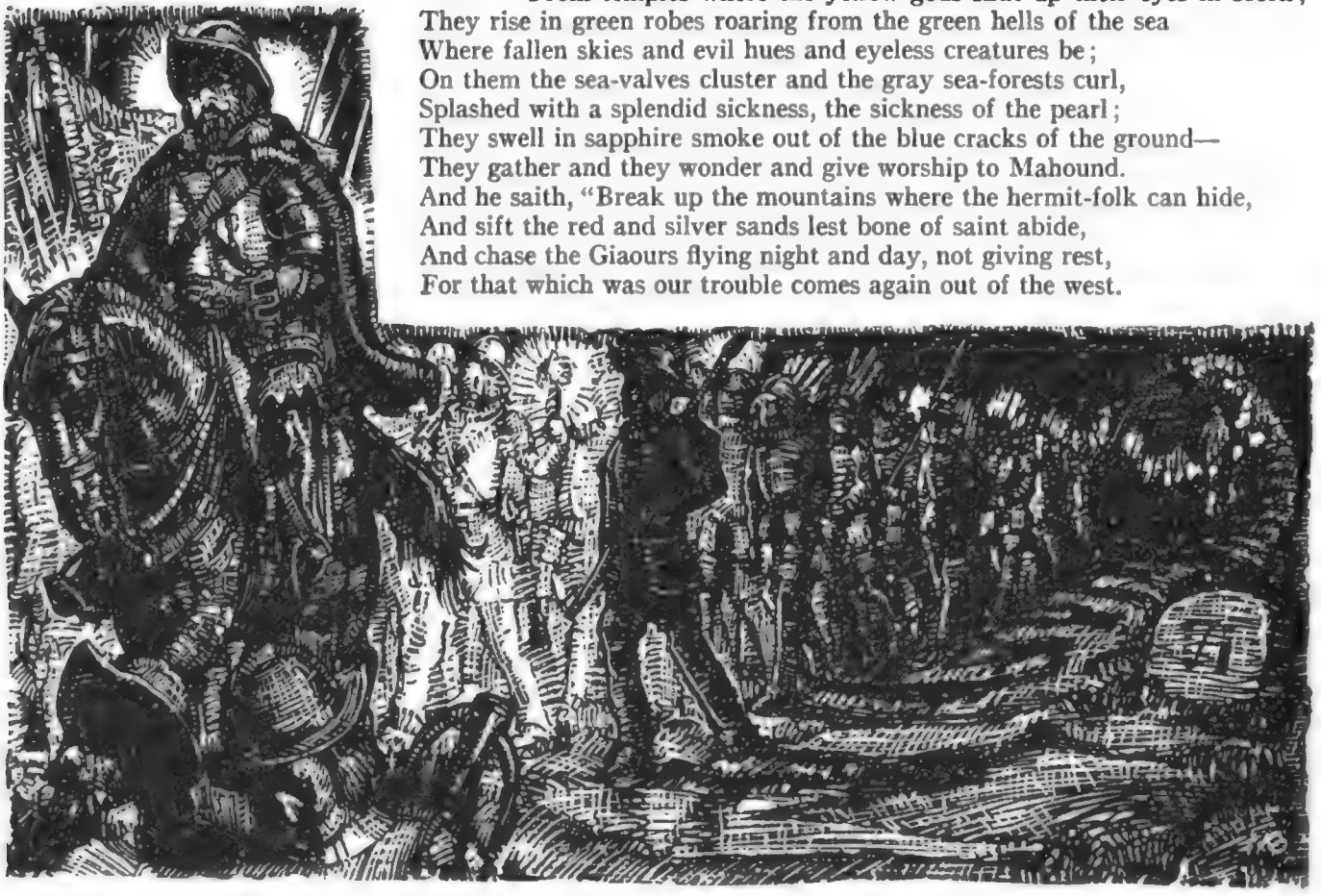
King Philip's in his closet. . . .

Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half attainted stall,
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall,
The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has sung,
That once went singing southward when all the world was young.
In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war,
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint of old-gold,
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and he comes.
Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world,
Holding his head up for a flag of all the free.
Love-light of Spain—hurrah!
Death-light of Africa!
Don John of Austria.
Is riding to the sea.
Mahound is in his paradise above the evening star,
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)
He moves a mighty turban on the timeless houri's knees,
His turban that is woven of the sunsets and the seas.
He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from his ease,
And he strides among the tree-tops and is taller than the trees,
And his voice through all the garden is a thunder sent to bring
Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing.
Giants and the Genii,
Multiplex of wing and eye,
Whose strong obedience broke the sky
When Solomon was king.

THEY RUSH IN RED AND PURPLE from the red clouds of the morn,
From temples where the yellow gods shut up their eyes in scorn;
They rise in green robes roaring from the green hells of the sea
Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless creatures be;
On them the sea-valves cluster and the gray sea-forests curl,
Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of the pearl;
They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue cracks of the ground—
They gather and they wonder and give worship to Mahound.
And he saith, "Break up the mountains where the hermit-folk can hide,
And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide,
And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not giving rest,
For that which was our trouble comes again out of the west.



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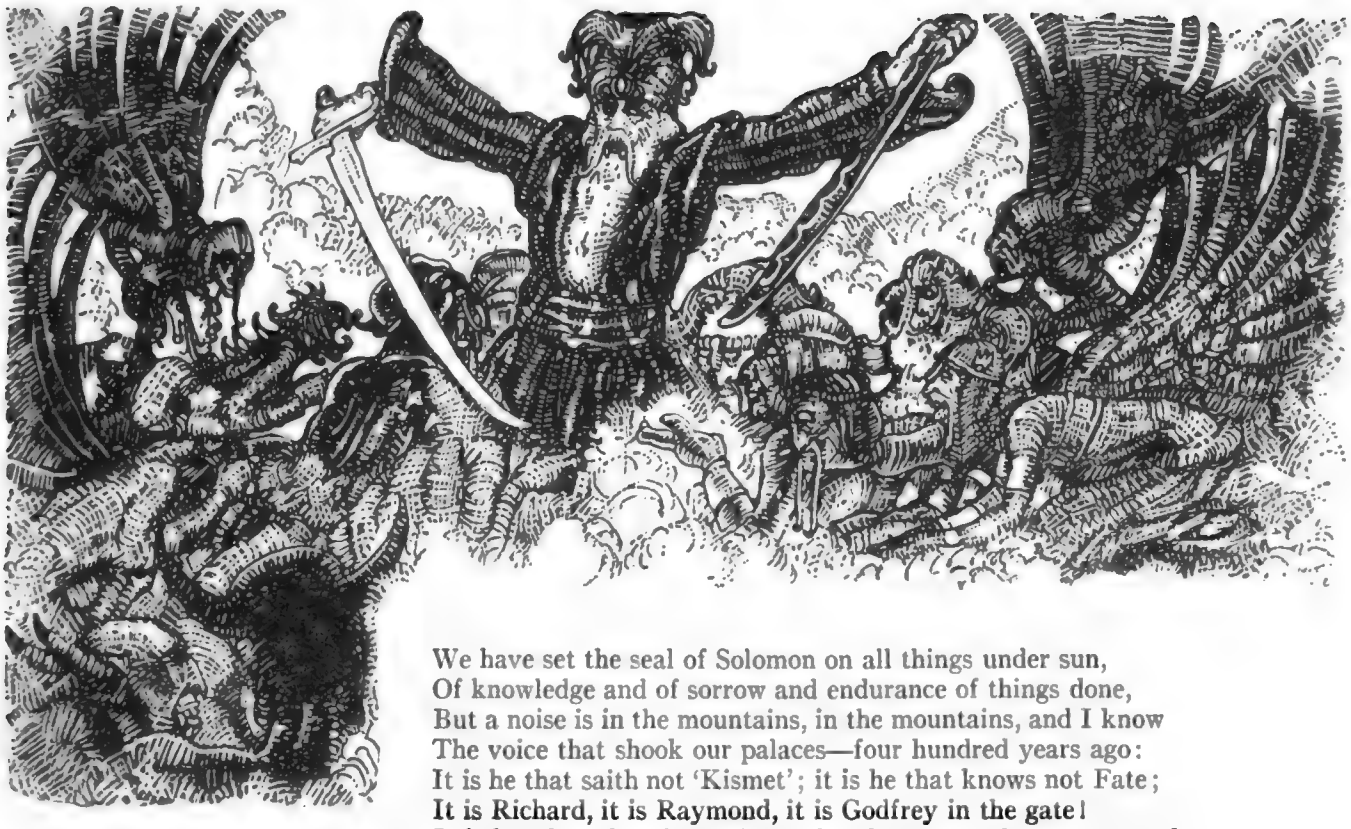

We have set the seal of Solomon on all things under sun,
Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of things done,
But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains, and I know
The voice that shook our palaces—four hundred years ago:
It is he that saith not 'Kismet'; it is he that knows not Fate;
It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey in the gate!
It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the wager worth,
Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be on the earth."
For he heard drums groaning and he heard guns jar,
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)
Sudden and still—hurrah!
Bolt from Iberia!
Don John of Austria
Is gone by Alcalar.

St. Michael's on his Mountain in the sea-roads of the north
(*Don John of Austria is girt and going forth.*)
Where the gray seas glitter and the sharp tides shift
And the sea-folk labor and the red sails lift.
He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings of stone;
The noise is gone through Normandy; the noise is gone alone;
The North is full of tangled things and texts and aching eyes
And dead is all the innocence of anger and surprise,
And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty room,
And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer face of doom,
And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in Galilee,
But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.
Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse
Crying with the trumpet, with the trumpet of his lips,
Trumpet that sayeth ha!
Domino gloria!
Don John of Austria
Is shouting to the ships.
King Philip's in his closet with the Fleece about his neck
(*Don John of Austria is armed upon the deck.*)
The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as sin,
And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in.
He holds a crystal phial that has colors like the moon,
He touches, and it tingles, and he trembles very soon,
And his face is as a fungus of a leprous white and gray
Like plants in the high houses that are shuttered from the day,
And death is in the phial and the end of noble work,
But Don John of Austria has fired upon the Turk.

Don John of Austria

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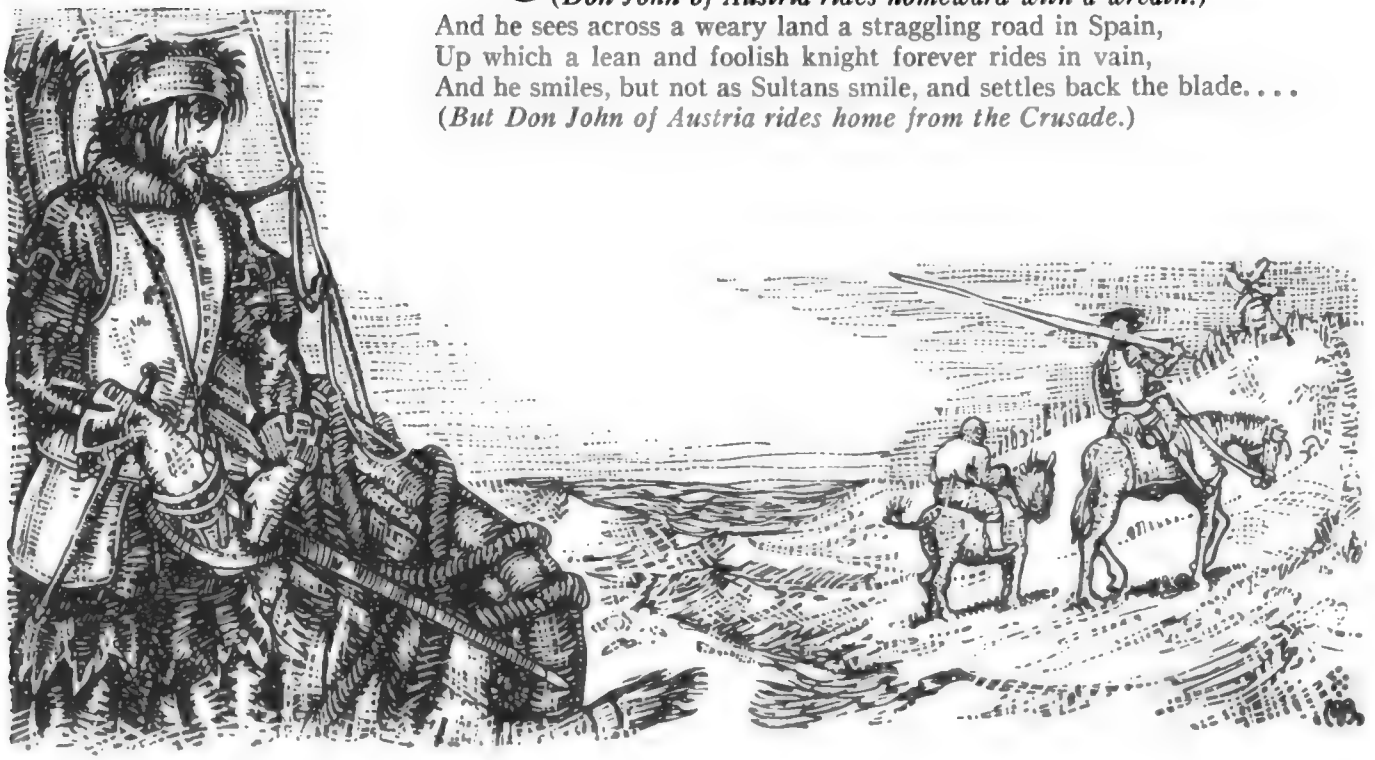
Don John's hunting, and his hounds have bayed—
Booms away past Italy the rumor of his raid.
Gun upon gun, ha! ha!
Gun upon gun, hurrah!
Don John of Austria
Has loosed the cannonade.

THE POPE WAS IN HIS CHAPEL before day or battle broke,
(*Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke.*)
The hidden room in man's house where God sits all the year,
The secret window whence the world looks small and very dear.
He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea
The crescent of his cruel ships whose name is mystery;
They fling great shadows foe-wards, making Cross and Castle dark,
They veil the plumèd lions on the galleys of St. Mark;
And above the ships are palaces of brown, black-bearded chiefs,
And below the ships are prisons, where with multitudinous griefs,
Christian captives sick and sunless, all a laboring race repines
Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the mines.
They are lost like slaves that sweat, and in the skies of morning hung
The stairways of the tallest gods when tyranny was young.
They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those fallen or fleeing on
Before the high Kings' horses in the granite of Babylon.
And many a one grows witless in his quiet room in hell
Where a yellow face looks inward through the lattice of his cell,
And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no more a sign—
(*But Don John of Austria has burst the battle-line!*)
Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,
Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,
Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,
Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,
Thronging of the thousands up that labor under sea
White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.
Vivat Hispania!
Domino Gloria!
Don John of Austria
Has set his people free!

CERVANTES ON HIS GALLEY sets the sword back in the sheath
(*Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath.*)
And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain,
Up which a lean and foolish knight forever rides in vain,
And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles back the blade. . . .
(*But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.*)



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So They Say

Rear Admiral Hugh Rodman:
U. S. N., retired

"A second best navy is like a second best poker hand."

Aldous Huxley:
English author and dramatic critic

"Rabelaisian looseness is just as characteristic of contemporary America as Puritanical strictness."

President A. Lawrence Lowell:
of Harvard, names his grandfather, James Russell Lowell, as an example of the advantages of entering college at an early age

"If only the dear mothers who are afraid of their boys' going to college so early would look over our figures at Harvard, they would see that the temptation to go to the devil increases with age. . . . The younger the boys are the better scholars they are and the better behaved. My great-grandfather sent my grandfather to college at the age of thirteen, too young to dissipate. It worked out exceptionally well."

George Bernard Shaw:
in an address recently broadcast from London

"Sometimes democracy is curiously violent, dangerous, and treacherous, and those who are familiar with it as practical statesmen trust it least."

Hamilton Wright:
of Rutherford, N. J., writes from the "geographic center" of the Sahara Desert

"Last night I saw a moon as blue as the sea against a lavender sky. And the sunset was green. . . . Every day I see magic! . . . I have seen fish in the center of the Sahara, a thousand miles from running water."

Professor John Dewey:
philosopher, of Columbia University

"I never thought that Americans were more fond of the dollar than the French and German of the franc and mark. But external things and opportunities so abound in American life that instead of nurturing the true sources of happiness, we tend to make it a direct aim. So we end in looking for happiness in the external—money, a good time, somebody to lean on, and so on."

Terra Haute "Tribune":
editorially

"A benevolent person of our acquaintance, who used to send flannels to the Hottentots, is now mailing books to a friend in Boston, in plain wrappers."

M. W. Fodor:
New York "Evening Post's" foreign correspondent, reports that there is not a mile of railroad in all Albania

"Albania never knew the railroad age. From the mule and the pack horse it progressed in one step to motor car and airplane."

Dr. William Mather Lewis:
president, Lafayette College

"The mechanical age has made it not only unnecessary, but almost impossible for us to think constructively."

The Prince of Wales:
addressing in London three hundred and twenty wearers of the V. C.

"The most select corps in the world—the wearers of the Victoria Cross—is recruited from that very limited circle of men who see what is needed to be done, who do it at once at their own peril, and having done it shut up like an oyster. This is a wise provision of Nature, for if men who did things talked half as much as men who know how things ought to be done, life would not be worth living."

Floyd L. Carlisle:
New York banker

"The backbone of business today is the rapid absorption of details, and there is nothing in college that trains a man in this ability."

Sir Hamilton Harty:
English organist, pictures the historian of the future looking back upon us

"He will see that in an age that considers itself musically enlightened we permit gangs of jazz barbarians to debase and mutilate our classical music."

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Dr. Vernon Kellogg:
Secretary of the National Research Council, Washington, D. C.

"It is a fact that in the long run practically all scientific knowledge gets used for the benefit of mankind."

Thomas R. Ybarra:
newspaper writer and foreign correspondent

"Ten years of peace killed Gustav Stresemann; three wars—one of them the most terrible in history, in which he was the supreme leader on one side—have proved insufficient to lay Paul von Hindenburg low. Can it be that we have heard far too much about the terrors of war, far too little about those of peace?"

A. L. Maycock:
English journalist, comments, in "Blackwood's Magazine," on the "enormous remorseless stream of literary matter" with which our printing presses engulf us

" . . . We constantly come across men and women who have definitely turned aside from the great flood of contemporary literature and have sought relief from the hustle and rattle of modern life by turning to the classics and great writers of the past."

Alfred J. Talley:
former New York judge, returns from leisurely Europe

"The reason American cities are prosperous is that there is no place to sit down."

Carl Van Doren:
critic and writer

"I certainly do not believe that the mind begins to deteriorate at fifty, although it may do so. For that matter, it may begin to deteriorate at sixteen, and often does."

Dr. E. E. Free:
scientist, writing in "World's Work"

"Is the popularization of science creating perhaps a public which will prove insatiable to wonders, but incapable of real understanding?"

Mark Sullivan:
journalist, Washington correspondent, and historian, compares two epochs

"In 1900 . . . many average men and a larger number of average women, came to the end of their days without traveling a greater distance from the homestead than in 1929 is accomplished in an automobile trip between supper and bedtime."

John Gulliken:
treasurer, American Federation of Lutheran Brotherhoods

"The average church needs 'pep' and a certain amount of restrained 'whoopee,' under proper supervision, to make it attractive to young people."

Carrington T. Marshall:
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio

"So great is the disparity of (divorce) laws among the States . . . that a man may be held to be single in one state, married in another, divorced in a third, and a bigamist in a fourth."

Louis Bromfield:
novelist, finds it wise to return to his native land occasionally

"A novelist living too long abroad would become an essayist. The fast-moving life of America is the best soil in the world for writing novels and short stories."

Dr. Henry Van Dyke:
American author and educator, on the eve of his seventy-seventh birthday

"Life seems to me not a state of being, but a process of becoming. It is an adventure, a training, a testing to try the soul's strength on, and educe the man."

Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin:
novelist, of Johannesburg, South Africa

"The most astounding romance in human life is the fact that most married people are satisfied to spend an entire lifetime with one another—and generally without complaint."

"Czernowitzer Zeitung":
of Bucharest, issues a plea

"Postmasters are requested to forward copies of our newspaper immediately to our subscribers after having read them, and not first to circulate them among their relatives and friends."

Abbé Ernest Dimnet:
French clergyman, author of "The Art of Thinking"

"When I write short stories or any fiction, I think and write in English, because it is nearer the soul. English is the best language to describe the emotions. French is the intellectual language."

Edgar Wallace:
famous English writer of countless detective stories

"Why, because a man commits an offense against society, should he be taught to grow roses and have a pet bird? . . . Punishment must be sure and swift, and sentimentality must not be mixed up with it."

Dr. Morris Fishbein:
editor of the "Journal of the American Medical Association"

"Nothing ruins the appetite like an oration on digestion and indigestion delivered by a food fanatic in the course of a meal."

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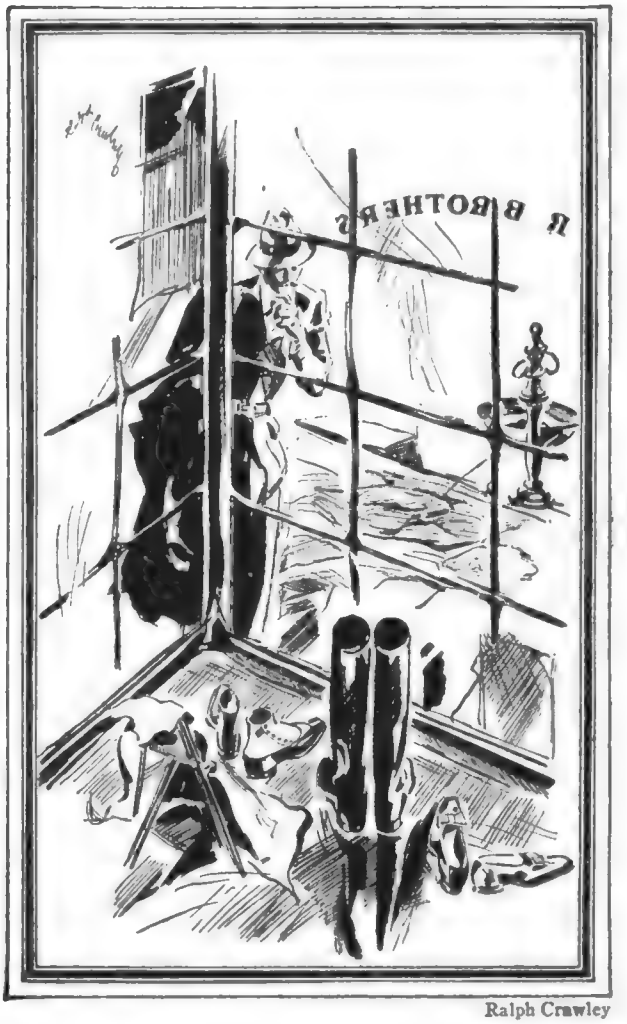
Galsworthy's own quality was never more apparent than in this polished and appealing study of Gessler the bootmaker

Quality

By JOHN GALSWORTHY



Ralph Crawley

I KNEW HIM from the days of my extreme youth, because he made my father's boots; inhabiting with his elder brother two little shops let into one, in a small by-street—now no more, but then most fashionably placed in the West End.

That tenement had a certain quiet distinction; there was no sign upon its face that he made for any of the Royal Family—merely his own German name of Gessler Brothers; and in the window a few pairs of boots. I remember that it always troubled me to account for those unvarying boots in the window, for he made only what was ordered, reaching nothing down, and it seemed so inconceivable that what he made could ever have failed to fit. Had he bought them to put there? That, too, seemed inconceivable. He would never have tolerated in his house leather on which he had not worked himself. Besides, they were too beautiful—the pair of pumps, so inexpressibly slim, the patent leather with cloth tops, making water come into one's mouth, the tall brown riding boots with marvelous sooty glow, as if, though new, they had been worn a hundred years. Those pairs could only have been made by one who saw before him the Soul of Boot—so truly were they prototypes incarnating the very spirit of all foot-gear. These thoughts, of course, came to me later, though even when I was promoted to him, at the age of perhaps fourteen, some inkling haunted me of the dignity of himself and brother. For to make boots—such boots as he made—seemed to me then, and still seems to me, mysterious and wonderful.

I remember well my shy remark, one day, while stretching out to him my youthful foot:

"Isn't it awfully hard to do, Mr. Gessler?"

And his answer, given with a sudden smile from out of the sardonic redness of his beard: "Id is an Ardt!"

Himself, he was a little as if made from leather, with his yellow crinkly face, and crinkly reddish hair and beard, and neat folds slanting down his cheeks to the corners of his mouth, and his guttural and one-toned voice; for leather is a sardonic substance, and stiff and slow of purpose. And that was the character of his face, save that his eyes, which were gray-blue, had in them the simple gravity of one secretly possessed by the Ideal. His elder brother was so very like him—though watery, paler in every way, with a great industry—that sometimes in early days I was not quite sure of him until the interview was over. Then I knew that it was he, if the words, "I will ask my brudder," had not been spoken; and that, if they had, it was his elder brother.

When one grew old and wild and ran up bills, one somehow never ran them up with Gessler Brothers. It would not have seemed becoming to go in there and stretch out one's foot to that blue iron-spectacled glance, owing him for more than—say—two pairs, just the comfortable reassurance that one was still his client.

For it was not possible to go to him very often—his boots lasted terribly, having something beyond the temporary—some, as it were, essence of boot stitched into them.

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One went in, not as into most shops, in the mood of: "Please serve me, and let me go!" but restfully, as one enters a church; and, sitting on the single wooden chair, waited—for there was never anybody there. Soon, over the top edge of that sort of well—rather dark, and smelling soothingly of leather—which formed the shop, there would be seen his face, or that of his elder brother, peering down. A guttural sound, and the tip-tap of bast slippers beating the narrow wooden stairs, and he would stand before one without coat, a little bent, in leather apron, with sleeves turned back, blinking—as if awakened from some dream of boots, or like an owl surprised in daylight and annoyed at this interruption.

And I would say: "How do you do, Mr. Gessler? Could you make me a pair of Russia leather boots?"

Without a word he would leave me, retiring whence he came, or into the other portion of the shop, and I could continue to rest in the wooden chair, inhaling the incense of his trade. Soon he would come back, holding in his thin, veined hand a piece of gold-brown leather. With eyes fixed on it, he would remark: "What a beaudiful biece!" When I, too, had admired it, he would speak again: "When do you wand dem?" And I would answer: "Oh! As soon as you conveniently can." And he would say: "Tomorrow fordnighd?" Or if he were his elder brother: "I will ask my brudder!"

Then I would murmur: "Thank you! Good morning, Mr. Gessler." "Goot morning!" he would reply, still looking at the leather in his hand. And as I moved to the door, I would hear the tip-tap of his bast slippers restoring him, up the stairs, to his dream of boots. But if it were some new kind of foot-gear that he had not yet made me, then indeed he would observe ceremony—divesting me of my boot and holding it long in his hand, looking at it with eyes at once critical and loving, as if recalling the glow with which he had created it, and rebuking the way in which one had disorganized this masterpiece. Then, placing my foot on a piece of paper, he would two or three times tickle the outer edges with a pencil and pass his nervous and skilfully sensitive fingers over my toes, arch, and instep, feeling himself into the heart of my requirements.

I cannot forget that day on which I had occasion to say to him: "Mr. Gessler, that last pair of town walking-boots creaked, you know."

He looked at me for a time without replying, as if expecting me to withdraw or qualify the statement, then said:

"Id shouldn'd 'ave greaked."

"It did, I'm afraid."

"You god dem wed before dey found demselves?"

"I don't think so," I replied, almost regretfully.

At that he lowered his eyes, as if hunting for memory of those boots, and I felt sorry I had mentioned this grave thing.

"Zend dem back!" he said; "I will look at dem."

A feeling of compassion for my creaking boots surged up in me, so well could I imagine the sorrowful long curiosity of regard which he would bend on them.

"Zome boods," he said slowly, "are bad from birdt. If I can do noding wid dem, I dake dem off your bill."

Once (once only) I went absent-mindedly into his shop in a pair of boots bought in an emergency at some large firm's. He took my order without showing me any leather, and I could feel his eyes penetrating the inferior integument of my foot. At last he said:

"Dose are nod my boods."

The tone was not one of anger, nor of sorrow, not even of contempt, but there was in it something quiet that froze the blood. He put his hand down and pressed a finger on the place where the left boot, endeavoring to be fashionable, was not quite comfortable.

"Id 'urds you dere," he said. "Dose big virms 'ave no self-respect. Drash!" And then, as if something had given away within him, he spoke long and bitterly. It was the only time I ever heard him discuss the conditions and hardships of his trade.

"Dey get id all," he said, "dey get id by adverdisement, nod by work. Dey dake it away from us, who lofe our boods. Id gomes to this—bresently I haf no work. Every year id gets less—you will see." And looking at his lined face I saw things I had never noticed before, bitter things and bitter struggle—and what a lot of gray hairs there seemed suddenly in his red beard!

As best I could, I explained the circumstances of the purchase of those ill-omened boots. But his face and voice made so deep impression that during the next few minutes I ordered many pairs. Nemesis fell! They lasted more terribly than ever. And I was not able conscientiously to go to him for nearly two years.

When at last I went I was surprised to find that outside one of the two little windows of his shop another name was painted, also that of a bootmaker—making, of course, for the Royal Family. The old familiar boots, no longer in dignified isolation, were huddled in the single window. Inside, the now contracted well of the one little shop was more scented and darker than ever. And it was longer than usual too, before a face peered down, and the tip-tap of the bast slippers began. At last he stood before me, and gazing through those rusty iron spectacles, said:

JOHN GALSWORTHY *is the most distinguished novelist writing in English today. No name is more universally respected than that of this reserved, handsome, gently ironic English gentleman. No novel is promised permanence more frequently than his "Forsyte Saga." Some of his short sketches catch the essence of his restrained but penetrating art. "Quality" is a very perfect little short story, and in addition it sums up much that Mr. Galsworthy likes to say: that there is something wrong with a social system which will not make room for shoemakers who make shoes with souls.*

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"Mr. ——, isn'd it?"

"Ah! Mr. Gessler," I stammered, "but your boots are really *too* good, you know! See, these are quite decent still!" And I stretched out to him my foot.

"Yes," he said, "beople do nod wand good boods, id seems."

To get away from his reproachful eyes and voice I hastily remarked: "What have you done to your shop?"

He answered quietly: "Id was too exbensif. Do you wand some boods?"

I ordered three pairs, though I had only wanted two, and quickly left. I had I do not know quite what feeling of being part, in his mind, of a conspiracy against him; or perhaps not so much against him as against his idea of boot. One does not, I suppose, care to feel like that; for it was again many months before my next visit to his shop, paid, I remember, with the feeling: "Oh, well, I can't leave the old boy—so here goes! Perhaps it'll be his elder brother!"

For his elder brother, I knew, had not character enough to reproach me, even dumbly.

And, to my relief, in the shop there did appear to be his elder brother, handling a piece of leather.

"Well, Mr. Gessler," I said, "how are you?"

He came close, and peered at me.

"I am breddy well," he said slowly, "but my elder brudder is dead."

And I saw that it was indeed himself—but how aged and wan! And never before had I heard him mention his brother. Much shocked, I murmured: "Oh! I am sorry!"

"Yes," he answered, "he was a good man, he made a good bood; but he is dead." And he touched the top of his head, where the hair had suddenly gone as thin as it had been on that of his poor brother, to indicate, I suppose, the cause of death. "He could nod ged over losing de oder shop. Do you wand any boods?" And he held up the leather in his hand: "Id's a beaudiful biece."

I ordered several pairs. It was very long before they came—but they were better than ever. One simply could not wear them out. And soon after that I went abroad.

It was over a year before I was again in London. And the first shop I went to was my old friend's. I had left a man of sixty, I came back to one of seventy-five, pinched and worn and tremulous, who genuinely, this time, did not at first know me.

"Oh! Mr. Gessler," I said, sick at heart; "how splendid your boots are! See, I've been wearing this pair nearly all the time I've been abroad; and they're not half worn out, are they?"

He looked long at my boots—a pair of Russia leather, and his face seemed to regain steadiness. Putting his hand on my instep, he said:

"Do dey vid you here? I 'ad drouble wid dat bair, I remember."

I assured him that they had fitted beautifully.

"Do you wand any boods?" he said. "I can make dem quickly; id is a slack dime."

I answered: "Please, please! I want boots all round—every kind!"

"I will make a vresh model. Your food must be bigger." And with utter slowness, he traced round my foot, and felt my toes, only once looking up to say: "Did I dell you my brudder was dead?"

To watch him was painful, so feeble had he grown; I was glad to get away.

I had given those boots up, when one evening they came. Opening the parcel, I set the four pairs out in a row. Then one by one I tried them on. There was no doubt about it. In shape and fit, in finish and quality of leather, they were the best he had ever made me. And in the mouth of one of the Town walking-boots I found his bill. The amount was the same as usual, but it gave me quite a shock. He had never before sent it in till quarter day. I flew downstairs, and wrote a cheque, and posted it at once.

A week later, passing the little street, I thought I would go in and tell him how splendidly the new boots fitted. But when I came to where his shop had been, his name was gone. Still there, in the window, were the slim pumps, the patent leathers with cloth tops, the sooty riding boots.

I went in, very much disturbed. In the two little shops—again made into one—was a young man with an English face.

"Mr. Gessler in?" I said.

He gave me a strange, ingratiating look.

"No, sir," he said, "no. But we can attend to anything with pleasure. We've taken the shop over. You've seen our name, no doubt, next door. We make for some very good people."

"Yes, yes," I said; "but Mr. Gessler?"

"Oh!" he answered; "dead."

"Dead! But I only received these boots from him last Wednesday week."

"Ah!" he said; "a shockin' go. Poor old man starved 'imself."

"Good God!"

"Slow starvation, the doctor called it! You see, he went to work in such a way! Would keep the shop on; wouldn't have a soul touch his boots except himself. When he got an order, it took him such a time. People won't wait. He lost everybody. And there he'd sit, goin' on and on—I will say that for him—not a man in London made a better boot! But look at the competition! He never advertised! Would 'ave the best leather, too, and do it all 'imself. Well, there it is. What could you expect with his ideas?

"But starvation——!"

"That may be a bit flowery, as the sayin' is—but I know myself he was sittin' over his boots day and night, to the very last. You see, I used to watch him. Never gave 'imself time to eat; never had a penny in the house. All went in rent and leather. How he lived so long I don't know. He regular let his fire go out. He was a character. But he made good boots."

"Yes," I said, "he made good boots."

And I turned and went out quickly, for I did not want that youth to know that I could hardly see.

It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors.

PLUTARCH

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Love Laughs *at* Lions

Ellen Grattan thought her marriage was ruined when she discovered that her husband was America's most popular novelist

IT WAS, IN FACT, nothing short of tragedy, her marriage, and that in spite of the almost perfect honeymoon just ended—nothing short of tragedy.

She sat staring at the books before her, as she had stared at them ever since her husband left the house—this lovely home that he and she had planned together in the days before their marriage, the home which these books had bought—*these books!*

No woman emerges from the honeymoon with precisely the same estimate of the man to whom she has given herself that she held when she stood with him before the altar. Yet Ellen was prepared in advance for such psychological change, being a student of humanity from the strictly psychological side, as all her published tales and her two brief novels clearly showed. She was no idle romancer, no veiled maiden with rosebud illusions, no worshiping woman who believed all men to be gods and more than gods. She was just and sane in her estimate of the man she loved too much not to marry him. And she was too clearly aware of the fascination which exact opposites exert, to wonder much or trouble any over the fact that Jasper Holbrooke was perhaps as unlike her in temperament as a man could be. She was thoroughly, though not ostentatiously, poetic. If Holbrooke felt the frequent thrill of mystery, she had yet to discover the fact. She adored Brahms and Chopin; Holbrooke's delight in musical comedy was naïve and bubbling. She revelled in chiaroscuros and subdued values; Holbrooke approved of Gibson's black-and-whites and McCutcheon's cartoons, and had a thoroughly womanly infatuation for books illustrated by Christy and Fisher. She remembered now that she had noted that before their marriage: his instinctive turning to the illustrations of books, and his odd ability to detect almost always some utterly inexcusable flaw on the artist's part—black hair instead of blond for the heroine, negligée instead of ball attire—all the familiar, miserable blunders. Such an ability would

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Drawings by
Ruth King

She clenched her hands hard. . . . His resentment would have been easier to face than his rhinoceros-hided obtuseness

By
EDNA
KENTON

indicate a humorous sense rather than true art appreciation, she granted.

No, she loved him because she could not help it, and she gloried in her helplessness, and yielded to it, and became his wife, knowing she was marrying a mere man merely because she loved him, and that one month from her wedding day she would be a wiser and, in some ways no doubt, a sadder woman. And with all her common-sense expectations of disappointments, her honeymoon had been beautiful—beautiful. She had known before, and she had proved it, she was surer, with each day, that an ability in one's husband to analyze the tone values in a Tschaikowsky or a Whistler symphony is not a positive requisite for normal happiness with a normal man. Holbrooke loved her not like a poet, but like a man, and she had sense enough to know that no man, were he poet laureate from the high heavens, could ever truly comprehend the poetry of a happy woman's soul in its flush of love. So she did not grieve over his love as it might be, because she was too completely happy in his love as it was. And he had brought her last night to this beautiful home, and this morning, on the fourth anniversary Wednesday of their marriage—that was Holbrooke's fancy solely, the celebration of every Wednesday in every week—he had given her these books—*these books!*

She picked them up again one by one. Their covers were not the regular edition ones, being, indeed, frightfully expensive examples of the private bookbinder's art. Ellen was certain that no one of the four volumes could have cost less than one hundred and fifty dollars to bind; and Jasper had expended such sums on such books because they were his own, for her, his wife, on their fourth anniversary. The unusual remembrance of the sacred day, even to its place in the weeks as they rolled round, touched her deeply.

But such books, by Harper Holbrooke! No wonder she had never dreamed of his being the author. He had resurrected his mother's maiden name, he told her, to use in this venture—a venture undreamed of till a chance discussion rose with an author friend of his, and he had wagered that a name amounted to nothing in a book's sales. The author friend offered to provide the publisher, granted Holbrooke's tale was printable, and *The Game of Hearts* ran easily into its one hundred and twenty-fifth thousand in its first season, making Harper Holbrooke's name and fame. Ellen shuddered at the thought of such name and fame.

She picked up the other books: *Irmingarde of*

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Immensee, The Mask and the Girl, The Countess of Florida. All of them had been immense sellers. She herself had never read one of them, but she remembered vividly the binding of each book as it had flaunted itself at passers-by from every bookseller's window—the crimson hearts of the binding of the first book; the cobalt sea that stretched from cover end to cover end of his second book; the scarlet mask which adorned the cerulean back of his third book; and the very modern Christy-esque lady of curls and tiara which enlivened *The Countess of Florida's* crimson covers. He had even had some significant part of the cover-design of each book transferred bodily to the leather of his special bindings—the hearts and the mask and the Countess's crown!

She continued to gaze at them helplessly, with the sound of Holbrooke's big, happy, boyish voice still booming in her ears: "Not a soul knows, darling," he had said, "except Sidney and my publishers. I owe it all to old Sid, you know, darling, and I've gone on with the law because it's slathers of fun, and it's been easy to do this on the side; because when I once get the story, the writing goes like a greased pole. I kept still at first, because it seemed foolish to think I could write a book; and then I thought I'd prove it again, and I did; and then I met you, and somehow I never wanted to tell anybody before you, and I didn't want to tell you till it was a surprise worth while. It got to be sort of funny, too, because you'd never read any of my books, and just didn't discuss them, and it amused me like all things. Especially since we're both writers, darling, and you never even suspected it. I wanted these books for our wedding day, but that fellow wouldn't be hurried up, and that's why I hurried you home to be here this morning, on our fourth anniversary, darling. And you'll have to read them now, you know, because we'll have such fun telling everybody. Imagine two authors being married! And tonight I want to tell you about the next book—the next one, that is, after the one that's just going to press, *Winged Fetters!* It's got a cover that's a crackerjack, darling—silver wings and gold chains all over it."

What a pity, what a pity, thought Ellen, helplessly, that one must be ashamed of such a beautiful, glorious lover-husband as was hers; and the horror of it, that she was the wife, the loving wife, of a man who wrote *trash!*

She dipped into the books because she knew she must, and grew paler and paler with the horror of the thought that he was intending to own up to his crimes, and that there was no decent way of stopping him. She couldn't be ashamed of her husband,—at least she could never show him that she was ashamed of him,—but how was she to endure being known as the wife of the man who wrote *The Game of Hearts!* She gasped with the sudden flounce of the wheel. She had been so careful in every way not to give herself arrogant airs in his eyes over the promising and deserved place she had in the world of letters. The Dean of American Realism had openly praised her two novels and several of her shorter stories, and the Master of Subtleties, who refused to dwell in an unillusioned and disillusioning America, had written direct about her second book, and she had walked on air for days therefor.

Yet she was in the future to be known as Harper Holbrooke's wife! All her tender care that he need not be known as Ellen Grattan's husband had been totally unnecessary, because his was the wider fame, his was the reputation. Lived there in the whole stretch of the Americas a shop-girl with soul so dead who had not perused *The Game of Hearts?* Or a lady manicurist who could not discuss the pros and cons of *The Countess of Florida* with her patrons? Ellen granted there was not. As freely and more gladly she granted that there was hardly a shop-girl in the country who had ever heard of *Shibboleth* or *The Obsession.* She would have been stricken dumb with shame if ever either of her darling psychological studies had figured on the Six Best list. She did not want the wider audience, did not write for it. But Jasper—yes, that was it—Jasper was going to help her! He saw where she fell short of reaching her public! He was going to help her gain it!

She picked up *Irmingarde of Immensee,* and began to glance through that seven hundred and ninety-third imitation of the Zenda bonbon, laughing weakly, helplessly, with now and then a tear. She read it through, her fingers delighting in the feel of the exquisite binding, and her soul revolting at the thought of such content in such casket. It was utterly absurd and impossible, but it *was* a story, smoothly told, with somewhat the air—it was her only consolation—of winking with a sympathetic reader from behind the filmy gauze of his impossible tale. She skimmed through *The Game of Hearts* that afternoon and *The Countess of Florida,* and the tragedy of her marriage deepened to unrelieved gloom. She had seen it humorously for a moment; but the comedy faded swiftly. Jasper was intending to tell! He was utterly without shame. He was intending to talk about the best methods of stepping into the limelight, on this, their fourth Wednesday!

II

"Have you read any of them, darling?" Holbrooke asked that evening, after dinner was ended, and they were in their library. He was standing by the fireplace, complacently smiling.

"Yes," she told him, and shrank at his attitude of waiting, as he lighted his cigar.

"They are very nice stories," she said faintly, after a frightful moment of trying to snatch at the *glacéd* opinion she had set aside for his feeding, and had forgotten. So she said the first thing which came to her, which was the most damning thing possible, of course. "Very nice stories!" She almost moaned in her poignant distress of mind.

"Yes; they're good stuff," said Holbrooke, assentingly. It was not conceit, at least no more than a trace of it. It was mere calm statement of a fact subscribed to by one out of every five men, women, and children in the country. "I tell you, Ellen, they're good stuff. You bet they're nice stories."

His unhappy wife clenched her hands hard. At first

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she had feared he would resent her sickening praise of his specially bound masterpieces. Now she wished he had resented it. His resentment would have been easier to face than his rhinoceros-hided obtuseness.

Suddenly Holbrooke laughed aloud, and Ellen lifted her dull eyes to his, trying to smile with him. She loved the very sound of his rich, happy laugh.

"It's been so absurd that you've never read any of them before," he said. "I couldn't urge it too much, or you'd have suspected, and after I got the idea of surprising you, I wanted to keep it up as long as it would last. Why, darling, I've made love to you like Karl made love to Irmingarde, like Saxon to the Countess—and you never knew, with all your reading of books, and writing them. And it's this last I want to talk about. Listen!"

He dropped down into a chair beside her, and reached out for her reluctant hand.

"*Winged Fetters* is coming out with 'Harper Holbrooke' still on the title-page." Ellen breathed a sigh of deep relief. "But this next book that I'm all ready to begin, this is to be *our* book, darling. It's going to start over in England somewhere, with the heir to the title dying, leaving his uncle, who's brought him up, all but mad over the thought that the estate and title pass to a scoundrelly cousin—*unless* they can get a half-brother of the dead man, an illegitimate son, who is here in America, cowboy or something—that can be worked out—to come over and take the place of the dead man. See? Of course, he's got to be the counterpart of his half-brother, but we can fix that up——"

"But, dearest, it's been done so often," said Ellen, gently. "And it's so impossible."

"Done often? Of course," laughed Holbrooke. "That's why everybody is so fond of it—they know there's no chance of the happy ending going astray. As for impossibility, there's nothing impossible for the novelist. Of course, too, there's the girl who was going to marry the dead duke for state reasons, and who is mysteriously drawn toward the new one without knowing why, and falls desperately in love with him, and wonders at it——"

"Dear," murmured Ellen, plaintively, "she would know. A woman would know the man she loves."

"But she can't know in this plot, don't you see," argued Holbrooke, patiently, "until the end; there'd be no climax otherwise. We can fix her up all right. Then, of course, to take the bad taste out of everyone's mouth over the cowboy coming into the title with no rights, there'll be a dandy secret passage and a chest of carved oak and copper, and inside it the marriage certificates that make him the eldest son all along. Seems to me the girl ought to find 'em—shut her in the secret passage, eh?—stumbled into it in her despair over discovering the cowboy's imposture on her and the world, and finds the right papers——"

"She should take matches with her, dear," murmured Ellen, in gentlest sarcasm.

"Sure!" said Holbrooke, agreeably. "She'll have to have a light, because all the thrill would go in a well-lighted secret passage. But that'll be easy. I've got a regular classified list of how to get lights when you need 'em, and of ways to discover wills, for that matter, and queer places to keep keys, and crazy poisons. What do you think of an old silk-stockinged codger keeping the key to his strong chest on his garter, eh? Or of this: that bananas and yellow chartreuse, taken together, are said to be a deadly poison without leaving traces behind? I'm going to get a chemist to work on that some time, and if there's sense in it, do a dandy murder story. Of course you keep stacks of notes like these, too?"

"I KEEP A NOTE-BOOK, of course," said Ellen, in a faint and timid voice.

"And I've got the title, too," pursued Holbrooke, happily. "*Love Laughs at Lions!* Pretty good, eh? Oh, hackneyed, perhaps, but everything's hackneyed, and it's the old things that take best. It doesn't matter near so much what you say as how you say it. *Love Laughs at Lions* tells a love-story from the start, and that's what you've got to have to set the ball going. Then any title with 'Love' or 'Hearts' in it is bound to make a book go. Look at *The Game of Hearts*—150,000 sold the first season, and that book isn't near up to this new one in plot."

"I dare say you know best," breathed Ellen, submissively.

"Well, I don't know," Holbrooke said generously. "Of course we're both in the craft. But you just take *The Obsession*, for instance, compared to *Love Laughs at Lions*. Don't you see the difference right away, darling, in the chance for sales? You see, the vast majority of Americans not only don't know what 'obsession' means, but they won't try to find out. By the way—you don't mind, darling?—how many copies of that book sold?"

"Certainly not, Jasper," said Ellen, with a tender pride in her voice. "It has almost reached eight thousand, and is still selling."

"Good Lord!" breathed Jasper Holbrooke, pityingly: "That's a rotten shame! Why, *Winged Fetters* has advance orders of 130,000 right now, and they've just put it on the presses!"

"But, Jasper," said Ellen, reasonably, "that's a *very* good sale for *The Obsession*. *Shibboleth* sold only twenty-five hundred till *The Obsession* made the sales go faster; and, really, most of the books that are printed don't nearly reach two thousand."

"But they're not your books or mine," said Holbrooke, also reasonably. "I knew, of course, that your books hadn't had much of a sale, though I'm sure your publishers have done very well in the way of advertising, considering. But you never have talked much about your work, not until that time, not long ago, when you gave me a scare by telling me you were always going to write under 'Ellen Grattan.' I was sure you'd found there were two in the family."

"And I am, Jasper," said Ellen, firmly. "My reputation is made under that name, and my sympathy for librarians, if for no one else, is great enough to keep me from changing my author's name merely because I'm married. I intend to be 'Ellen Grattan' to the end of my last chapter. I've told you that, you know."

"I know you have, darling," said Holbrooke, "but I want you to change your mind, you see. In fact,"

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he blurted out, "I want you to collaborate with me on *Love Laughs at Lions,* and bring it out under our two names. I'll just tack 'Jasper' to the front of my name, and you add 'Holbrooke' to yours, and there we are. Dunn & Runn say, with the advance sale on *Winged Fetters,* and the plot I've got for *Love Laughs at Lions,* that the advance orders on the *Love* book ought to run up to 175,000. And you see, darling, collaborating with me that way, you'd come in for your full share of glory—I'd see to that. Dunn & Runn are fine fellows, anyway, and they've got a man on their publicity staff who's the very dickens, darling, for getting up catchy stories, particularly about their women writers. He ran all that stuff that was syndicated the country over about Pauline Diana Darrows taking lessons of Belasco so as to star in her own dramatization of her novel, *The Flames of Love.* And, by George, he worked the thing so well that the first-night audience didn't know whether they were going to see her or the actress who was really engaged. He's the fellow who took her into the department stores and got her introduced to the clerks and heads of the book departments, and then she'd waltz in from time to time and take the different girls out to luncheon. Why, till the other firms caught on, no one who didn't know what he wanted could buy anything off those counters but *The Flames of Love!*"

"Really," said Ellen, delicately, "this hardly concerns me, Jasper. You have no desire to have me take shop-girls out to luncheon, or be giving interviews to yellow journalists on the gentle art of acting in *Shibboleth?* My work is not that sort of work at all, dear."

"Certainly not," said Holbrooke, decidedly. "But as long as you're in it, you might as well be making as much money as the rest of them; and that's why I want you to take my name and collaborate with me at least. That would give you all the start you'd need. Then the only other things to do would be to get catchier titles, and break up your pages with a little more conversation—paragraphs at least—and go over to Dunn & Runn, and there'd be no more eight-thousand sales, darling. You know, I always insist on seeing page-proofs for this one reason—to break them up into paragraphs. I want four paragraphs to a page, anyway—get a solid page full of type, and it makes a tired man weary before he's begun, and no telling on just what one page an eye will light, and travel no further."

Ellen gazed speechless into the fire. Four paragraphs to a page, measured doubtless by a half-gill measure! She, praised of the Subtle Master, collaborator in *Love Laughs at Lions!*

"And I thought," went on Holbrooke, a shade of doubt creeping into his voice, "that you perhaps could do all the descriptions of scenery, darling—you do sunsets and spring fine. You could write off a lot of 'em, and I could chuck 'em in anywhere they fitted, and perhaps, if you'd make your lovers talk a little more—you usually stop 'em too soon."

Ellen waited, listening for the rest of her share in the collaboration. As the silence deepened, and she realized that Holbrooke had entrusted all to her which he dared—the scenery,—she began to laugh, softly at first, and then hysterically; and finally Holbrooke, troubled and dense, caught her in his arms. "What is it?" he asked.

"Only that I've married you," gasped Ellen through her tears—"a writer! It's been such a shock, *such* a surprise! Forgive me, darling, *darling!* It's just the surprise. It's such a—*joke!*"

III

As the days went on she grew to hate those books, and their staring titles. Her honeymoon had been perfect, and now this cloud hung between her husband and her. He was eager to get down to immediate work on *Love Laughs at Lions,* and she was neither helping him nor allowing him to help her. She still insisted that she wanted to be to her public merely "Ellen Grattan," and she seemed strangely averse to sharing her husband's limelight, or, indeed, to seeing him bask in the full glory of discovery. She urged him constantly, and after a coward fashion, to keep the secret a little longer, and he was mystified and very considerate. He felt that he occupied a delicate position, for he did not wish to hurt her feelings in the slightest degree, and he grew rather fearful of referring to the sales of *Winged Fetters,* which were already in excess of *The Countess of Florida's* stupendous sale, lest she might recall with bitterness her pitiful little 8,000 copies of *The Obsession* sold. He was buying her matched pearls, one for each fifty thousand of his books which had sold, and when *Winged Fetters* passed its 200,000 mark, he brought her modestly her fifteenth jewel.

Ellen took the pearls, feeling like an ingrate and a hypocrite. Her own work was at a standstill; she could settle to nothing. She had not expected to do much in this first new, bewildering year of marriage, but she found herself turning instinctively to her old loves for help and abstraction, and they only provoked distracting thought. She could not bear the thought of hurting Jasper, and yet she could not, if she never wrote another line, put her name upon such a creation as *Love Laughs at Lions* was sure to be. Sales? Oh, yes! Behold *Winged Fetters*—200,000, and still selling! She could be nothing ever but "Ellen Grattan." If Jasper insisted on anything else, she must give up everything, never to write again.

Yet she *was* happy so long as she could keep those dreadful books out of her mind and the thought of Jasper's love in it, and one morning she woke late, with glowing spirits, and ran down to the breakfast room with shining eyes.

"What's the matter?" asked Holbrooke over the top of his paper, which he scanned hastily for another moment before he put it aside. "I thought you weren't coming down."

"It must be because it's the night of the lecture," said Ellen, happily. "I didn't stop to think why I feel so gay; but that's it."

"Oh!" said Jasper, comprehendingly. The Master of Subtleties had come, like a homing bird, at last unto his own people, for a lecturing tour and an impressionistic view before he took an already engaged

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passage back across the waters. He was to lecture tonight, his only appearance in the city, before one of Ellen's exclusive clubs, and Holbrooke really felt a pang this morning that his identity with Harper Holbrooke was not now disclosed. Yet it quickly passed. There was plenty of time, and Ellen should have her hour there. He understood that the Master approved her work—had gone quite daffy over *The Obsession*, which was selling in the nine thousands now, to Ellen's quiet delight, and his secret pity.

He came around to her side of the table, and bent to kiss her before he went out to his motor-car, waiting at the door, for his morning spin down to his office. Her greatest pride in him lay in his devoted love for his law profession and his steady rise in it.

"I'll get home by five tonight," he told her. "We can have a drive before dinner, and you can be in fine trim to meet the heavy gentleman. Can you read his books, Ellen? Honest?"

"Oh, they are glorious, Jasper," she protested. "Glorious!"

"They drop too slow for me," said Holbrooke. "I get too thirsty, waiting for the drink, and when I reach the end, it's all leaked away, while I've been looking for it. But good luck to him and you, Ellen Grattan, in your meeting!"

Ellen smiled and flushed. "I know my aim is as high," she said humbly, "but I fall so far below. I am as tremulous over this meeting, Jasper, as I ever was over my first sweetheart."

Holbrooke laughed delightedly, Ellen flushed so seldom, and ran down to his motor-car.

She turned from the window where she had waved him good-by, with a number of emotions working within her. She *was* happy, forgetting those dreadful books, and so long as Jasper's shameful secret was unknown of men. But when all was disclosed, she trembled to think what was in store for them then—of how her respect for her husband would stand the strain of ridicule and criticism. If only he saw; but he did not. He really seemed to take it all rather seriously. It was not merely money which he was after—he really liked the red-letter, yellow-postered fame which was Harper Holbrooke's. It was all terrible, terrible! She could force back memory of his crimes and crush down her own criticisms by remembering his unfailing love and consideration for her—and hers for him. She could not help loving him now, in spite of all things; but how would it be when she heard others voice what she would not; when she must hear ugly truths and know them for ugly truths, and be powerless to refute them? What would she do then? What strength would her love show then, if respect for the man she had married went crashing down? Almost was her day clouded.

He took her in his arms, and pressed her head into its accustomed resting-place. His relief was unspeakable.

When Holbrooke honk-honked at the door that afternoon, she went down to meet him in her beautiful new furs, which were his last lavish gift, happy again, full of eager anticipation to meet the Master. When they were fairly off, Holbrooke put a box into her hands.

"The twenty-fifth anniversary!" he said boyishly.

"Jasper!" Ellen murmured, as she lifted the lid, and saw the pear-shaped pearl lying there. "You must not! Think how fast the pearls have been rolling in in these six months."

"It's not every day a fellow has a twenty-fifth anniversary!" Holbrooke said defensively. "It will do for the pendant, won't it, when we get them all set up? And old *Fetters* is spurting along the last ten thousand before it reaches the 250,000 mark. That means another of the matched ones due, darling. Dunn & Runn telephoned me today."

Ellen's face clouded even as she laid her hand gently on his arm, and snuggled closer to him as the keen wind whipped them. Was ever woman so frightfully torn between happiness and threatened woe! "You are so good to me!" she murmured self-reproachfully, hating herself for the dread she had of the meeting

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between her husband and her Master that night, because of her keen fear that somehow her husband's unspeakable secret might be known, and that she must stand forever blasted in the Master's eyes as the wife of the man who wrote *The Game of Hearts*. And because of her self-reproach and sorrow she nestled closer still to her husband, and he smiled down at her that beautiful smile of his which belonged to the gods and never to any mortal capable of putting out in cold blood *The Countess of Florida*.

IV

"He has already asked for you, my dear!" whispered the President of the Fortieth Decade club to Mrs. Holbrooke as she greeted that lady and her handsome husband. "How very proud of her you must be, Mr. Holbrooke," she added to that gentleman. "To be asked for specially by him means more to people who care and know than a presentation at the Court of St. James. And she is the only one he has *insisted* on seeing. He doesn't wish to meet anyone, my dear, until after his lecture; but after that, you'll come up immediately, won't you?"

"I'm sort of leery of this deal, Ellen," her husband confided to her shell-like ear as they sought seats. "A fellow who can't write his books in clear enough English to be understood by a man accustomed to legal briefs—what do you bank on his talk being like? And if he can't get a plot for his novels, can he get backbone for a lecture?"

"He deals altogether in situations, Jasper," murmured Ellen—"psychological difficulties in people and between people. More and more I feel that plot, in the old definition, isn't the vital thing."

"It's what makes the sellers all right," said Holbrooke, calmly, "and don't you ever forget that, little girl, when you're scanning the Six Best!"

"His situations are wonderful, wonderful!" said Ellen, breathlessly. "Hush, he is here!"

For an hour following, Ellen sat at the feet of her Master, and was not disappointed. Sentence after sentence was graven on her memory for all time, so intense was her concentration. She forgot her husband utterly: for that hour he was as if he had never been. She had no idea how he had been enjoying himself. When the lecture was ended, and the Master stepped down, and the patter of hands woke her to consciousness, she stared vaguely at Holbrooke as if she had never seen him before. He, her husband, could not understand. He had no idea of the meaning of the whole beautiful talk; the devoted giving of a sacred message to a world always in need of higher things; the burden laid upon the novelist by the sacredness of his mission. No; her husband could not understand.

Her face clouded slightly as she rose. People were crowding all about the lion of the evening. She had no fancy to join that first throng. She would wait for the quiet moment. She stood beside Holbrooke, glad of his silence, since he could not comment understandingly, yet cut to the heart because he had nothing to say of such an hour. She glanced up at him once longingly, to find him staring ahead of him, with but little intelligence in his fixed gaze. No doubt he had been bored to death.

At last only two people stood between her and Holbrooke in their approach. The President had departed for refreshment, worn with her labors. There remained, then, for Ellen her own quiet self-introduction, and then the actual living of a life-long dream—speech with him!

She was not listening, but a sentence from one of the group about the Master smote her brain, and she leaned forward, her cheeks flushing painfully, waiting for his reply. It came, as piercing as a sword-thrust, and for a few moments the light war of words raged, scattering at last like wind-blown leaves, leaving behind them upon the verbal battlefield the mangled bodies of Pauline Diana Darrows and Harper Holbrooke, disposed of, done for, dead—slain with epigrams and irony!

When it was over, Ellen looked up from her piteous view of the corpses, suddenly remembering that Holbrooke was beside her, and saw that he too had gazed, somewhat dismayed, upon his mangled self. The group about the Master suddenly dissolved, and Holbrooke touched her arm, to bring her to herself, and pushed her gently forward. But she gave one gasp of pain, shame, rage—Holbrooke did not recognize it, never having heard it before—and turned away. "Come, come, come!" she muttered chokingly, and he followed her perforce. In the broad hall he stopped her.

"Ellen," he said, "go back. He wants to meet you without fail."

"I'm going home," she said with choking voice. "No! I shall not! I'm going home."

Holbrooke got his things and met her. He took her down to their waiting automobile and put her in it. Then he paused before stepping in himself.

"Ellen," he said gently, "you will regret this all your life. He has no idea——"

"Get in!" she said curtly, and Holbrooke stepped inside and sat down beside her. He realized as never before that he did not understand Ellen, and he felt a distinct hopelessness tonight that he ever would. He felt, when that brief, swift battle of wit began, that it was a contest to the death between the Master and himself, and he had gazed upon his own dead body,—dead before he knew it,—slain by the deadliest of weapons, ridicule. His bewilderment was therefore complete when Ellen threw her slender self upon him.

"Oh, the brute, the brute!" she sobbed, "not to know that they are nice stories, that they are lovely stories! The brute, the brute, the brute!"

Holbrooke laughed gaily. His relief was unspeakable. He had perceived many things tonight calculated to discourage him. Now he perceived one thing which drove all discouragement away. He took her in his arms, and pressed her head into its accustomed resting-place.

"Now, don't be silly, darling," he said. "I've never really thought I measured up to Scott or Dickens or Balzac or that gang; but I have depended for my point of view on the figure side of the ledger, and somehow I feel tonight that somebody's sized me up just about right."

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"But he had no right," sobbed Ellen. "*Irmingarde of Immensee* is *sweet*, and so is the *Countess of Florida*, and——"

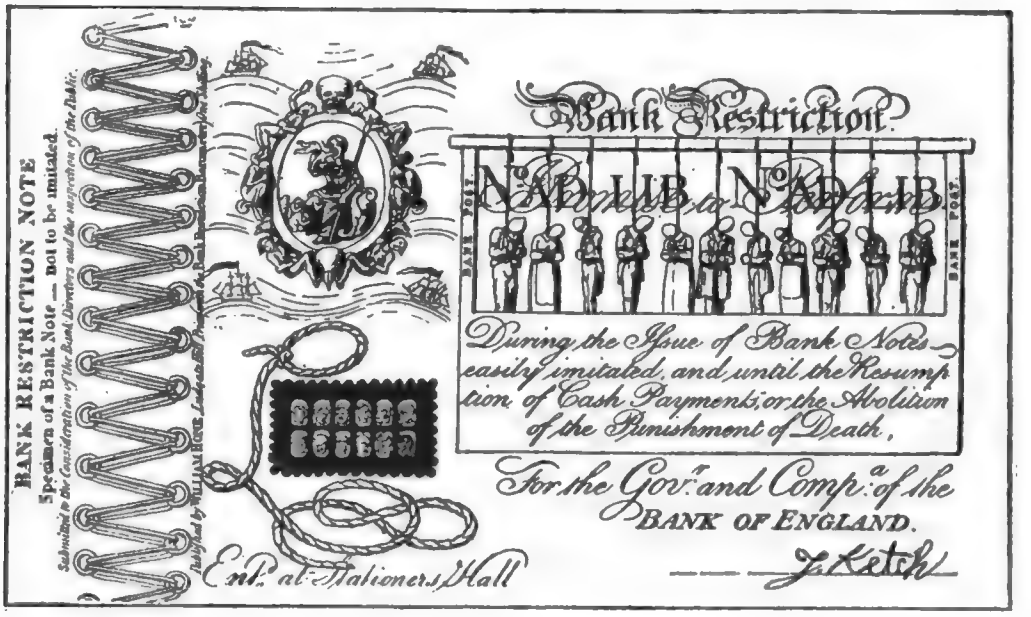
"Do you remember, darling," said Holbrooke, ruminatively, "what he said a man must do before he dared call himself a novelist—live deeply, see truly, select wisely, and then write it down by grace of his God-given talent that fuses all the parts into one great whole? That's you; and one novelist's enough in one small family, darling."

Ellen listened wonderingly as he quoted the kernel of the Master's message; and then, remembering the aftermath, she sobbed again for the hurt dealt her beloved.

"But the stories are lovely," she wept piteously. "They are! They *are* lovely!"

"No," laughed Holbrooke; "they're not—but you are." Then he laughed again.

"By George!" he said, "that man ought to know this. It has his star 'situation' skinned ten miles, darling, for 'subtleties.' And you *shall* meet him, after all. We'll have him to dinner tomorrow night. He's staying with his cousin, and Jack owes me money, and has got to bring him!"


BANK RESTRICTION NOTE
Specimen of a Bank Note — not to be imitated.
Bank Restriction.
During the Issue of Bank Notes easily imitated, and until the Resumption of Cash Payments, or the Abolition of the Punishment of Death.
For the Gov.r and Comp.a of the BANK OF ENGLAND.
Ent.d at Stationers Hall

Engraved in 1818, by George Cruikshank, as a protest against the death penalty for minor offenses, then in force.

Banknote, NOT to Be Imitated

By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

Foremost Nineteenth Century Caricaturist and Illustrator of Dickens

FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS back from this date (1876) there were "£1" Bank of England notes in circulation, and, unfortunately, many forged notes were in circulation also, or being "passed," the punishment for which offense was in some cases transportation, in others death. At this period, having to go early one morning to the Royal Exchange, I passed Newgate jail, and saw several persons suspended from the gibbet. Two of these were women who had been executed for passing one-pound forged notes.

I determined if possible to put a stop to such terrible punishment for such a crime, and made a sketch of the above note, and then an etching of it.

Mr. Hone published it, and it created a sensation. The Directors of the Bank of England were exceedingly wroth. The crowd round Hone's shop in Ludgate Hill was so great that the Lord Mayor had to send the police to clear the street. The notes were in such demand that they could not be printed fast enough, and I had to sit up all night and etch another plate. Mr. Hone realized above £700, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that no man or woman was ever hanged after this for passing £1 forged Bank of England notes.

The issue of my "Banknote, NOT to Be Imitated" not only put a stop to the issue of any more Bank of England one-pound notes, but also put a stop to the punishment of death for such an offense—not only for that, but likewise for forgery—and then the late Sir Robert Peel revised the Penal Code; so that the final effect of my note was to stop hanging for all minor offenses, and has thus indirectly been the means of saving thousands of men and women from being hanged.

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A famous story by America's most beloved chronicler of the Old West

The Outcasts of Poker Flat

By Bret Harte

As Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the twenty-third of November, 1850, he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere since the preceding night. Two or three men, conversing earnestly together, ceased as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath lull in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern in these indications. Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause, was another question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected; "likely it's me." He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been whipping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots, and quietly discharged his mind of further conjecture.

In point of fact, Poker Flat was "after somebody." It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars, two valuable horses, and a prominent citizen. It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it. A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons. This was done permanently in regard of two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch, and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters. I regret to say that some of them were ladies. It is but due to the sex, however, to state that their impropriety was professional, and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment.

Mr. Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category. A few of the committee had urged hanging as a possible example, and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sums he had won from them. "It's ag'in' justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp—an entire stranger—carry away our money." But a crude sentiment of equity residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr. Oakhurst overruled this narrower local prejudice.

Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic calmness, none the less coolly that he was aware of the hesitation of his judges. He was too much of a gambler not to accept fate. With him life was at best an uncertain game.

A body of armed men accompanied the deported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement. Besides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known to be a coolly desperate man, and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended, the expatriated party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as "The Duchess"; another, who had won the title of "Mother Shipton"; and "Uncle Billy," a suspected sluice-robber and confirmed drunkard. The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators, nor was any word uttered by the escort. Only when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached, the leader spoke briefly and to the point. The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives.

As the escort disappeared, their pent-up feelings found vent in a few hysterical tears from the Duchess, some bad language from Mother Shipton, and a Parthian volley of expletives from Uncle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained silent. He listened calmly to Mother Shipton's desire to cut somebody's heart out, to the repeated statements of the Duchess that she would die on the road, and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward. With the easy good-humor characteristic of his class, he insisted upon exchanging

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Drawings by James Daugherty

Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodics from the accordion, to an accompaniment by the Innocent on a pair of bone castanets. . . . The storm eddied above the miserable group.

his own riding-horse, "Five Spot," for the sorry mule which the Duchess rode. But even this act did not draw the party into any closer sympathy. The young woman readjusted her somewhat draggled plumes with a feeble, faded coquetry; Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of "Five Spot" with malevolence; and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one sweeping anathema.

The road to Sandy Bar—a camp that, not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants—lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe travel. In that advanced season, the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate regions of the foot-hills into the dry, cold, bracing air of the Sierras. The trail was narrow and difficult. At noon the Duchess, rolling out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no farther, and the party halted.

The spot was singularly wild and impressive. A

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wooded amphitheater, surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite, sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was, undoubtedly, the most suitable spot for a camp, had camping been advisable. But Mr. Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished, and the party were not equipped or provisioned for delay. This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hand before the game was played out." But they were furnished with liquor, which in this emergency stood them in place of food, fuel, rest, and prescience. In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its influence. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess became maudlin, and Mother Shipton snored. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveying them.

Mr. Oakhurst did not drink. It interfered with a profession which required coolness, impassiveness, and presence of mind, and, in his own language, he "couldn't afford it." As he gazed at his recumbent fellow-exiles the loneliness begotten of his pariah-trade, his habits of life, his very vices, for the first time seriously oppressed him. He bestirred himself in dusting his black clothes, washing his hands and face, and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits, and for a moment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement, which, singularly enough, was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was notorious. He looked at the gloomy walls that rose a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him; at the sky ominously clouded; at the valley below, already deeping into shadow. And, doing so, suddenly he heard his own name called.

Uncle Billy voiced alarming oaths.

A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the newcomer Mr. Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as "The Innocent" of Sandy Bar. He had met him some months before over a "little game," and had, with perfect equanimity, won the entire fortune—amounting to some forty dollars—of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door, and thus addressed him: "Tommy, you're a good little man, but you can't gamble worth a cent. Don't try it ever again." He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson.

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr. Oakhurst. He had started, he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune. "Alone?" No, not exactly alone; in fact (a giggle), he had run away with Piney Woods. Didn't Mr. Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House? They had been engaged a long time, but old Jake Woods had objected, and so they had run away, and were going to Poker Flat to be married, and here they were. And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp and company! All this the Innocent delivered rapidly, while Piney, a stout, comely damsel of fifteen, emerged from behind the pine-tree, where she had been blushing unseen, and rode to the side of her lover.

Mr. Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment, still less with propriety; but he had a vague idea that the situation was not fortunate. He retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and Uncle Billy was sober enough to recognize in Mr. Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling. He then endeavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision, nor means of making a camp. But, unluckily, the Innocent met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions, and by the discovery of a rude attempt at a log-house near the trail. "Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst," said the Innocent, pointing to the Duchess, "and I can shift for myself."

Nothing but Mr. Oakhurst's admonishing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter. As it was, he felt compelled to retire up the cañon until he could recover his gravity. There he confided the joke to the tall pine-trees, with many slaps of his leg, contortions of his face, and the usual profanity. But when he returned to the party, he found them seated by a fire—for the air had grown strangely chill and the sky overcast—in apparently amicable conversation. Piney was actually talking in an impulsive, girlish fashion to the Duchess, who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days. The Innocent was holding forth, apparently with equal effect, to Mr. Oakhurst and Mother Shipton, who was actually relaxing into amiability. "Is this yer a d——d picnic?" said Uncle Billy, with inward scorn, as he surveyed the sylvan group, the glancing firelight, and the tethered

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animals in the foreground. Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that disturbed his brain. It was apparently of a jocular nature, for he felt impelled to slap his leg again and cram his fist into his mouth.

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain, a slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine-trees, and moaned through their long and gloomy aisles. The ruined cabin, patched and covered with pine-boughs, was set apart for the ladies. As the lovers parted, they unaffectedly exchanged a kiss, so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the swaying pines. The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton were probably too stunned to remark upon this last evidence of simplicity, and so turned without a word to the hut. The fire was replenished, the men lay down before the door, and in a few minutes were asleep.

Mr. Oakhurst was a light sleeper. Toward morning he awoke benumbed and cold. As he stirred the dying fire, the wind, which was low blowing strongly, brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it—snow!

He started to his feet with the intention of awakening the sleepers, for there was no time to lose. But turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying, he found him gone. A suspicion leaped to his brain and a curse to his lips. He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered; they were no longer there. The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow.

The momentary excitement brought Mr. Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm. He did not waken the sleepers. The Innocent slumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good-humored, freckled face; the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians, and Mr. Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his mustaches and waited for the dawn. It came slowly in a whirling mist of snowflakes, that dazzled and confused the eye. What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed. He looked over the valley, and summed up the present and future in two words—"Snowed in!"

A careful inventory of the provisions, which, fortunately for the party, had been stored within the hut, and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy, disclosed the fact that with care and prudence they might last ten days longer. "That is," said Mr. Oakhurst, *sotto voce* to the Innocent, "if you're willing to board us. If you ain't—and perhaps you'd better not—you can wait till Uncle Billy gets back with provisions." For some occult reason, Mr. Oakhurst could not bring himself to disclose Uncle Billy's rascality, and so offered the hypothesis that he had wandered from the camp and had accidentally stampeded the animals. He dropped a warning to the Duchess and Mother Shipton, who of course knew the facts of their associate's defection. "They'll find out the truth about us *all* when they find out anything," he added significantly, "and there's no good frightening them now."

Mr. Oakhurst's profession required coolness.

Tom Simson not only put all his worldly store at the disposal of Mr. Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion. "We'll have a good camp for a week, and then the snow'll melt, and we'll all go back together." The cheerful gaiety of the young man, and Mr. Oakhurst's calm, infected the others. The Innocent, with the aid of pine-boughs, extemporized a thatch for the roofless cabin, and the Duchess directed Piney in the rearrangement of the interior with a taste and tact that opened the blue eyes of that provincial maiden to their fullest extent. "I reckon now you're used to fine things at Poker Flat," said Piney. The Duchess turned away sharply to conceal something that reddened her cheeks through their professional tint, and Mother Shipton requested Piney not to "chatter." But when Mr. Oakhurst returned from a weary search for the the trail, he heard the sound of happy laughter echoed from the rocks. He stopped in some alarm, and his thoughts first naturally reverted to the whisky, which he had prudently *cachéd*. "And yet it don't somehow sound like whisky," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still blinding storm and the group around it, that he settled to the conviction that it was "square fun."

Whether Mr. Oakhurst had *cachéd* his cards with the whisky as something debarred the free access of the community, I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he "didn't say cards once" during that evening. Haply the time was beguiled by an accordion, produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficulties attending the manipulation of this instrument, Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to an accompaniment by the Innocent on a pair of bone castanets. But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp-meeting hymn, which the lovers, joining hands, sang with great earnestness and vociferation. I fear that a certain defiant tone and Covenanter's swing to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it to infect the others, who joined in the refrain:—

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"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."

The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group, and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward, as if in token of the vow.

At midnight the storm abated, the rolling clouds parted, and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp. Mr. Oakhurst, whose professional habits had enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom Simson, somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty. He excused himself to the Innocent by saying that he had "often been a week without sleep." "Doing what?" asked Tom. "Poker!" replied Oakhurst, sententiously; "when a man gets a streak of luck—nigger-luck—he don't get tired. The luck gives in first. Luck," continued the gambler, reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All you know about it for certain is that it's bound to change. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you. We've had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat—you come along, and slap you get into it, too. If you can hold your cards right along you're all right. For," added the gambler, with cheerful irrelevance—

"'I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army.'"

He turned suddenly and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame.

The third day came, and the sun, looking through the white-curtained valley, saw the outcasts divide their slowly decreasing store of provisions for the morning meal. It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth over the wintry landscape, as if in regretful commiseration of the past. But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut—a hopeless, uncharted, trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung. Through the marvelously clear air the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose miles away. Mother Shipton saw it, and from a remote pinnacle of her rocky fastness, hurled in that direction a final malediction. It was her last vituperative attempt, and perhaps for that reason was invested with a certain degree of sublimity. It did her good, she privately informed the Duchess. "Just you go out there and cuss, and see." She then set herself to the task of amusing "the child," as she and the Duchess were pleased to call Piney. Piney was no chicken, but it was a soothing and original theory of the pair thus to account for the fact that she didn't swear and wasn't improper.

When night crept up again through the gorges, the reedy notes of the accordion rose and fell in fitful spasms and long-drawn gasps by the flickering campfire. But music failed to fill entirely the aching void left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney—story-telling. Neither Mr. Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to relate their personal experiences, and this plan would have failed, too, but for the Innocent. Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr. Pope's ingenious translation of the *Iliad*. He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem—having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words—in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar. And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demigods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in the winds, and the great pines in the cañon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus. Mr. Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction. Most especially was he interested in the fate of "Ash-heels," as the Innocent persisted in denominating the "swift-footed Achilles."

So with small food and much of Homer and the accordion, a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snowflakes were sifted over the land. Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white, that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half-hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful that she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton—once the strongest of the party—seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm going," she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, "but don't say anything about it. Don't weaken the kids. Take the bundle from under my

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head and open it." Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the woman querulously, as she lay down again, and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away into her final sleep.

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow, Mr. Oakhurst took the Innocent aside, and showed him a pair of snowshoes, which he had fashioned from the old pack-saddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney; "but it's there," he added, pointing to Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days she's safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long embrace. "You are not going, too?" said the Duchess, as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the cañon," he replied. He turned suddenly, and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame, and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement.

Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst. It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found that someone had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she hid them from Piney.

The women slept but little. In the morning, looking into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke; but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess's waist. They kept this attitude for the rest of the day. That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and, rending asunder the protecting pines, invaded the very hut.

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly blackened, the Duchess crept closer to Piney, and broke the silence of many hours: "Piney, can you pray?" "No, dear," said Piney, simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and, putting her head upon Piney's shoulders, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger and purer pillowing the head of her soiled sister upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep.

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine-boughs, flew like white-winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have told, from the equal peace that dwelt upon them, which was she that had sinned. Even the law of Poker Flat recognized this, and turned away, leaving them still locked in each other's arms.

But at the head of the gulch, on one of the largest pine-trees, they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie-knife. It bore the following, written in pencil, in a firm hand:

†

BENEATH THIS TREE
LIES THE BODY
OF
JOHN OAKHURST
WHO STRUCK A STREAK OF BAD LUCK
ON THE 23RD OF NOVEMBER, 1850,
AND
HANDED IN HIS CHECKS
ON THE 7TH DECEMBER, 1850.

†

And pulseless and cold, with a Derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat.

When Dead

By THOMAS HARDY

THOMAS HARDY died a year ago, on January 11, the last of the great Victorians, and an ageless modern. This poem is the only one among the many he wrote about death which sings so cheerfully and certainly his belief in immortality.

IT WILL BE much better when
I am under the bough;
I shall be more myself, Dear, then,
Than I am now.

No sign of querulousness
To wear you out
Shall I show there: strivings and stress
Be quite without.

This fleeting life-brief blight
Will have gone past
When I resume my old and right
Place in the Vast.

And when you come to me
To show you true,
Doubt not I shall infallibly
Be waiting you.

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Tribulations of a hungry man in search of his host, told by a favorite Nineteenth Century humorist

The Dinner to Paul

Drawings by
August Henkel

PICTURE ME an artist; not yet successful, using for the time being the studio of my friend, Homer Gainsborough, the brilliant Brooklyn cattle painter.

The hour is five, the day is dull and lowering, I am hungry.

The future is full of hope—has ever been since I started painting. The only trouble is that it is so hard to catch up to the future. I know I'll succeed some time, but meantime dinners cost money, and I have but five cents in the whole world.

Yes, I have clothes, good clothes, also. In a moment of madness following the sale of a picture four months since, I bought a dress suit. My everyday clothes are shabby, but my dress clothes can hold their own in any gathering likely to hold me.

My friend Gainsborough has gone to spend a few days in the South, and he has left me in full possession of his studio.

Where is my dinner coming from?

One can do without more breakfast than a roll and a glass of milk; lunch is a mere convention, anyhow, but dinner—well, dinner has its uses, and it is more tempting to a hungry artist than a whole gallery full of paintings.

I sit at the window looking out at cheap Fulton Street, and wishing the world were more picturesque, when the telephone bell tinkles.

"Hello. . . . Yes, this is Gainsborough's studio, but he's out of town. . . . What? . . . Yes, *I'm* Henry Martyn. . . . This is Mr. Henry Martyn——"

(A prospective picture buyer. My heart beats violently.)

"Oh, hello, Paul, that you? . . . To dinner? with the boys? Sure! . . . Bully! . . . Evening clothes? Better yet. Couldn't come, otherwise. Say, Paul, business is rotten, and between you and me I'm half-starved. Dinner is a godsend. Gee, how late! . . . God bless you, old man! Good-by. Oh, say! Hello! Hello-hello!"

Cut off!

And he didn't say where the dinner was to be! Nor where he was telephoning from, and I don't know his address. Somewhere uptown in New York.

A dinner for my dear friend, Paul Norton, the winner of the Jardine Prize, and I don't know where the food is to be spread. Of course, in New York. But New York grows larger yearly—and I starving in Brooklyn.

The bell rang again, and I rushed to the 'phone.

Nothing doing.

There was but one thing to do. Wash and dress and go to New York and try the most likely place for such an affair—in all probability the Waldorf.

In fifteen minutes I was in my evening clothes and on my way out of the studio.

Why is it that a man always forgets to change his money when he changes his clothes? To be sure, I had only five cents, but it would have helped me across the bridge. I did not notice my mistake until I was on a car and, there being no other passenger but a washerwoman, and the conductor being uncompromising, I had to walk across the bridge.

The walk increased my appetite, but it lessened my spare time. It was half-past six when I landed in New York.

There was nothing to do but walk up unless I could get carfare.

The rush hour was at its ebb, but there were still hundreds of people headed for Brooklyn.

One of them came toward me, a coin in his hand and

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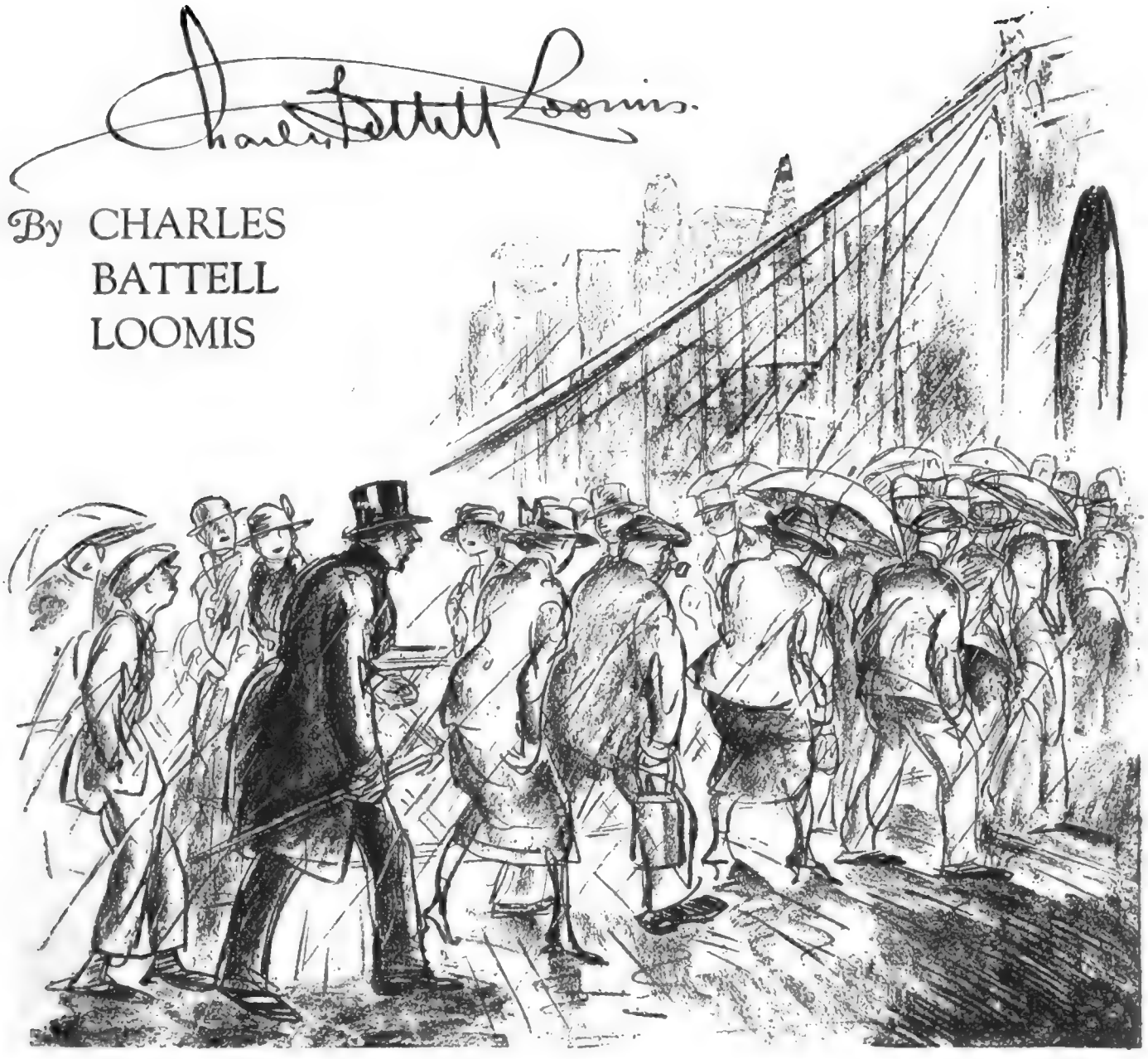
By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS



the look of a sprinter in his eye. He was evidently making for the Court Street loop whence I had just descended. As he neared me he was jostled by someone, and the coin was knocked out of his hand. It fell at my feet and I stooped and picked it up. This carried me into the sprinting path of a husky young man who nearly bowled me over and who did succeed in knocking my hat off.

By the time I had recovered my hat the man who had dropped the coin had vanished. The Court Street car was rounding the loop on to the bridge, and I was heir to his quarter of a dollar.

It is not necessary for me to say that I had had every intention of handing the money to the man who had dropped it, but now that he was lost (for I wouldn't know him if I were to see him), I felt that fate had been kind to me in giving me the means to journey uptown, there to employ my time in finding the place where cutlery and napery and—food were waiting for me.

I made my way to the subway.

"One," said I, handing my quarter to the agent.

"Counterfeit," said the ticket agent, handing my quarter back to me.

I gazed in astonishment at the coin and walked slowly away. Why had I not run after the returning Brooklynite? Why had he been so careless with his near-money?

I stared disconsolately up the subway tunnel. I could not walk on the tracks, as it is against the rules, so I went up to the surface of the city once more.

It was a case of walk.

Across the City Hall Park I bent my steps, intending to walk up Broadway. I might meet some friend returning from his office, some friend who would stake me to a couple of carfares. A raindrop fell on my hand.

I looked down at my patent leathers and at my evening clothes. Then I looked up at the clouds. There was going to be a shower. I must ride uptown.

Car conductors will not give a man credit for a longer time than it takes to traverse a half block, but cabmen do not require their pay until they have carried you to your destination.

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I am an impoverished artist, and cabs have always seemed to me to belong in another world; but when a man is hungry and scents a dinner a few miles northward, he will do things that in his surfeited moments would not occur to him to do.

I raced across the park and approached a cab.

Cabby, a jolly, red-headed Irishman, with mustaches for eyebrows and none for his lip, raised his hand to me, and, as I neared him, he jumped from his hansom and said——

"Come in out of the wet, sir-r."

I attempted to get in over the front, not being used to hansoms.

"Better wait till I open it, sir-r. There's the b'y. Where is it?"

"Where is what?" said I, my heart sinking, for I thought he meant my fare. "Show me first your penny," ran the old song.

"Where am I to take ye?"

"Oh," said I, in a rush of relief, "to the Waldorf. Do you know where it is?" He was taking the blanket off his horse, and he turned and looked at me whimsically over his shoulder.

"Do I know where Brardway is? Sure, you're from the country."

I could not take offense at his words, for he meant none—and, anyway, I was from the other side of the bridge.

He shut me in, mounted his seat, and we set forth at a brisk trot up Broadway.

Of course, I was doing a risky thing, but I was quite sure, the more I thought of it, that the dinner would be given at the Waldorf. Jardine had given the dinner to Moulthrop, the still-life painter, at the Waldorf the year before. When I arrived there I would tell cabby to wait and I would run in, brace Paul for five dollars, pay the good-natured Irishman, and then fall to and help eat that which the gods had provided for poor starving me and my brother artists.

It did not take long to get to the Waldorf, and there, having learned by experience, I did not attempt to get out of the cab until the driver had opened the doors.

"One dollar, sir-r," said Cabby.

I LOOKED HIM IN THE EYE and summoned to my brain all the honesty for which my family had been noted for generations (never a rich Martyn since before the days of the missionary of my name), and said:

"I want to run in here and find out whether a dinner to which I am invited is to be held here or up at Sherry's, or somewhere else. I'll be out as soon as I find out."

He returned my look, laid his hand in a fatherly manner on my shoulder, and said, "I'll trust ye, me b'y." Again I was not insulted.

Anyway, don't we live in a democracy? And aren't we sincere in our belief in it?

Once in the bewildering palace I asked a hall man where the artists' dinner was to be held.

"In the Astor Gallery, I think," said he. "Take the elevator over there."

I stepped into the elevator, and there was Humphrey Smythe, the marine painter.

Good-by to sorrow! Smythe is one of the best fellows in the world, and he knows what it is to be poor himself.

"Going to the dinner?" asked I, joyfully.

"Yes, worse luck. There's another one I wanted to go to more than this, but——"

"But what?"

"'I wasn't invited to it," said he, laughing.

We stepped out of the elevator together, and I said:

"Humphrey, old man, can you let me have five dollars for a few days?"

Smythe laughed blithely. He is always blithe.

"Do you take me for a millionaire?" said he. "Do you think I'm a Barbizon painter, dead twenty years and fetching big prices? I walked here, dear boy."

Oh, what a lot of poor artists there are in the world—good painters (many of them), too!

I looked at my watch, and thought of the cabman to whom I owed a dollar.

We went to the cloakroom, and I left my hat and coat and then went in search of Jardine and Paul. Of course, they would help me out. My troubles were nearly over.

There was a little knot of men standing at the table outside of the dining-room taking some refreshments, intended to promote good fellowship.

I approached the table, and soon began to feel that Cabby was a very fortunate man to be in the way of getting his fare so much sooner than I had thought probable a few minutes back.

I did not see Paul, Jardine, or any other familiar face, which struck me as a little peculiar, as I knew pretty nearly every artist in the twin cities.

And now the doors of the banquet hall were opened, and I saw the cheerful ballroom with its lights and flowers and decorations. Oh, what a dinner it was going to be!

A wave of good feeling passed over me, and I determined, if they called on me, to do some of my best sleight-of-hand tricks. (Every man has or ought to have his avocation, and mine is prestidigitating.)

Poor cabby out there! I'd give him a half-dollar tip for making him wait.

As the guests passed in they handed in their tickets to a man stationed at the door. Of course, I had no ticket, having been invited over the telephone, but I knew it would be all right.

I nodded my head reassuringly to the collector of the tickets.

"I have no ticket, but it's all right here," I asserted, cheerfully. "Is Mr. Jardine here?"

The man looked at me suspiciously.

"I'm sorry, sir, but you have to have a ticket. That's orders."

I looked helplessly around. There was no one there that I knew. Even my friend Humphrey Smythe had gone through.

Ah, there he was in the far corner of the room.

"Isn't Mr. Jardine, the giver of the dinner, here?" asked I, still talking to the Man at the Gateway to the Beautiful Dinner.

"You've made a mistake, I guess," said he. "This is the annual dinner given by the Midway Association of Pennsylvania."

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"He tried to git away widout payin' his fare," the cabby complained.

Then I remembered that Smythe was a Philadelphian. Probably the dinner he *wanted* to go to was the one for which I was booked.

It was unusual, but I did it. I shouted to Smythe.

"Where was that other dinner?"

"You mean the one at Sherry's?" asked and answered he, astonished, but ready.

"Oh, thanks!" said I precipitately, and bolted for the cloakroom.

I was not at all disconsolate. I had dined once before at Sherry's, and had had the time of my life.

The attendant gave me my coat and hat, and looked significantly at the plate that stood waiting for coins, but I murmured shamefacedly, "nothing smaller than a five-dollar bill," and hurried out of the hotel.

It had stopped raining. If it weren't for Cabby I could walk up to Sherry's. But he was there, patiently waiting.

"Ah, Cabby, did you think I had run away?"

"Indeed, an' I didn't. I only tharght that time was money," said he, with a little falsetto chuckle. "Wasn' it there?"

"No," said I, as I stepped in. "Drive me to Sherry's."

"It's high-toned ye are," said he. "An' if it's not there I can take ye as far as Delmonico's."

"Which is across the street," said I, knowingly.

I lolled back on the seat. Being in a cab I felt as if I had money in my pocket. Yet, if I'd had money in my pocket I wouldn't have been in a cab.

When we reached Sherry's I went with confidence to the banquet rooms. I well remembered the Art Students' League dinner I had attended there.

"There's an artists' dinner on tonight, is there not?" asked I of an attendant.

"Yes, sir, the Paint and Oil Club of Pittsburg."

"Paint and Oil! That's business men."

"Is it?" said he, as one who had received useful information and is glad of it.

"Say," said I, "is there more than one set dinner going on here tonight?"

"There's the Sons of Ohio."

"Well, are they artists?"

"I think they're politicians, sir," said he, unconsciously humorous.

Smythe must have been mistaken. There was evidently no dinner in Sherry's that had been cooked for me. In fact I began to think that I would never taste another dinner again. And oh! how hungry I was!

I had come to the end of my tether, and must pay the cabman, with nothing to do it with.

I signaled an elevator and went sadly down.

Out into the street I went and looked right and left for Cabby. He was not in sight.

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My New England conscience immediately stepped on the bridge of my consciousness and assumed temporary command.

"Look for the driver," it said most imperatively.

"Get thee behind me," said I, unnecessarily insulting my conscience.

"You are an honest man," said my conscience, still on deck.

"I'm a penniless one," answered I.

"Poor but honest," continued my conscience.

"Don't get biographical," said I, "and don't tell me who or what I am. I know. I also know that if that cabman for reasons of his own has decided to drive away and pick up more profitable fares it's no affair of mine."

I began to walk toward Fifth Avenue.

"You have the whip hand," taunted my conscience.

"Shut up," snapped I, and having reached Fifth Avenue increased my gait, walking downtown.

I had got rid of my Old Man of the Sea. Of course, I intended to seek him out and pay him eventually. He probably stood at City Hall every day in the year. But I was indeed glad that he had seen fit to retire. Perhaps he had done it out of goodness of heart. He must have guessed my predicament.

I approached Forty-second Street, intending to walk down Madison Avenue, as I did not wish again to see the scene of my disappointment.

A policeman stood just outside of the Metropolitan Hotel. A high-pitched voice traversed the air of Forty-second Street.

A sound such as that made by the late Jehu rose above the roar of traffic.

The policeman heard the high-pitched voice, and turning, scanned the passing throng until his eye fell on me. Then, as if he had been waiting for me, he came toward me.

"That's it. Stop 'um. He tried to git away widout payin' his fare."

Before the officer reached me, divining the situation, I turned around and ran toward the hansom which had stopped at the curb.

"Cabby, what did you leave the hotel for?" said I.

"It's all right, officer," said I.

"Is it all right?" said the policeman to Cabby.

The good-hearted fellow again looked me in the eye, and I again summoned the honesty of my ancestors.

"I guess it is. I was exercisin' me harse by goin' up an' down the block——"

"And when I came out you weren't in easy sight."

The officer turned on his heel and walked away, and the visions of station cells faded away.

And yet I was up against it. Here was the Old Man of the Sea back again.

"Look here," said I, impulsively. "You know I've been hunting for a man who invited me out to an artists' dinner by 'phone, but who forgot to tell me where it was to be. I can't find him, and I've come away from Brooklyn without a cent. Will you lend me a dollar so that I can go somewhere and get dinner, and I'll pay you, fare and all, within a couple of days? My name is Henry Martyn, and I'm an artist at——"

Here I gave my number on Fulton Street.

"Sure," said the honest fellow, explosively. "Why didn't ye tell me so before? I know an illigant j'int in Sixt' Avenyer where yez can fill up on beefsteak and chowder. But ye've not tried Delmonico's yit."

"No, and I won't try any more. That's a lost dinner for me. I'm ever so much obliged to you, Cabby. To tell the truth, I *was* hoping you had driven away."

A smile overspread his features. "I never forsake a fare widout he's unable to get his hand into his pocket. Gitap!"

We dashed merrily over to Sixth Avenue, and I felt happy. I was going to gorge on steak and coffee and forget my troubles.

A few minutes later, having thanked and dismissed Cabby, I ordered a number of substantial things, taking care to reserve a tip and my fare home, and gave myself up to comfortable thoughts. . . .

I reflected that there would be other Jardine dinners, and that perhaps I would be invited again. I certainly would not need a dinner for some time, as I was full to repletion.

Just as I was settling with the waiter the door opened and in walked Cabby. Good gracious! What was he up to now?

"Hello," said he, familiarly, a good-natured grin upon his face. "Had a good dinner, me b'y?"

"Yes. Haven't you gone yet?"

"Sure, yes, and back ag'in to find you."

I rose and accompanied him to the street.

"I've found your dinner-man. I have 'um."

"What do you mean?"

"I mane that a feller hailed me over on Fift' Avenyer an' axed me to take him to the Waldorf in a hurry, and I says, just for luck, 'Is it an artists' dinner ye're go'n' to?'

"'It is,' says he, 'an' I'm late.'

"'Sure, ye're luckier than me frind Hinnery Martyn,' says I, 'fer he missed the dinner arltogither.'

"He catches fire at that, an' I told him the tale of yer troubles an' how I'd left ye in this j'int aten' be yerself.

"'Drive me back,' says he, 'an' git the b'y.'

"'Wid arl me heart,' says I; 'he's the white man,' says I, 'an' perhaps you can lind him the loan of tin dollars till mornin',' I says. He was for comin' in, but I wanted to see you mesilf, fearin' you'd aten an' gone."

"You're a good fellow!" said I, shaking hands with him on the sidewalk just before I grasped the strong hand of Paul Norton.

"For heaven's sake, Henry, you're the most scatter-brained fellow I ever saw! You know Jardine always uses the little room at the Waldorf. I suppose you went to the ballroom. Hurry, we'll be late. It's after seven now. I'm starving."

"*I'm* not," said I, sadly.

I climbed in beside Paul, and he said:

"Tried to get you again to tell you that Jardine wants you to do some of those stunning sleight-of-hand tricks, and here's ten dollars from him 'to cover your carfare.'"

"It will also cover the cab fare," said I, joyfully. "Say, Paul, I'm beginning to feel hungry again."

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How an industrial crisis was met by a little girl's charm is told by the author of "If Winter Comes"

The Strike-Breaker

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

ON A DAY IN 1890, and in the afternoon of that same day, there took place in Tidborough events which, put together, make a tellable story, though a story outraging all the best and oldest-established literary conventions, and to be avoided by sentimental readers.

At five minutes past four on this afternoon the express from London was awaited at Tidborough station by a great crowd of the kind that is called "an ugly crowd." Ugly to the eye, it was composed of males and females of all ages. The men wore cloth caps and rough clothes and had scarfs about their necks; the women were mostly hatless, and they had among the lot of them not so much "finery" as would have decorated (according to their ideas of decoration) the person of a single one of their number. This was because the whole of the combined walking-out trousseaux of the female hands of Bassett's Paper Mills, together with the Sunday clothes of the men, was in the care of the Tidborough pawnbrokers.

Ugly to the eye, the crowd that awaited the oncoming London train had also a sullen, a sinister, and a threatening air. A fortnight, or even a week, before, this crowd, similarly assembled, would have temporized the violent strength that manifestly lay within it by coarse chaff and banter and by cheery hailings, one to another. But not now. Bassett's hungry strikers were past that. At the outset of the strike they had been noisy. They paraded the streets and sang songs, and, touching the subject of food, they made jokes with one another about "tightening your belt up a couple of holes." Now they were no longer noisy. They stood silently about the bakers' shops, and the bakers wore a worried look, and after closing hours paid visits to the police.

The strikers had been genial at first, then less and less jovial, then irritable, and then angry. They were now ferocious, and the immediate object of their ferocity was approaching them, assembled at the station, in the 4.05 P. M. from London—Tug Sanders, the strike-breaker.

Strike-breaking by the importation of workers from another district has been known in America. It has never been successfully established in England, and the notion of Mr. Tug Sanders that it could be done, and that he was the man to do it, had been confined, thus far, to his own statements in that section of the London and provincial press which opened its columns to him. Mr. Sanders, reading of the prolonged strike at Bassett's Paper Mills, Tidborough, had communicated with Mr. Henry Bassett. Henry Bassett, stubborn, determined, constitutionally impervious to any other reasoning than his own, an embittered man, a lonely man, a man with a grudge against all men, proud to his marrow and hard to the bone, knowing public opinion in Tidborough unanimously against him and steeled by that knowledge to bash public opinion across the face and humiliate it to the dust, had replied to Mr. Tug Sanders's communication. Mr. Sanders had triumphantly announced to the press that he was "proceeding to Tidborough with a view to arranging to break the strike at Bassett's Paper Mills"; and the employes of Bassett's Paper Mills were now assembled at Tidborough station with a view to breaking the adjectived head of Mr. Adjectived Sanders, and then to kick the adjectived remains of his carcass across the market place.

"Thank you, porter. Here is threepence for you"

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She's signaled! A sharper note ran

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through the murmur of the crowd. Here and there along the platform violent eddies disturbed the packed solidity of the press. They marked the presence of police constables who, foiled in successive attempts, first to clear the station and then to line the rail edge of the platform, had become wedged in scattered units that now, as the excitement began to seethe, strove to become unyielding centers in a vast mass which yielded from end to end like quicksand trembling within its confines. Rough stuff began to happen in the centers of the eddies. A young and inexperienced constable lost his head and tried to draw his truncheon.

Here she comes!

Immediately the great press upon the platform convulsed in enormous upheavals, tossings, and surgings. Rushes from behind on the part of those who would get better placed for the business in hand were frantically battled by those at the front who found themselves driven perilously upon the edge. Oaths flew and savage blows were exchanged.

"Don't push, yer blasted idiot! Can't yer see what——?"

"All right, all right! What the hell's up with yer? Take that, then."

"An' that one for you!"

Into this stupendous uproar came the 4.05; and at once a cessation of the private brawls; at once a common rush, shouting, fist-tossing, upon the doors and windows of the coaches. Curious passengers sought to protrude inquiring heads, but hastily withdrew them in wise alarm. That savage tumult was a good thing to keep out of.

The threatening, sweaty faces pressed against the windows and surged along them.

"Where is he?"

"Where's the——?"

"Hand him out!"

"Throw him out! Throw him out!"

"We want Tug Sanders!"

And then in a sudden moment, with the quick and mysterious unanimity that gives universal instruction to a mob, there was taken up by every voice a crashing chant:

"We want Tug Sanders!"

Feet were accommodated to the rhythm. While those in front pursued their eager quest, wrenching open doors and shouting their ferocious inquiry among shrinking passengers, the crowded masses behind trod out the measure, with hobnailed boots crashing in unison with vibrant throats.

"We—want—Tug—Sanders!"

Mr. Tug Sanders heard it and it urged him nimbly on his way. He had been warned, and he had arrived alert to pay behest to the warning. At the junction forty miles up the line there had been handed to him a telegram from the Tidborough superintendent of police:

> Very hostile crowd assembled at station.
> You are advised to leave train by up-side door.

One glimpse, as the train drew into Tidborough, had been quite enough for Mr. Sanders, a man of notably quick perceptions. The 4.05 had not come to a complete stop before the eminent strike-breaker was nimbly out of the farther door of his compartment and fleeting across the rails in purposeful testimony to the grand natural law of self-preservation. Safety first!

THE 4.05 DREW OUT. To the tumult of the ravening strikers she had added her own enormous din of escaping steam. Now, as they realized disappointment and bafflement, she whooped sardonic comment upon them from her whistle and slid enormously away to her own business, leaving them to theirs.

Very quickly the platform cleared. Disappointed of its prey, returned to the hard facts of the lock-out, the mob took counsel with itself and presently announced its judgment in loud shouts of: "To the Old Man's! To the Old Man's!"

At six o'clock the Old Man—Mr. Bassett—was to receive a deputation. Any hopes concerning it had been shattered when it became known that he would first receive the famous strike-breaker. Rumor now quickly spread the report that Tug Sanders had arrived, given them the slip, and doubtless was well on his way to Mr. Bassett's. It commended itself to the strikers to assemble about the Old Man's gates and hear the result straight from the deputation immediately its members left his presence; they shambled into some kind of marching formation and moved along, slouching, silent, downcast, dangerous.

Upon the station platform, meanwhile, there had been reproduced the best-known fable of Phædrus. "A mountain was in labor, sending forth dreadful groans, and there was in the region the highest expectation. After all, it brought forth an absurd mouse." The 4.05, when it drew out, instead of leaving upon the platform the colossal personality expected of it, grotesquely deposited only the tiny figure of a little girl. Her hair was bobbed—a fashion highly uncommon in 1890—her face was pale, her eyes large. She had a little tin box, and she carried a large satchel; and she stood there looking extraordinarily tiny and quaint till a porter, detaching himself from watching the departing strikers, observed her and came toward her.

"Now, then, missy, what's for you?"

The little girl said, primly: "Good afternoon, porter. If you please, I want a hansom cab." And she added, as if she apprehended a thought in his mind: "You must understand I am quite accustomed to hansom cabs and allowed to go in them, because I come from London. There are simply millions of hansom cabs in London, you know."

The porter, being entirely unaccustomed to children, was able to treat them just as they like being treated. "That so?" he said, seriously.

"Oh, millions! Have you ever been to London?"

The porter had not had this advantage.

"You ought to ask the station master to let you go one day. It's a most wonderful place, you know. My dear aunt Victoria says the City of London is the hubbub of the Empire."

"That so?" said the porter.

The little girl nodded in vigorous confirmation. "And it *is* noisy."

She was in stature scarcely at the level of the

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porter's waist, but in her singular self-possession and primness she was completely the dominant partner in these exchanges; and she now, by a glance toward the exits and a gesture of her shoulders, quite clearly instructed the porter that the requirements of polite interchange were fulfilled and that his duties must now be attended.

He swung up her box in one horny fist and, again obeying a gesture, extended the other toward her. She took it and gave the explanation she seemed to think necessary.

"You see, I'm only eight," she said, "and in railway stations I always hold my dear mamma's hand."

"Ain't your mamma come with you, then?" inquired the porter.

Her reply caused him to look sharply down at her, trotting by his side.

"Oh, no! You see, my dear mamma is dead."

"That so?" said the porter.

He felt immediately that it was an inept remark, and to get well away from it he said, in a changed and hearty voice: "And where might you be making to now, missy?"

"I'm going to my dear uncle Henry."

"That so?" said the porter. "And what might your Uncle Henry's regular name be, missy?"

The little girl replied, rather as if she had learned it by heart, "Henry Bassett, esquire, The Old Court House, near Penny Green, Tidborough."

The porter whistled. The thing—the coincidence—was so completely astounding to him that he had no words to suit it. He felt dazed, and in dazed silence he led the way into the station yard. Three or four hansom cabs were in waiting. He hailed one, and as it came jingling up prepared to hand on his amazement to its driver.

He swung up her box, the driver stiffly reaching tightly overcoated arms for it.

"Wherever don't you think this fare's bound for?"

The driver, who was no public speaker, vouchsafed only the surly grunt of one to whom the vagaries of fares were as nothing. But for the porter's reply he clearly was not prepared.

"Old Bassett's," said the porter.

The driver jerked up his head. "Not on your life!" He had a very deep, suspicious voice and a very small, beery, and suspicious eye. "Not on your life she ain't!"

"Ask her, then," affirmed the porter, with the pride of one that has released a startler. He looked toward the little girl. She was standing by the horse's head, her hands clasped in ecstatic adoration. "Calls 'im her dear uncle Henry."

"Not on your life she don't!"

The porter nodded impressively. "Said it to me with her own lips right there on the platform—" He broke off, for the little girl had turned from the horse and was approaching him, her fingers in her purse.

"Thank you, porter," she addressed him. "That's very nice. Here is threepence for you. Just lift me up to the step, will you? And in case, porter, any of the four-wheelers are annoyed I took a hansom, just tell them, please, it's because I like to watch the horse." She was on the footboard of the cab, and she caught the driver's small and suspicious eye astoundingly regarding her over the roof; but, with the air of one doing the correct thing, she ignored his eye and gave her instruction to the porter. "I'll tell the man where to go from inside."

"I've told him, missy," said the porter.

She was working herself on to the seat, sitting on her legs tucked beneath her. She said, primly reprovingly: "But I still will, if you don't mind."

A yellow eye now gazed lambently down upon the little girl through the roof trap. She addressed it:

"If you please, I am going to my dear uncle Henry. If you please, to Henry Bassett, esquire, The Old Court House, near Penny Green, Tidborough. What's your horse's name?"

The eyes of the porter on the pavement said, "Ah, now it's your turn!" The yellow eye of the driver, raised in astonishment from the trap, gazed first upon his horse, then upon the porter. A great difficulty faced the driver; and it was that the only name by which he ever called his horse was "Blast yer!"—"Get up, blast yer! Whoa, blast yer!"

He was, however, though a slowish man, a man of resource. A powerful aroma of beer descended upon the little girl. "What name would you like him to be called, lady?"

She twisted up her face to the beer vent. "I should *like* him to be called Black Beauty."

"That's what he is called, lady," said the driver hoarsely.

"Although he's brown?" said the little girl, quickly.

The driver raised his head and blew an enormous

Drawings by Reginald Birch

"Are you my dear Uncle Henry?"

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discharge of beery fumes across the top of his cab. "Hoo-oo-oo-ff!" He gazed despairingly at the porter, but saw no sympathy there. He again applied his face to the trap. " 'Is mane's black, lady, *an'* 'is tail."

"So they are! So they are!" cried the little girl, and struck her hands together. "Do you mind if I click him off?"

"Not a bit, lady," said the driver, relieved.

"T'ck! t'ck!" clicked the little girl. "Gee up, Black Beauty!"

The driver thought hard, though slowly, during the long drive to the Old Court House. He was in violent sympathy with the strikers, and entertained a violent opinion of Henry Bassett, and in the fuddled way in which the processes of his mind worked, he had a sullen notion that he was playing false to the strikers by permitting a relative of the hated Bassett in his cab. The notion swelled to a head as the cab overtook, passed through, and left the ranks of the marchers. He was cogitating some remarks to the little girl on the subject of her uncle when the roof trap was agitated from beneath and he raised it and looked down.

The little girl, who had climbed upright to get at the trap, was resettling herself upon her curled-up legs. "I just wanted to ask where all those men are going to?"

The question was pleasant to the driver. He said, with harsh emphasis:

"They're going to see your dear uncle."

"*Are* they?" cried the little girl. "Is it a party?"

"*Party?*" growled the driver.

"You've been drinking beer, haven't you?" said the little girl.

"Yes, lady," said the driver, and closed the trap.

THE OLD COURT HOUSE was aproached by massive iron gates and a short drive. The front door stood within cavernous portals in which the little girl, standing before it, looked rather like a fly at the bottom of a large teacup. The driver, descending, rang the bell pull for her, which depended like a giant's club far above her head, was paid, and drove off. "For the less I sees of these 'ere, lady," said the driver, "the better I feels."

"When I'm not feeling very well," said the little girl, "my dear mamma gives me syrup of figs."

The driver withdrew himself.

A very tall, thin man, with the appearance of having been baked dry in an oven, opened the door.

"If you please," said the little girl, "I've come to stay with my dear uncle."

Stupefaction took voice within the tall man. "Come to stay with—come to stay with your dear uncle?" he repeated.

"Yes, thank you," said the little girl, and stepped over the threshold and began very industriously to wipe her feet on the mat.

The man stared down with the air of one watching an astounding and uncanny phenomenon. "Is it Mr. Bassett you mean?"

"Excuse my not answering before," said the little girl, after a pause in which her feet continued vigorously at work. "I go nine times with each foot. How many times do you go?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't quite say as to that," said the tall man. With the porter and the driver he found himself, as it were, mesmerically overpowered.

The little girl regarded him interestedly. "I suppose it's a habit with you. My dear mamma says that in time it becomes a habit and then you stop counting. Do you do the backs of your heels like this, or like this?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't quite say as to that, miss," said the tall man. He cleared his throat.

"What name might it be, miss?"

"Lucy," said the little girl. "What's yours?"

"Cleggs, miss," said the tall man, speaking, like the porter, on the rebound of surprise. He hesitated, but as the little girl appeared willing to accept this without comment he drifted uncertainly up the hall and, knocking discreetly, passed through a doorway.

The proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills sat at a writing table, fingering some papers and looking the man impervious to any reasoning but his own, the solitary and embittered man with a grudge against all men, the man proud to the marrow and hard to the bone, that he was reputed to be and that unquestionably he was. His clean-shaven face was the setting of eyes that were like dull-gray stones, hard and cold as such, and that appeared to be lidless, so fixed their gaze; and of a mouth whose lips were tightly pressed together, as though he held something upon his tongue.

He looked up and spoke in an austere voice, as of one pronouncing a judgment. "If that's the deputation, Cleggs—"

Cleggs began: "I beg your pardon, sir. It's—" and turned at something that was pushing like a dog against his legs.

"I can't quite get past you," said the little girl in her high, clear voice. "Thank you. Didn't you know I was just behind you when you stopped?" She advanced to the writing table. "Are you my dear uncle Henry?"

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Bassett. He might have been addressing a burglar.

"I'm your little niece, Lucy."

Mr. Bassett set his hands upon the arms of his chair and appeared to constrict them. "Lucy's child!" He turned his hard glance sharply across the room. "Get out of here!" he said to Cleggs. He said to the little girl, very roughly: "What nonsense is this? Where do you come from?"

"From London. I've come to stay with you. Have you got something in your mouth?"

"It will be time for you to ask questions," said Mr. Bassett, "and not rude or stupid questions, when you have answered mine."

"Thank you," said the little girl. "I only asked because you hold your lips pressed up like I hold mine when I have cod-liver oil and can't bear to swallow it. What was your question?"

"My question was: What nonsense is this? Where is your mother?"

The little girl swallowed before she spoke. "My dear uncle Henry, please don't cry, but be brave. My dear mamma is dead."

The proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills said, "Lucy—dead!"

"She's with God," said the little girl. "I'm not to cry, and I haven't. Feel my handkerchief."

The proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills disregarded

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the invitation. "When did she die?" he asked, instead.

"On Tuesday."

"Who was there?"

"Only me."

"Where was she buried?"

"At Kensal Green."

"Who was there?"

"Only me." The little girl's lips were swiftly protruded and withdrawn.

"I find if I pinch my nose it's a great help," she said. "I think I will."

It was a little pathetic. A tear should have stolen down Mr. Bassett's grim, cold cheek at the news of the death of his one-time favorite sister, but he did not so much as wince. As a child he had been devotedly attached to his sister Lucy. In youth she had kept house for him. He had quarreled violently and tyrannically with her; and the hard but thoroughly human fact is that his childhood's affections and the impulses of his youth were screwed and battened down beneath forty years of brass-bound, weather-proofed self-interest.

"There'd be my back to wash," she said, seriously.

He did not even wince. "Only you?" he said stolidly. "Only you? Your uncles, your aunt—they were in touch with her—where were they?"

The little girl was still pinching the bridge of her nose. Her raised elbow and the simultaneous twisting of one leg seemed to indicate the necessity, and the exercise, of much force. "If you can see any wetness," she announced, "it's the pinching. My dear aunt Victoria and my dear uncles said it was most unfortunate for them, but you can't put off a wedding just because anyone is ill; and afterward my dear aunt came and explained you couldn't put it off for a funeral. It was my dear cousin Kate's wedding, and my dear uncle William said it was a most important catch—no, match. Would it be catch or match?"

"Catch, if I know my dear sister Victoria," said Henry Bassett.

"A most important catch," continued the little girl, "and it would have looked so strange if they weren't there. And my dear uncle Barnabas said it was most unfortunate being the same day and—"

"Ah, like them, like them!" interpolated the proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills. "I can see them; I can hear them!"

"*Can* you?" said the little girl, and stood on tiptoe and looked along the line of her uncle's sight.

He laughed. He laughed, and—listen to this—it was his laugh, and no groan, that did actually cause a stir and a creaking of the massy balks beneath which, like soft green leaves pressed dry and skeletonized in a book, his childhood's generous qualities lay. He laughed. His thought was: "What an idea! What a child! What a thing to be so ingenuously simple as that! Imagine it, if one could be a child like that! Ah me! if one could!"

He laughed, and somewhere deep within him a twinge responded. He laughed, and all the little angels stood on tiptoe with excitement. (The task of all the little angels is the old men and women; the old angels look after the children.) "If only she can get him laughing!" cried the little angels, standing on tiptoe with excitement, for they were rather worn out with this trying guardianship of the proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills.

All Mr. Bassett said, snapping off the laugh and stifling the twinge, was: "Where were you living? In lodgings?"

The little girl nodded. "In our lodgings, yes. Do you know"—she put a hand on the table in the motion of calling particular attention—"do you know, our landlady's grown-up daughter was in the pantomime? She was! She was in the fourth row, and our landlady said she would have been in the front row only she had thin legs on her father's side? Which side of you is your father's side?"

He laughed again, this time a full and free laugh, and all the little angels hugged themselves for joy on the wide steps of heaven and cried: "Hush! Hush!" to one another, and tiptoed again.

"Well, you're all on your mother's side," he said, "if that's any explanation to you." And he ended again, to himself, "Ay me!"—not because he was thinking of her mother, for he was not, but because he was thinking of himself.

He said to her, "Do you know, when you walked in at that door just now, you were about as likely to stay and live here as Cleggs is to stand on his head."

"*Can* he?" cried the little girl, enormously interested.

"You'd better ask him. But suppose you do stay here? There'd be all sorts of difficulties."

The little girl seemed quite to appreciate this. He was frowning over certain of the difficulties, and she reflected his frown.

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"There'd be my back to wash," she said, seriously.

He laughed again. It came quite easily. "Ah, that particular difficulty hadn't occurred to me. I dare say we could get over that."

"Well, I can do everything else for myself. It's only my back when I have my bath."

He was not really thinking of practical difficulties. Practical difficulties never stood in the way of the proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills. That was why he paid supertax on his income. The difficulties he was thinking of were of the same order as those which torture a man when he knows he ought to get up in the morning, and will be infinitely happier when he does get up, but feels he simply cannot. All very well to have this little girl in the house and to have always this—this freshness, this *newness;* but how about giving up his accustomed mode of life and his accustomed outlook on life and the bearing and the behavior in life that his fellow men were accustomed to see in him? Forty years habituated in it. Forty years—ay me!

But he kept up the pretense of practical difficulties. "How about lessons? Don't you have to do lessons?"

It was the merest idle dalliance, but all the little angels hugged themselves anew to hear him dallying. "He'll go too far in a moment!" cried all the little angels, jumping in their little nightgowns.

"My dear mamma did me my lessons," said the little girl. "I can show you and you can do me them because, do you know, I've got the very same books that you and my dear mamma used when you were little like me. They've got your marks in them. I've got them here."

She took from a chair the satchel she had brought with her and put it on the table. "There was no room in my box," said the little girl. She pulled out small and battered volumes. "There they are. Do you remember them?"

"I remember them," he said, and at his tone, "Oh, poor thing!" cried all the little angels.

The little girl had opened one of the books and was turning over the leaves before him. "Look! Those are your marks when you were learning. Your dear mamma used to put the dates every day, and so did mine."

He rather stolidly regarded the thumbed pages, his mother's pencil marks, the old-fashioned woodcuts and the little readings in huge print. He was not touched by it all. What he felt was a strange but unmistakable delight in the funny little old book with its grotesquely pious and moral tales. His sole reading was the *Times* and the *Financial Times*. This stuff was delicious, and once it had thrilled him. "Ay me!"

The little girl thought he must have finished the page at which he was staring. "That was your reading book," she said. "My dear mamma says you both simply loved it. There was a poetry page—she said you couldn't understand. I'll show you."

She flattened before him a page conspicuously white compared with the finger-stained others—obviously seldom read. It had three stiff woodcuts—a small urchin sporting after a butterfly; a young man walking a path and looking at a bird above him, in song presumably; a middle-aged man seated on a bench in the attitude of reflection.

He remembered the pictures perfectly. His eyes read the verse accompanying them:

> Shades of the prison house begin to close
> Upon the growing boy,
> But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
> He sees it in his joy;
> The youth, who daily farther from the East
> Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended;
> At length the man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day.
> * * * * *
> Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
> Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

It was unfair. The proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills was smitten between the joints of his harness. He was forty years deep in the prison—forty years from the glory, and forty from the dread—and he was in the company of a little girl upon whom no shades of the prison house had yet descended, which rather intensified and showed up his condition.

The little girl waited an enormously long time for him to speak. At last she said, "Do you understand that now, uncle?"

He said, rather heavily, "I understand it." He turned in his chair toward her. "You're going to stay with me, all right. What would you like to do—first?"

The little girl said, "I'd like—most awfully—to cry."

("Look out! Look out!" cried all the little angels.)

The proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills extended his hands to her.

She said, "Do you think my dear mamma would mind?"

The proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills swallowed something. "She'll know I said you might."

The little girl's face began to work with extraordinary convulsions.

He opened his arms to her.

"That's done it! That's done it!" cried all the little angels, and hopped and skipped in their little nightgowns about the floor of heaven.

The little girl sobbed with an abandonment to grief, utter, complete, enormous, devastating. Every fiber and particle of her small body seemed to contribute to the abandonment. It was like a universal capitulation of all her parts rushing to the call of one stream as river banks collapsing to a flood. Her face was buried in the shoulder of the proprietor of Bassett's Paper Mills. He had never seen anything like such grief. He had never imagined that anything like it could be. Once or twice she cried: "My dear mamma! My dear mamma!" He put an awkward hand to her head and stroked it and held her rather tight.

And beneath the catastrophic collapse of her emotions he was himself undergoing a huge and monstrous capitulation, a washing out, a surging up from under, that the little twinges when he laughed at her had

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begun. He was thinking all kinds of things while he held her. He began to suffer the extraordinary feeling that he was not so much holding her as himself holding onto her. He was thinking all kinds of things. The only thing that, in common decency to him, need be reported, was the thought: "This infernal strike! That's in the way. Infernal thing!" Also this thought: "It's time I got out of it. Turn it into a company. Getting too old. Don't understand these new ideas about work-people. Get out of it. Potter about—with this scrap." And again: "This infernal strike!"

The violence of her passionate sorrow ran its course. It ebbed away in long heaves and little shudders. He sat her upright on his knee and with a handkerchief wiped her eyes. "Feel better? Better now, eh?" He put the handkerchief in his pocket. "Look here. I expect you'd like to do something for me. Wouldn't you?"

She nodded. She couldn't quite get words yet.

"There's some people waiting here to see me. Cleggs has been in and out of the room while you've been having your cry. I want you just to go in and say something to them for me. Will you?"

She nodded again. Her sniffs would have made a vacuum cleaner feel jealous. But she brightened very much at the idea of a thing to do. She nodded more vigorously. "Is it the p-party?"

"You might call it a party." He set her on her feet. "They're in the room straight opposite across the hall. Just go in and say to them for me—" He told her what to say. "Can you remember that?"

"Oh yes. It sounds funny to me. Will they understand?"

"You'll see. Well, perhaps— Look! If they don't, give them this." He wrote on a slip of paper and handed it to her.

The woman dropped on her knees and clasped Lucy to her heart

Six persons awaited the little girl. The strikers' deputation consisted of four men and two women. They sat along one side of the table in the great dining room, on chairs arranged for them by Cleggs, and they sat silently, with rather sad, anxious eyes fixed on the door. They had been kept waiting a long time, and they boded no good from the delay. That strike-breaker!

The handle of the door turned slowly. "O my God!" said one of the women.

The door, instead of opening very wide to admit the master, opened but a few inches. The little girl slid in through the aperture and turned and stood on tiptoe to put both hands to the handle and shut it again.

The deputation simply stared.

The little girl came up to the table and looked over it. "If you please," she said, "my dear uncle says your terms are granted."

The deputation simply stared.

The little girl nodded in a friendly way. "Yes, your terms are granted. That's what my dear uncle told me to tell you."

They were all on their feet.

"Granted!" cried one; and, "Granted!" another.

The woman who had made the exclamation as the door handle began to turn came quickly round the table and struck her hands together upon her shrunken bosom before the little girl. "Dearie, you wouldn't deceive— Dearie, for the love of God—"

"There's this paper," said the little girl, rather surprised, for she had never been to a party like this before.

The paper went to the hands of an old man who had had the center place at the table. He read it aloud in an extraordinary, trembling voice:

> Your demands are granted. The works will open in all departments at 6 A. M. tomorrow. The new scale will take effect forthwith.
>
> Henry Bassett.

The old man dropped terrifically on his chair and put his arms on the table and buried his head in them. Some one said: "Praise God! Praise God!" The woman facing the little girl dropped on her knees and clasped the little girl terribly to her heart. The little angels on the wide steps of heaven skipped and crowed with glee. "Did you ever!" cried all the little angels, and snapped their pink little fingers and thumbs, and skipped and crowed again.

Mr. Tug Sanders had spent an unprofitable, but very jumpy, afternoon, partly in shelter at the police station, and partly hovering timidly on the outskirts of the crowd that stood about Mr. Bassett's residence, awaiting news. The strike-breaker

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made three attempts to penetrate the crowd and reach the house, but each time his courage failed him and he retreated. Assured at last of the detrimental effect on his health of remaining in the neighbourhood, he turned disconsolately away and, also for his health's sake, wandered the lanes, keeping away from the town, till the seven-o'clock up-train should be due. But when at length he headed for the train an appalling thing awaited him. Sneaking furtively upon the city from a different quarter, he was frozen to discover the market square, through which he must pass, filled with a yelling, rushing, and madly excited crowd of strikers. His hat positively lifted from his head upon his starting scalp. He pulled it over his eyes and tremulously threaded his way into the mob.

He was well known. His photograph had been in every paper. He had not made fifty yards to the station when he was discovered and his name roared into the welkin. He was seized. He closed his eyes and set his teeth for the hideous end of being torn to death. Lo, he was raised shoulder high! He was held aloft and being borne aloft to the station! Thunderous roars hymned him on. "Good old Tug Sanders. Good old Tuggey! Three cheers for good old Tuggey!—and another—and another—and another!" Hundreds pressed forward to touch his hand. Mothers held up their children to him. Women fought with his carriers to throw their arms about him and kiss him. Girls threw flowers.

Dumfounded, amazed; speechless, in a dream; dead and in another world—the superb and magnificent strike-breaker found himself in a compartment of the up-express and leaning from the window and regarding with a sickly and fatuous grin the tossing mob that tumultuously surged before him, adoring him. His shattered ears had informed him that the strike was ended, the men victorious, but what on earth—? What the devil——? Who, in the name of——? His sickly and fatuous grin was all he could achieve.

"Ah! Ain't 'e modest?" cried a stout lady perched on the platform bookstall for better view of the adored countenance. "Ah, if 'e ain't modest as 'e is noble, the darling!"

She then overbalanced and fell off.

Simultaneously the train started. What a shout! What a very delirium of ecstatic cheering! A Salvation Army band, tearing up at the double, and, as the Tidborough County *Times* said on the morrow, at the "psychological moment," fixed their instruments with lightning speed. With heartfelt throats the crowd took up the well-known tune. Slowly the stupendous strike-breaker, leaning from the window, smiling his modest, sickly smile, waving his modest, lackadaisical hand (he felt it was the least he could do)—slowly he was drawn away to the heartfelt, heart-aching song, hymned from five hundred throats:

"God be with you till we meet again."

It was tremendous. Strong men wept, and well they might. In the words of the Tidborough County *Times,* "It was a sublime and deeply moving moment."

The stupendous strike-breaker drew in his head and wiped his streaming brow.

"Sir," said an aged gentleman of evangelical appearance seated in the carriage—"sir, this is the most glorious day in the history of Tidborough. Sir, you are noble! You are noble, sir, and you are enshrined forever in the hearts of this great city."

"Oh, well," said the noble strike-breaker. "Oh well," and sat down, dazed, and tried to look noble what time he thought, "*What* the dickens—?"

"But that's not fair!" cried a very small and quite inexperienced little angel, peeping.

"Oh, poof! That's nothing!" cried the other little angels. "That's nothing to what they do down there sometimes. What *does* it matter? Just look at Henry Bassett. Stand on this cloud."

Earth

By KAHLIL GIBRAN

Earth springs forth violently from earth.
Then earth arrogantly moves over earth.
And earth builds from earth palaces, towers,
And creates myths, dogmas, laws. [temples,

Then earth wearies of earth's work,
And of its halos weaves shadows, fancies, dreams.
Earth's slumber then beguiles earth's eyelids,
Which close upon quiet, deep, eternal sleep.

Earth calls out to earth, saying,
"I am a womb, and I am a tomb,
And shall remain a womb and a tomb
Until the stars are no more
And the sun is turned to ashes."

Translated from the Arabic by Andrew Ghareeb

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The Open Boat

Woodcut by James C. Reid

By STEPHEN CRANE

An almost perfect story by an important American author who achieved international fame at twenty-five with his Red Badge of Courage

None of them knew the color of the sky. Their eyes glanced level, and were fastened upon the waves that swept toward them. These waves were of the hue of slate, save for the tops, which were of foaming white, and all of the men knew the colors of the sea. The horizon narrowed and widened, and dipped and rose, and at all times its edge was jagged with waves that seemed thrust up in points like rocks. Many a man ought to have a bathtub larger than the boat which here rode upon the sea. These waves were most wrongfully and barbarously abrupt and tall, and each froth-top was a problem in small-boat navigation.

The cook squatted in the bottom and looked with both eyes at the six inches of gunwale which separated him from the ocean. His sleeves were rolled over his fat forearms, and the two flaps of his unbuttoned vest dangled as he bent to bail out the boat. Often he said: "Gawd! That was a narrow clip." As he remarked it he invariably gazed eastward over the broken sea.

The oiler, steering with one of the two oars in the boat, sometimes raised himself suddenly to keep clear of water that swirled in over the stern. It was a thin little oar, and it seemed often ready to snap.

The correspondent, pulling at the other oar, watched the waves and wondered why he was there.

The injured captain, lying in the bow, was at this time buried in that profound dejection and indifference which comes, temporarily at least, to even the bravest and most enduring when, willy nilly, the firm fails, the army loses, the ship goes down. The mind of the master of a vessel is rooted deep in the timbers of her, though he commanded for a day or a decade, and this captain had on him the stern impression of a scene in the grays of dawn of seven turned faces, and later a stump of a top-mast with a white ball on it that slashed to and fro at the waves, went low and lower, and down. Thereafter there was something strange in his voice. Although steady, it was deep with mourning, and of a quality beyond oration or tears.

"Keep 'er a little more south, Billie," said he.

"'A little more south,' sir," said the oiler in the stern.

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A seat in this boat was not unlike a seat upon a bucking broncho, and by the same token a broncho is not much smaller. The craft pranced and reared, and plunged like an animal. As each wave came, and she rose for it, she seemed like a horse making at a fence outrageously high. The manner of her scramble over these walls of water is a mystic thing, and, moreover, at the top of them were ordinarily these problems in white water, the foam racing down from the summit of each wave, requiring a new leap, and a leap from the air. Then, after scornfully bumping a crest, she would slide, and race, and splash down a long incline, and arrive bobbing in front of the next menace.

A SINGULAR DISADVANTAGE of the sea lies in the fact that after successfully surmounting one wave you discover that there is another behind it just as important and just as nervously anxious to do something effective in the way of swamping boats. In a ten-foot dinghy one can get an idea of the resources of the sea in the line of waves that is not probable to the average experience which is never at sea in a dinghy. As each slaty wall of water approached, it shut all else from the view of the men in the boat, and it was not difficult to imagine that this particular wave was the final outburst of the ocean, the last effort of the grim water. There was a terrible grace in the move of the waves, and they came in silence, save for the snarling of the crests.

In the wan light, the faces of the men must have been gray. Their eyes must have glinted in strange ways as they gazed steadily astern. Viewed from a balcony, the whole thing would doubtless have been weirdly picturesque. But the men in the boat had no time to see it, and if they had had leisure there were other things to occupy their minds. The sun swung steadily up the sky, and they knew it was broad day because the color of the sea changed from slate to emerald-green, streaked with amber lights, and the foam was like tumbling snow. The process of the breaking day was unknown to them. They were aware only of this effect upon the color of the waves that rolled toward them.

In disjointed sentences the cook and the correspondent argued as to the difference between a life-saving station and a house of refuge. The cook had said: "There's a house of refuge just north of the Mosquito Inlet Light, and as soon as they see us they'll come off in their boat and pick us up."

"As soon as who see us?" said the correspondent.

"The crew," said the cook.

"Houses of refuge don't have crews," said the correspondent. "As I understand them, they are only places where clothes and grub are stored for the benefit of shipwrecked people. They don't carry crews."

"Oh, yes, they do," said the cook.

"No, they don't," said the correspondent.

"Well, we're not there yet, anyhow," said the oiler, in the stern.

"Well," said the cook, "perhaps it's not a house of refuge that I'm thinking of as being near Mosquito Light. Perhaps it's a life-saving station."

"We're not there yet," said the oiler, in the stern.

As the boat bounced from the top of each wave, the wind tore through the hair of the hatless men, and as the craft plopped her stern down again the spray splashed past them. The crest of each of these waves was a hill, from the top of which the men surveyed, for a moment, a broad tumultuous expanse, shining and wind-riven. It was probably splendid. It was probably glorious, this play of the free sea, wild with lights of emerald and white and amber.

"Bully good thing it's an on-shore wind," said the cook. "If not, where would we be? Wouldn't have a show."

"That's right," said the correspondent.

The busy oiler nodded his assent.

Then the captain, in the bow, chuckled in a way that expressed humor, contempt, tragedy, all in one. "Do you think we've got much of a show now, boys?" said he.

Whereupon the three were silent, save for a trifle of hemming and hawing. To express any particular optimism at this time they felt to be childish and stupid, but they all doubtless possessed this sense of the situation in their mind. A young man thinks doggedly at such times. On the other hand, the ethics of their condition was decidedly against any open suggestion of hopelessness. So they were silent.

"Oh, well," said the captain, soothing his children, "We'll get ashore all right."

But there was that in his tone which made them think, so the oiler quoth: "Yes! If this wind holds!"

The cook was bailing: "Yes! If we don't catch hell in the surf."

Canton-flannel gulls flew near and far. Sometimes they sat down on the sea, near patches of brown seaweed that rolled on the waves with a movement like carpets on a line in a gale. The birds sat comfortably in groups, and they were envied by some in the dinghy, for the wrath of the sea was no more to them than it was to a covey of prairie chickens a thousand miles inland. Often they came very close and stared at the men with black bead-like eyes. At these times they were uncanny and sinister in their unblinking scrutiny, and the men hooted angrily at them, telling them to be gone. One came, and evidently decided to alight on the top of the captain's head. The bird flew parallel to the boat and did not circle, but made short sidelong jumps in the air in chicken-fashion. His black eyes were wistfully fixed upon the captain's head. "Ugly brute," said the oiler to the bird. "You look as if you were made with a jack-knife." The cook and the correspondent swore darkly at the creature. The captain naturally wished to knock it away with the end of the heavy painter; but he did not dare to do it, because anything resembling an emphatic gesture would have capsized this freighted boat, and so, with his open hand, the captain gently and carefully waved the gull away. After it had been discouraged from the pursuit, the captain breathed easier on account of his hair, and others breathed easier because the bird struck their minds at this time as being somehow gruesome and ominous.

In the meantime the oiler and the correspondent rowed. And also they rowed.

They sat together in the same seat, and each rowed

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an oar. Then the oiler took both oars; then the correspondent took both oars; then the oiler; then the correspondent. They rowed and they rowed. The very ticklish part of the business was when the time came for the reclining one in the stern to take his turn at the oars. By the very last star of truth, it is easier to steal eggs from under a hen than it was to change seats in the dinghy. First the man in the stern slid his hand along the thwart and moved with care, as if he were of Sèvres. Then the man in the rowing-seat slid his hand along the other thwart. It was all done with the most extraordinary care. As the two sidled past each other the whole party kept watchful eyes on the coming wave, and the captain cried: "Look out now!"

The brown mats of seaweed that appeared from time to time were like islands, bits of earth. They were traveling, apparently, neither one way nor the other. They were, to all intents, stationary. They informed the men in the boat that it was making progress slowly toward the land.

The captain, rearing cautiously in the bow, after the dinghy soared on a great swell, said that he had seen the lighthouse at Mosquito Inlet. Presently the cook remarked that he had seen it. The correspondent was at the oars then, and for some reason he wished to look at the lighthouse, but his back was toward the far shore and the waves were important, and for some time he could not seize an opportunity to turn his head. But at last there came a wave more gentle than the others, and when at the crest of it he swiftly scoured the western horizon.

"See it?" said the captain.

"No," said the correspondent slowly. "I didn't see anything."

"Look again," said the captain. He pointed. "It's exactly in that direction."

At the top of another wave, the correspondent did as he was bid, and this time his eyes chanced on a small still thing on the edge of the swaying horizon. It was precisely like the point of a pin. It took an anxious eye to find a lighthouse so tiny.

"Think we'll make it, Captain?"

"If this wind holds and the boat don't swamp, we can't do much else," said the captain.

The little boat, lifted by each towering sea, and splashed viciously by the crests, made progress that in the absence of seaweed was not apparent to those in her. She seemed just a wee thing wallowing, miraculously top-up, at the mercy of five oceans. Occasionally, a great spread of water, like white flames, swarmed into her.

"Bail her, cook," said the captain serenely.

"All right, Captain," said the cheerful cook.

It would be difficult to describe the subtle brotherhood of men that was here established on the seas. No one said that it was so. No one mentioned it. But it dwelt in the boat, and each man felt it warmed him. They were a captain, an oiler, a cook, and a correspondent, and they were friends, friends in a more curiously ironbound degree than may be common. The hurt captain, lying against the water-jar in the bow, spoke always in a low voice and calmly, but he could never command a more ready and swiftly obedient crew than the motley three of the dinghy. It was more than a mere recognition of what was best for the common safety. There was surely in it a quality that was personal and heartfelt. And after this devotion to the commander of the boat, there was this comradeship that the correspondent, for instance, who had been taught to be cynical of men, knew even at the time was the best experience of his life. But no one said that it was so. No one mentioned it.

"I wish we had a sail," remarked the captain. "We might try my overcoat on the end of an oar, and give you two boys a chance to rest." So the cook and the correspondent held the mast and spread wide the overcoat. The oiler steered and the little boat made good way with her new rig. Sometimes the oiler had to

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STEPHEN CRANE was an explosion. The strange thing to think about is such an explosion happening and no one paying any attention. I am thinking about Stephen Crane coming along as a writer. Writing in America must have been pretty dead then [1890-1900]. . . . He was a writer really writing when it wasn't being done. That is the wonder of the man. It is time he was getting a hearing. . . .

WRITERS in America who do not know their Stephen Crane are missing a lot. Suppose he did put a pretty patent-leather finish on some of his later tales. Take him for what he was—his importance. Think of what was going on all around him then.

ALL the painters of that day painting in low tones—going in for facile brush work. The arts all gray. Gray cities, gray people.

A YOUNG MAN coming along, not too strong physically, touched with consumption, "broke" most of his life.

STANDING UP against the almost universal grayness of the art expression of his day. Putting in great splashes of color . . . "Maggie," "The Red Badge of Courage"—others too. . . .

HE DID a lot. He was an explosion, all right. It's about time people began to hear the explosion.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON
Introduction to *Midnight Sketches*

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scull sharply to keep a sea from breaking into the boat, but otherwise sailing was a success.

Meanwhile the lighthouse had been growing slowly larger. It had now almost assumed color, and appeared like a little gray shadow on the sky. The man at the oars could not be prevented from turning his head rather often to try for a glimpse of this little gray shadow.

At last, from the top of each wave, the men in the tossing boat could see land. Even as the lighthouse was an upright shadow on the sky, this land seemed but a long black shadow on the sea. It certainly was thinner than paper. "We must be about opposite New Smyrna," said the cook, who had coasted this shore often in schooners. "Captain, by the way, I believe they abandoned that life-saving station there about a year ago."

"Did they?" said the captain.

The wind slowly died away. The cook and the correspondent were not now obliged to slave in order to hold high the oar. But the waves continued their old impetuous swooping at the dinghy, and the little craft, no longer under way, struggled woundily over them. The oiler or the correspondent took the oars again.

SHIPWRECKS ARE APROPOS of nothing. If men could only train for them and have them occur when the men had reached pink condition, there would be less drowning at sea. Of the four in the dinghy none had slept any time worth mentioning for two days and two nights previous to embarking in the dinghy, and in the excitement of clambering about the deck of a foundering ship they had also forgotten to eat heartily.

For these reasons, and for others, neither the oiler nor the correspondent was fond of rowing at this time. The correspondent wondered ingenuously how in the name of all that was sane could there be people who thought it was amusing to row a boat. It was not an amusement; it was a diabolical punishment, and even a genius of mental aberrations could never conclude that it was anything but a horror to the muscles and a crime against the back. He mentioned to the boat in general how the amusement of rowing struck him, and the weary-faced oiler smiled in full sympathy. Previously to the foundering, by the way, the oiler had worked double-watch in the engine-room of the ship.

"Take her easy now, boys," said the captain. "Don't spend yourselves. If we have to run a surf you'll need all your strength, because we'll sure have to swim for it. Take your time."

Slowly the land arose from the sea. From a black line it became a line of black and a line of white—trees and sand. Finally the captain said that he could make out a house on the shore.

"That's the house of refuge, sure," said the cook. "They'll see us before long, and come out after us."

The distant lighthouse reared high. "The keeper ought to be able to make us out now, if he's looking through a glass," said the captain. "He'll notify the life-saving people."

"None of those other boats could have got ashore to give word of the wreck," said the oiler, in a low voice. "Else the lifeboat would be out hunting us."

Slowly and beautifully the land loomed out of the sea. The wind came again. It had veered from the north-east to the south-east. Finally, a new sound struck the ears of the men in the boat. It was the low thunder of the surf on the shore. "We'll never be able to make the lighthouse now," said the captain. "Swing her head a little more north, Billie," said he.

"'A little more north,' sir," said the oiler.

Whereupon the little boat turned her nose once more down the wind, and all but the oarsman watched the shore grow. Under the influence of this expansion, doubt and direful apprehension were leaving the minds of the men. The management of the boat was still most absorbing, but it could not prevent a quiet cheerfulness. In an hour, perhaps, they would be ashore.

Their backbones had become thoroughly used to balancing in the boat, and they now rode this wild colt of a dinghy like circus men. The correspondent thought that he had been drenched to the skin, but happening to feel in the top pocket of his coat he found therein eight cigars. Four of them were soaked with sea-water; four were perfectly scathless. After a search, somebody produced three dry matches, and thereupon the four waifs rode impudently in their little boat, and with an assurance of an impending rescue shining in their eyes, puffed at the big cigars and judged well. Each took a drink of water.

"Cook," remarked the captain, "there don't seem to be any signs of life about your house of refuge."

"No," replied the cook. "Funny they don't see us!"

A broad stretch of lowly coast lay before the eyes of the men. It was of dunes topped with dark vegetation. The roar of the surf was plain, and sometimes they could see the white lip of a wave as it spun up the beach. A tiny house was blocked out black upon the sky. Southward, the slim lighthouse lifted its little gray length.

Tide, wind, and waves were swinging the dinghy northward. "Funny they don't see us," said the men.

The surf's roar was here dulled, but its tone was, nevertheless, thunderous and mighty. As the boat swam over the great rollers, the men sat listening to this roar. "We'll swamp sure," said everybody.

IT IS FAIR TO SAY here that there was not a life-saving station within twenty miles in either direction, but the men did not know this fact, and in consequence they made dark and opprobrious remarks concerning the eyesight of the nation's life-savers. Four scowling men sat in the dinghy and surpassed records in the invention of epithets.

"Funny they don't see us."

The lightheartedness of a former time had completely faded. To their sharpened minds it was easy to conjure pictures of all kinds of incompetency and blindness and, indeed, cowardice. There was the shore of the populous land, and it was bitter and bitter to them that from it came no sign.

"Well," said the captain, ultimately, "I suppose we'll have to make a try for ourselves. If we stay out here too long, we'll none of us have strength left to swim after the boat swamps."

And so the oiler, who was at the oars, turned the

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boat straight for the shore. There was a sudden tightening of muscles. There was some thinking.

"If we don't all get ashore—" said the captain. "If we don't all get ashore, I suppose you fellows know where to send news of my finish?"

They then briefly exchanged some addresses and admonitions. As for the reflections of the men, there was a great deal of rage in them. Perchance they might be formulated thus: "If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? Was I brought here merely to have my nose dragged away as I was about to nibble the sacred cheese of life? It is preposterous. If this old ninny-woman, Fate, cannot do better than this, she should be deprived of the management of men's fortunes. She is an old hen who knows not her intention. If she has decided to drown me, why did she not do it in the beginning and save me all this trouble? The whole affair is absurd. . . . But no, she cannot drown me. Not after all this work." Afterward the man might have had an impulse to shake his fist at the clouds: "Just you drown me, now, and then hear what I call you!"

The billows that came at this time were more formidable. They seemed always just about to break and roll over the little boat in a turmoil of foam. There was a preparatory and long growl in the speech of them. No mind unused to the sea would have concluded that the dinghy could ascend these sheer heights in time. The shore was still afar. The oiler was a wily surfman. "Boys," he said swiftly, "she won't live three minutes more, and we're too far out to swim. Shall I take her to sea again, Captain?"

"Yes! Go ahead!" said the captain.

This oiler, by a series of quick miracles, and fast and steady oarsmanship, turned the boat in the middle of the surf and took her safely to sea again.

There was a considerable silence as the boat bumped over the furrowed sea to deeper water. Then somebody in gloom spoke.

"Well, anyhow, they must have seen us from the shore by now."

The gulls went in slanting flight up the wind toward the gray desolate east. A squall, marked by dingy clouds, and clouds of brick-red, like smoke from a burning building, appeared from the south-east.

"What do you think of those life-saving people? Ain't they peaches?"

"Funny they haven't seen us."

"Maybe they think we're out here for sport! Maybe they think we're fishin'. Maybe they think we're damned fools."

It was a long afternoon. A changed tide tried to force them southward, but the wind and wave said northward. Far ahead, where coast line, sea, and sky formed their mighty angle, there were little dots which seemed to indicate a city on the shore.

"St. Augustine?"

The captain shook his head. "Too near Mosquito Inlet."

And the oiler rowed, and then the correspondent rowed. Then the oiler rowed. It was a weary business. The human back can become the seat of more aches and pains than are registered in books for the composite anatomy of a regiment. It is a limited area, but it can become the theater of innumerable muscular conflicts, tangles, wrenches, knots, and other comforts.

"Did you ever like to row, Billie," asked the correspondent.

"No," said the oiler. "Hang it!"

When one exchanged the rowing-seat for a place in the bottom of the boat, he suffered a bodily depression that caused him to be careless of everything save an obligation to wiggle one finger. There was cold sea water swashing to and fro in the boat, and he lay in it. His head, pillowed on a thwart, was within an inch of the swirl of a wave crest, and sometimes a particularly obstreperous sea came inboard and drenched him once more. But these matters did not annoy him. It is almost certain that if the boat had capsized he would have tumbled comfortably out upon the ocean as if he felt sure that it was a great soft mattress.

"Look! There's a man on the shore!"

"Where?"

"There! See 'm? See 'm?"

"He's stopped. Look! He's facing us!"

"He's waving at us!"

"So he is! By thunder!"

"Ah, now we're all right! Now we're all right! There'll be a boat here for us in half an hour."

"He's going on. He's running. He's going up to that house there."

The remote beach seemed lower than the sea, and it required a searching glance to discern the little black figure. The captain saw a floating stick and they rowed to it. A bath towel was by some weird chance in the boat, and tying this on the stick, the captain waved it. The oarsman did not dare turn his head, so he was obliged to ask questions.

"What's he doing now?"

"He's standing still again. He's looking, I think. . . . There he goes again. Toward the house. . . . Now he's stopped again."

"Is he waving at us?"

"No, not now! He was, though."

"Look! There comes another man!"

"Look at him go, would you."

"Why, he's on a bicycle. Now he's met the other man. They're both waving at us. Look!"

"There comes something up the beach."

"What the devil is that thing?"

"Why, it looks like a boat."

"Why, certainly it's a boat."

"No, it's on wheels."

"Yes, so it is. Well, that must be the life-boat. They drag them along shore on a wagon."

"That's the life-boat, sure."

"No, by ——, it's—it's an omnibus."

"I tell you it's a life-boat."

"It is not! It's an omnibus. I can see it plain. One of these big hotel omnibuses."

"By thunder, you're right. It's an omnibus, sure as fate. What do you suppose they are doing with an

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omnibus. Maybe they are going around collectin' the life-crew, hey?"

"That's it, likely. Look! There's a fellow waving a little black flag. He's standing on the steps of the omnibus. There come those other two fellows. Now they're all talking together. Look at the fellow with the flag. Maybe he ain't waving it!"

"So it is. It's his coat. He's taken it off, and is waving it around his head. But would you look at him swing it!"

"Oh, say, there isn't any life-saving station there. That's just a winter resort hotel omnibus that has brought some of the boarders to see us drown."

"What's that idiot with the coat mean? What's he signaling, anyhow?"

"It looks as if he were trying to tell us to go north. There must be a life-saving station up there."

"No! He thinks we're fishing. Just giving us a merry hand. See? Ah, there, Willie!"

"Well, I wish I could make something out of those signals. What do you suppose he means?"

"He don't mean anything. He's just playing."

"Well, if he'd just signal us to try the surf again, or to go to sea and wait, or go north, or go south, or go to hell—there would be some reason in it. But look at him. He just stands there and keeps his coat revolving like a wheel. The ass!"

"There come more people."

"Now, there's quite a mob. Look! Isn't that a boat?"

"Where? Oh, I see where you mean. No, that's no boat."

"That fellow is still waving his coat."

"He must think we like to see him do that. Why don't he quit it? It don't mean anything."

"I don't know. I think he is trying to make us go north. It must be that there's a life-saving station there somewhere."

"Say, he ain't tired yet. Look at 'im wave."

"Wonder how long he can keep that up. He's been revolving his coat ever since he caught sight of us. He's an idiot. Why aren't they getting men to bring a boat out? A fishing-boat—one of those big yawls—could come out here all right. Why don't he do something?"

"Oh, it's all right, now."

"They'll have a boat out here for us in less than no time, now that they've seen us."

A faint yellow tone came into the sky over the low land. The shadows on the sea slowly deepened. The wind bore coldness with it, and the men began to shiver.

"Holy smoke!" said one, allowing his voice to express his impious mood, "if we keep on monkeying out here! If we've got to flounder out here all night!"

"Oh, we'll never have to stay here all night! Don't you worry. They've seen us now, and it won't be long before they'll come chasing out after us."

The shore grew dusky. The man waving a coat blended gradually into this gloom, and it swallowed in the same manner the omnibus and the group of people. The spray, when dashed uproariously over the side, made the voyagers shrink and swear like men who were being branded.

"I'd like to catch the chump who waved the coat. I feel like soaking him one, just for luck."

"Why? What did he do?"

"Oh, nothing, but then he seemed so damned cheerful."

In the meantime the oiler rowed, and then the correspondent rowed, and then the oiler rowed. Gray-faced and bowed forward, they mechanically, turn by turn, plied the leaden oars. The form of the lighthouse had vanished from the southern horizon, but finally a pale star appeared, just lighting from the sea. The streaked saffron in the west passed before the all-merging darkness, and the sea to the east was black. The land had vanished, and was expressed only by the low and drear thunder of the surf.

"IF I AM GOING TO BE DROWNED—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? Was I brought here merely to have my nose dragged away as I was about to nibble the sacred cheese of life?"

The patient captain, drooped over the water-jar, was sometimes obliged to speak to the oarsman.

"Keep her head up! Keep her head up!"

"'Keep her head up,' sir." The voices were weary and low.

This was surely a quiet evening. All save the oarsman lay heavily and listlessly in the boat's bottom. As for him, his eyes were just capable of noting the tall black waves that swept forward in a most sinister silence, save for an occasional subdued growl of a crest.

The cook's head was on a thwart, and he looked without interest at the water under his nose. He was deep in other scenes. Finally he spoke. "Billie," he murmured, dreamfully, "what kind of pie do you like best?"

"Pie," said the oiler and the correspondent, agitatedly. "Don't talk about those things, blast you!"

"Well," said the cook, "I was just thinking about ham sandwiches, and—"

A night on the sea in an open boat is a long night. As darkness settled finally, the shine of the light, lifting from the sea in the south, changed to full gold. On the northern horizon a new light appeared, a small bluish gleam on the edge of the waters. These two lights were the furniture of the world. Otherwise there was nothing but waves.

Two men huddled in the stern, and distances were so magnificent in the dinghy that the rower was enabled to keep his feet partly warmed by thrusting them under his companions. Their legs indeed extended far under the rowing seat until they touched the feet of the captain forward. Sometimes, despite the efforts of the tired oarsman, a wave came piling into the boat, an icy wave of the night, and the chilling water soaked them anew. They would twist their bodies for a moment and groan, and sleep the dead sleep once more, while the water in the boat gurgled about them as the craft rocked.

The plan of the oiler and the correspondent was for one to row until he lost the ability and then arouse the

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other from his sea-water couch in the bottom of the boat.

The oiler plied the oars until his head drooped forward, and the overpowering sleep blinded him. And he rowed yet afterward. Then he touched a man in the bottom of the boat, and called his name. "Will you spell me for a little while?" he said, meekly.

"Sure, Billie," said the correspondent, awakening and dragging himself to a sitting position. They exchanged places carefully, and the oiler, cuddling down in the sea water at the cook's side, seemed to go to sleep instantly.

The correspondent, as he rowed, looked down at the two men sleeping under-foot. The cook's arm was around the oiler's shoulders, and, with their fragmentary clothing and haggard faces, they were the babes of the sea, a grotesque rendering of the old babes in the wood.

Later he must have grown stupid at his work, for suddenly there was a growling of water, and a crest came with a roar and a swash into the boat, and it was a wonder that it did not set the cook afloat in his life-belt. The cook continued to sleep, but the oiler sat up, blinking his eyes and shaking with the new cold.

"Oh, I'm awful sorry, Billie," said the correspondent contritely.

"That's all right, old boy," said the oiler, and lay down again and was asleep.

Presently it seemed that even the captain dozed, and the correspondent thought that he was the one man afloat on all the oceans. The wind had a voice as it came over the waves, and it was sadder than the end.

There was a long, loud swishing astern of the boat, and a gleaming trail of phosphorescence, like blue flame, was furrowed on the black water. It might have been made by a monstrous knife.

Then there came a stillness, while the correspondent breathed with open mouth and looked at the sea.

Suddenly there came another swish and another long flash of bluish light, and this time it was alongside the boat, and might almost have been reached with an oar. The correspondent saw an enormous fin speed like a shadow through the water, hurling the crystalline spray and leaving the long glowing trail.

The correspondent looked over his shoulder at the captain. His face was hidden, and he seemed to be asleep. He looked at the babes of the sea. They certainly were asleep. So, being bereft of sympathy, he leaned a little way to one side and swore softly into the sea.

But the thing did not then leave the vicinity of the boat. Ahead or astern, on one side or the other, at intervals long or short, fled the long sparkling streak, and there was to be heard the whirroo of the dark fin. The speed and power of the thing was greatly to be admired. It cut the water like a gigantic and keen projectile.

THE PRESENCE OF THIS biding thing did not affect the man with the same horror that it would if he had been a picnicker. He simply looked at the sea dully and swore in an undertone.

Nevertheless, it is true that he did not wish to be alone. He wished one of his companions to awaken by chance and keep him company with it. But the captain hung motionless over the water jar, and the oiler and the cook in the bottom of the boat were plunged in slumber.

"If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees?"

During this dismal night, it may be remarked that a man would conclude that it was really the intention of the seven mad gods to drown him, despite the abominable injustice of it. For it was certainly an abominable injustice to drown a man who had worked so hard, so hard. The man felt it would be a crime most unnatural. Other people had drowned at sea since galleys swarmed with painted sails, but still——

Woodcut by Richard Bennett

The ship had gone low and lower, and down.

When it occurs to a man that nature does not regard him as important, and that she feels she would not maim the universe by disposing of him, he at first wishes to throw bricks at the temple, and he hates deeply the fact that there are no bricks and no temples. Any visible expression of nature would surely be pelleted with his jeers.

Then, if there be no tangible thing to hoot he feels, perhaps, the desire to confront a personification and indulge in pleas, bowed to one knee, and with hands supplicant, saying: "Yes, but I love myself."

A high cold star on a winter's night is the word he feels that she says to him. Thereafter he knows the pathos of his situation.

The men in the dinghy had not discussed these

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matters, but each had, no doubt, reflected upon them in silence and according to his mind. There was seldom any expression upon their faces save the general one of complete weariness. Speech was devoted to the business of the boat.

To chime the notes of his emotion, a verse mysteriously entered the correspondent's head. He had even forgotten this verse, but it suddenly was in his mind.

"A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was a lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, and he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: 'I never more shall see my own, my native land.'"

In his childhood, the correspondent had been made acquainted with the fact that a soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, but he had never regarded the fact as important. Myriads of his schoolfellows had informed him of the soldier's plight, but the dinning had naturally ended by making him perfectly indifferent. He had never considered it his affair that a soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, nor had it appeared to him as a matter for sorrow. It was less to him than the breaking of a pencil's point.

Now, however, it quaintly came to him as a human, living thing. It was no longer merely a picture of a few throes in the breast of a poet, meanwhile drinking tea and warming his feet at the grate; it was an actuality—stern, mournful, and fine.

The correspondent plainly saw the soldier. He lay on the sand with his feet straight and still. While his pale left hand was upon his chest in an attempt to thwart the going of his life, the blood came between his fingers. In the far Algerian distance, a city of low square forms was set against a sky that was faint with the last sunset hues. The correspondent, plying the oars and dreaming of the slow and slower movements of the lips of the soldier, was moved by a profound and perfectly impersonal comprehension. He was sorry for the soldier of the Legion who lay dying in Algiers.

The thing which had followed the boat and waited, had evidently grown bored at the delay. There was no longer to be heard the slash of the cut-water, and there was no longer the flame of the long trail. The light in the north still glimmered, but it was apparently no nearer to the boat. Sometimes the boom of the surf rang in the correspondent's ears, and he turned the craft seaward then and rowed harder. Southward, someone had evidently built a watch-fire on the beach. It was too low and too far to be seen, but it made a shimmering roseate reflection upon the bluff back of it, and this could be discerned from the boat. The wind came stronger, and sometimes a wave suddenly raged out like a mountain cat, and there was to be seen the sheen and sparkle of a broken crest.

The captain, in the bow, moved on his water-jar and sat erect. "Pretty long night," he observed to the correspondent. He looked at the shore. "Those life-saving people take their time."

"Did you see that shark playing around?"

"Yes, I saw him. He was a big fellow, all right."

"Wish I had known you were awake."

Later the correspondent spoke into the bottom of the boat.

"Billie!" There was a slow and gradual disentanglement. "Billie, will you spell me?"

"Sure," said the oiler.

As soon as the correspondent touched the cold comfortable sea water in the bottom of the boat, and had huddled close to the cook's life-belt, he was deep in sleep, despite the fact that his teeth played all the popular airs. This sleep was so good to him that it was but a moment before he heard a voice call his name in a tone that demonstrated the last stages of exhaustion. "Will you spell me?"

"Sure, Billie."

The light in the north had mysteriously vanished, but the correspondent took his course from the wide-awake captain.

Later in the night they took the boat farther out to sea, and the captain directed the cook to take one oar at the stern and keep the boat facing the seas. He was to call out if he should hear the thunder of the surf. This plan enabled the oiler and the correspondent to get respite together. "We'll give those boys a chance to get into shape again," said the captain. They curled down and, after a few preliminary chatterings and trembles, slept once more the dead sleep. Neither knew they had bequeathed to the cook the company of another shark, or perhaps the same shark.

As the boat caroused on the waves, spray occasionally bumped over the side and gave them a fresh soaking, but this had no power to break their repose. The ominous slash of the wind and the water affected them as it would have affected mummies.

"Boys," said the cook, with the notes of every reluctance in his voice, "she's drifted in pretty close. I guess one of you had better take her to sea again." The correspondent, aroused, heard the crash of the toppled crests.

As he was rowing, the captain gave him some whisky and water, and this steadied the chills out of him. "If I ever get ashore and anybody shows me even a photograph of an oar . . ."

At last there was a short conversation.

"Billie . . . Billie, will you spell me?"

"Sure," said the oiler.

When the correspondent again opened his eyes, the sea and the sky were each of the gray hue of the dawning. Later, carmine and gold were painted upon the waters. The morning appeared finally in its splendor, with a sky of pure blue, and the sunlight flamed on the tips of the waves.

On the distant dunes were set many little black cottages, and a tall white windmill reared above them. No man, nor dog, nor bicycle appeared on the beach. The cottages might have formed a deserted village.

The voyagers scanned the shore. A conference was held in the boat. "Well," said the captain, "if no help is coming we might better try a run through the surf right away. If we stay out here much longer we will be too weak to do anything for ourselves at all." The others silently acquiesced in this reasoning. The boat was headed for the beach. The correspondent wondered if none ever ascended the tall wind-tower,

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and if then they never looked seaward. This tower was a giant, standing with its back to the plight of the ants. It represented in a degree, to the correspondent, the serenity of nature amid the struggles of the individual—nature in wind, and nature in the vision of men. She did not seem cruel to him then, nor beneficent, nor treacherous, nor wise. But she was indifferent, flatly indifferent. It is, perhaps, plausible that a man in this situation, impressed with the unconcern of the universe, should see the innumerable flaws of his life, and have them taste wickedly in his mind and wish for another chance. A distinction between right and wrong seems absurdly clear to him, then, in this new ignorance of the grave-edge, and he understands that if he were given another opportunity he would mend his conduct and his words, and be better and brighter during an introduction or at a tea.

Woodcut by James C. Reid

"Come to the boat," called the captain.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "she is going to swamp sure. All we can do is to work her in as far as possible, and then when she swamps pile out and scramble for the beach. Keep cool now, and don't jump until she swamps."

The oiler took the oars. Over his shoulders he scanned the surf. "Captain," he said, "I think I'd better bring her about, and keep her head-on to the seas and back her in."

"All right, Billie," said the captain. "Back her in." The oiler swung the boat then and, seated in the stern, the cook and the correspondent were obliged to look over their shoulders to contemplate the lonely and indifferent shore.

The monstrous in-shore rollers heaved the boat high until the men were again enabled to see the white sheets of water scudding up the slanted beach. "We won't get in very close," said the captain. Each time a man could wrest his attention from the rollers, he turned his glance toward the shore, and in the expression of his eyes during this contemplation there was a singular quality. The correspondent, observing the others, knew that they were not afraid, but the full meaning of their glances was shrouded.

As for himself, he was too tired to grapple fundamentally with the fact. He tried to coerce his mind into thinking of it, but the mind was dominated at this time by the muscles, and the muscles said they did not care. It merely occurred to him that if he should drown it would be a shame.

There were no hurried words, no pallor, no plain agitation. The men simply looked at the shore. "Now, remember to get well clear of the boat when you jump," said the captain.

Seaward the crest of a roller suddenly fell with a thunderous crash, and the long white comber came roaring down upon the boat.

"Steady now!" said the captain. The men were silent. They turned their eyes from the shore to the comber and waited. The boat slid up the incline, leaped at the furious top, bounced over it, and swung down the long back of the wave. Some water had been shipped and the cook bailed it out.

But the next crest crashed also. The tumbling, boiling flood of white water caught the boat and whirled it almost perpendicular. Water swarmed in from all sides. The correspondent had his hands on the gunwale at this time, and when the water entered at that place he swiftly withdrew his fingers, as if he objected to wetting them.

The little boat, drunken with this weight of water, reeled and snuggled deeper into the sea.

"Bail her out, cook! Bail her out."

"All right, Captain," said the cook.

"Now boys, the next one will do for us sure," said the oiler. "Jump clear of the boat."

The third wave moved forward, huge, furious, implacable. It fairly swallowed the dinghy, and almost simultaneously the men tumbled into the sea. A piece of life-belt had lain in the bottom of the boat, and as the correspondent went overboard he held this to his chest with his left hand.

The January water was icy, and he reflected immediately that it was colder than he had expected to find it on the coast of Florida. This appeared to his dazed mind as a fact important enough to be noted at the time. The coldness of the water was sad; it was tragic. The fact was somehow so mixed with his opinion of his own situation that it seemed almost a proper reason for tears. The water was cold.

When he came to the surface he was conscious of little but the noisy water. Afterward he saw his companions in the sea. The oiler was ahead in the race. He was swimming strongly and rapidly. Off to the correspondent's left, the cook's great white and corked back bulged out of the water, and in the rear the captain was hanging with his one good hand to the keel of the overturned dinghy.

There is a certain immovable quality to a shore, and the correspondent wondered at it amid the confusion of the sea.

It seemed also very attractive, but the correspondent knew that it was a long journey, and he paddled leisurely. The piece of life-preserver lay under him, and sometimes he whirled down the incline of a wave as if he were on a hand-sled.

But finally he arrived at a place in the sea where

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travel was beset with difficulty. He did not pause swimming to inquire what manner of current had caught him, but there his progress ceased. The shore was set before him like a bit of scenery on a stage, and he looked at it and understood each detail of it.

As the cook passed, much farther to the left, the captain was calling to him, "Turn over on your back, cook! Turn over on your back and use the oar."

"All right, sir." The cook turned on his back, and, paddling with an oar, went ahead as if he were a canoe.

Presently the boat also passed to the left of the correspondent with the captain clinging with one hand to the keel. He would have appeared like a man raising himself to look over a board fence, if it were not for the extraordinary gymnastics of the boat. The correspondent marveled that the captain could still hold to it.

They passed on, nearer to shore—the oiler, the cook, the captain—and following them went the water-jar, bouncing gaily over the seas.

The correspondent remained in the grip of this strange new enemy—a current. The shore, with its white slope of sand and its green bluff, topped with little silent cottages, was spread like a picture before him. It was very near to him then, but he was impressed as one who in a gallery looks at a scene from Brittany or Holland.

He thought: "I am going to drown! Can it be possible? Can it be possible?" Perhaps an individual must consider his own death to be the final phenomenon of nature.

But later a wave perhaps whirled him out of this small, deadly current, for he found suddenly that he could again make progress toward the shore. Later still, he was aware that the captain, clinging with one hand to the keel of the dinghy, had his face turned away from the shore and toward him, and was calling his name. "Come to the boat! Come to the boat!"

In his struggle to reach the captain and the boat, he reflected that when one gets properly wearied, drowning must really be a comfortable arrangement, a cessation of hostilities accompanied by a large degree of relief, and he was glad of it, for the main thing in his mind for some months had been horror of the temporary agony. He did not wish to be hurt.

Presently he saw a man running along the shore. He was undressing with most remarkable speed. Coat, trousers, shirt, everything flew magically off him.

"Come to the boat," called the captain.

"All right, Captain." As the correspondent paddled, he saw the captain let himself down to bottom and leave the boat. Then the correspondent performed his one little marvel of the voyage. A large wave caught him and flung him with ease and supreme speed completely over the boat and far beyond it. It struck him even then as an event in gymnastics, and a true miracle of the sea. An overturned boat in the surf is not a plaything to a swimming man.

THE CORRESPONDENT arrived in water that reached only to his waist, but his condition did not enable him to stand for more than a moment. Each wave knocked him into a heap, and the undertow pulled at him.

Then he saw the man who had been running and undressing, and undressing and running, come bounding into the water. He dragged ashore the cook, and then waded toward the captain, but the captain waved him away, and sent him to the correspondent. He was naked, naked as a tree in winter, but a halo was about his head, and he shone like a saint. He gave a strong pull, and a long drag, and a bully heave at the correspondent's hand. The correspondent, schooled in the minor formulæ, said: "Thanks, old man." But suddenly the man cried: "What's that?" He pointed a swift finger. The correspondent said: "Go."

In the shallows, face downward, lay the oiler. His forehead touched sand that was periodically, between each wave, clear of the sea.

The correspondent did not know all that transpired afterward. When he achieved safe ground he fell, striking the sand with each particular part of his body. It was as if he had dropped from a roof, but the thud was grateful.

It seems that instantly the beach was populated with men with blankets, clothes, and flasks, and women with coffee-pots and all the remedies sacred to their minds. The welcome of the land to the men from the sea was warm and generous, but a still and dripping shape was carried slowly up the beach, and the land's welcome for it could only be the different and sinister hospitality of the grave.

When it came night, the white waves paced to and fro in the moonlight, and the wind brought the sound of the great sea's voice to the men on shore, and they felt they could then be interpreters.

A Rule *of* Life

"IF YOU WANT to annoy an opponent thoroughly, and even to harm him," said a crafty old knave to me, "you reproach him with a very defect or vice you are conscious of in yourself. Be indignant . . . and reproach him!

"To begin with, it will set others thinking you have not that vice.

"In the second place, your indignation may well be sincere. . . . You can turn to account the pricks of your own conscience.

"If you, for instance, are a turncoat, reproach your opponent with having no convictions!

"If you are yourself slavish at heart, tell him reproachfully that he is slavish . . . the slave of civilization, of Europe, of Socialism!"

"One might even say, the slave of anti-slavishness," I suggested.

"You might even do that," assented the cunning knave.

TURGENIEV.

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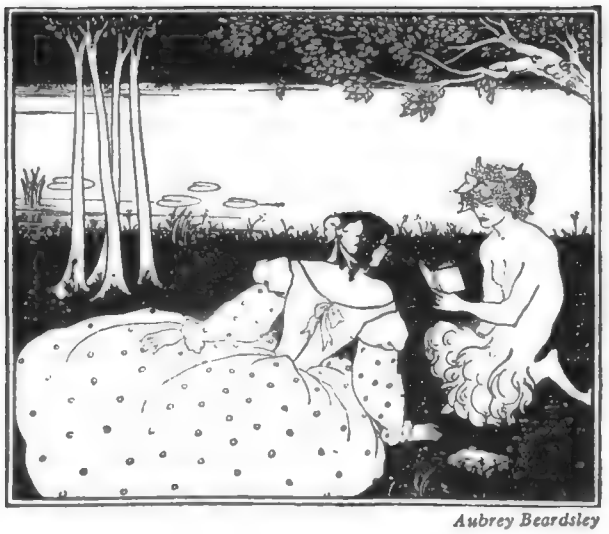
Hors-d'oeuvres from the Newest Books



Aubrey Beardsley

Decay Stalks in the Night

In the big house all were asleep. . . . Twelve human beings and four keen dogs.

But there was something that did not sleep. Something that glided stealthily about the house. . . .

Outside, the Rhine flowed past the garden. He swelled his walled-in breast, looked into the sleeping villas, pressed closely against the old Custom House. Tomcats and tibcats slunk through the bushes, spat, bit and clawed, flew at each other with hot sparkling eyes. And from far away to the rear, out of the city, sounded the wild songs of drunken students. . . .

Something crept around the white house on the Rhine. Something slunk through the garden, past the broken benches and the lame stools, and paused for a moment to look with approval on the sabbatical pranks of the frenzied cats. . . .

It climbed about the house. Scratched the walls with a hard nail so that the stucco fell clinking to the ground. It rapped lightly at the doors, too, so that they shivered slightly, softly. Light as the wind.

Now it was inside. It shuffled over all the stairs, crept cautiously through all the rooms. Stood still, and looked around, smiling to itself.

. . . An entity went gliding through the quiet house. And wherever it went, there something broke. A very slight breakage, an almost infinitesimal crack. But again and again, time after time.

Wherever it went a tiny noise sprang out into the night. A plank creaked out loud, a nail loosened, or an old piece of furniture gave slightly beneath the weight of years. Or perhaps it was a warped drawer that squeaked, or a strange clinking that rose and passed like a breeze down the priceless set of wine glasses.

Everything was asleep in the big house on the Rhine. Except the strange entity that glided about with cat-like stealth. . . .

Alraune. Hanns Heinz Ewers. (S. Guy Endore)

Theodore Roosevelt and His Youngsters

We strove, at various times, to impress our faces upon all Washington, from the back-facing seat of the trolley cars, going down Connecticut Avenue, toward Lafayette Park and the White House. As we passed the carriages, we would proceed to make the most enigmatical masks at the occupants, Quentin sometimes sticking his fingers in the corners of his mouth and eyes and pulling out to right and left as though his features were rubber. . . .

The personal characteristics of the countenances we saw in Washington . . . provided us with the best masks for imitation and mockery. One particular model with a square-cut beard was irresistible. On occasion, Quentin would put the back of his hand to his chin, and waggle his fingers to and fro, to imitate the breeze rippling through the hirsute adornment. This personage became outrageously angry, and flushed scarlet across his forehead and exposed cheek bones; but we were yards away from him by the time he rose in his carriage, waving a walking stick. Had the street-car stopped in his vicinity, doubtless he would have struck at us.

We once passed T. R. in his carriage; he was our friend, and we made the worst faces we knew how. He responded immediately, in kind, and as the street-car slowed down, on account of traffic on the tracks ahead, T. R. produced some terrifying and extraordinary grimaces, which were witnessed with the utmost amazement by passengers on the car. As the car halted for the carriage to make a left turn ahead of it, T. R. leaned forward and said, loudly enough to be heard the length of the car, "Quentin Roosevelt, and you other little rascals, I think you have very nearly succeeded in making a fool of me, in public—ordinarily, a rather difficult thing to accomplish. I had the idea of asking you to hop in, and ride the rest of the way with me. On second thought, I have concluded that it is entirely too dangerous for me to be seen with you——"

At this point, the carefully preserved solemnity of Wheeler and Reader, the Presidential coachman and footman, cracked into dazzling white apertures, and the carriage swept away.

The White House Gang. Earle Looker.

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Middle Age Masters the Shrug

Thus, then, the average of human life has been shown in its entirety to every man of forty-five. The verdicts vary; but you may note, even so, that after forty-five the cynic and the pessimist turn unaccountably mellow. Life, it would seem, like a trip to the dentist, is not so very bad, after all, once you have put up with it. Life does not bid fair, to the tiring eyes of forty-five, ever to become a perfect business: and to preserve any especial altruism at forty-five is to present a happily rare case of arrested development. But the point is that when the performance has been witnessed, in its entirety, and with one's own senses, then the average of human life does tend to seem well enough just as it stands. The lying and the mismanagement do not promise ever to be rectified: but that appears hardly an elegaic matter, after all; for middle age, I repeat, has mastered that invaluable gesture which is known as a shrug.

Such is the discovery made by all men at forty-five or thereabouts: such, in any case, is the eternal crux between middle age and youth. Youth is credulous in many matters, but upon one single issue youth stays as iron and granite; youth does not even believe that life serves well enough just as it stands. To believe that such is just possibly the case remains the attested hall-mark of middle life. . . . Thereafter optimism develops insidiously: and the most of us sink, cackling thinly, into an amiable senescence.

The Way of Ecben. James Branch Cabell.

A Last Stand in the Retreat From Moscow

Just then cannon shots were heard firing from either bank, and the terrible news spread like wildfire along the bridge: "Tchichagov, Wittgenstein!" Cannon balls whizzed overhead and began to drop into the crowd. Frantic with terror, people trampled one another, fought and threw each other into the river. Soldiers hacked a way for themselves with swords and bayonets, and the corpses of the suffocated floated downstream standing upright as if alive.

Men became beasts. Yet here too deeds of noble self-sacrifice shone like stars in a dark night. Men gave way to women, adults to children; those who themselves were doomed, saved the perishing. . . . The guns rolled over human bodies. The cracking of the ice-floes in the water mingled with the crunching of broken bones on the blood-soaked bridge.

Men hung over the water, clinging to the bridge by one hand until it was crushed under a wheel, then fell into the river.

The air resounded with unhuman yells, groans, curses, prayers, and from afar came the echo: "*Vive l'Empereur!*" like the despairing cry of souls in hell to their Redeemer.

Next spring the governor of Minsk caused twenty-four thousand corpses to be collected and burned at Studenka. While ten years later, so the story ran, the fisher folk on the Berezina River still came across little islands with mounds formed of French bones clotted together with slime and overgrown with forget-me-nots.

The Life of Napoleon. Dmitri S. Merezhkovsky (Zvegintzov).

All in the Day's Work of a Windjammer

A shudder ran through the *Bougainville's* frame. A sepulchral wail chilled the air. The old barque quivered like an old maid seeing a ghost. Then, staggering as though about to capsize and shipping water over the rail, she plunged into the fray. The wind by this time was blowing fiercely. Rain like hailstones pattered down upon our faces.

"Keep her close, my hearties!" sang out the skipper.

Clutching the rail away upon the weather side with both arms, I propped myself with the right leg upon the mooring bits. I had the queer feeling of being clear of the ship and yet a part of it. . . .

Both the skipper and the *Bougainville* had experienced countless tussels of this sort in their long careers. They seemed to understand one another. Not a muscle of the Captain's face moved; not a rope of the barque gave way. For every tricky gust and every artful wave, this pair had a counter move. Step by step, and blow by blow, they fought with the spirit to win. Like the champions they were, they battled nature to a standstill.

With a final and futile imprecation, the squall rushed on its way. The merry sailors hoisted home the main t'gallant sails. The roaring aloft ceased, the martial air changed to a lullaby. The clouds parted and once more the sun poured down its burning beams.

Windjamming to Fiji. Viola Irene Cooper.

The Gambling of the Lambs

Only one fellow I know got a lucky break in the panic. That was my uncle. He died in September, B. C.—Before the Crash. Poor fellow! He had a blood pressure of 160, and when it reached 250 he tried to split it four for one.

I was sitting in a Wall Street restaurant during these stirring times when a speculator rushed in and ordered oysters, soup, steak, coffee, and cake. While the order was being placed he rushed feverishly over to the stock ticker to see how the market was going.

"Cancel the oysters!" he yelled." Again he turned to the ticker. "Cancel the soup!" he cried." Another look, and he shouted: "Cancel the steak!"

As he watched the prices tumbling, he cried: "That goes for the coffee and cake, too!"

The customer finally finished up by asking for a glass of water and an aspirin.

Caught Short! Eddie Cantor.

[The Golden Book *Editorial Department, as a service to readers, will be glad to furnish information as to publisher, price, etc., of any volume mentioned here.*]

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Two Passengers for Chelsea

A witty comedy about one of the fascinating married couples of history—Thomas Carlyle and his peppery Jane

By O. W. Firkins

CHARACTERS

Mr. William Bingham Baring (*heir to the Ashburton peerage*).
Lady Harriet Baring (*his wife*).
Jane Welsh Carlyle.
Thomas Carlyle.
Giuseppe Mazzini.
Alfred Tennyson.
Richard Monckton Milnes.
Travers Mildmay.
Charles Buller.
Footman.

(*The action takes place at Addiscombe Farm, a Baring estate in the Croydon suburb of London, between ten and half-past eleven of a bright May morning in the year 1847. The morning room at Addiscombe Farm, on which the curtain rises, is large and long, furnished in dark oak, with pictures and bronzes. The middle section, which is frowned upon by a huge old fireplace and chimneypiece in the back wall, is somber enough to be just perceptibly avoided by the guests, but the two ends of the room are very cheerful. That at the spectator's right looks out from the deep recesses of a sixteenth-century bow window upon a broad sweep of undulating landscape, while the view to the left is stopped by garden trees and shrubs in the luxuriance of bright leaf and early blossom. The entrances are in the back wall near the corners, right and left. At the left entrance* Jane Carlyle *appears, followed by* Thomas.)

Jane Carlyle—Thomas, you shouldn't have eaten that cherry tart.

Carlyle—At great houses, my dear, one eats the wrong thing while one waits for the right one. At the moment nothing was in sight but cherry tart. The edible universe was reduced for the time being to cherry tart, and I—I was hungry.

(*He takes easy chair, left.*)

Jane Carlyle (*at the window, left, looking out*)—Thomas, save the universe for Cheyne Row. I am thinking of your stomach.

Carlyle—I was thinking of my hunger.

Jane Carlyle—That is unimportant. With Cerberus in a man's inside——

Carlyle—They fed honey cakes to Cerberus.

Jane Carlyle—I know—when they wanted to go down into hell.

Carlyle—Ye know the classics—to their depths, Jane.

Jane Carlyle—As for visiting hell, Thomas, I need no help from the classics. I can go down there in my own person—or in yours.

Carlyle (*not ungenially*)—We have had our travels, Jeannie—in all quarters.

Jane Carlyle (*hands on chair-back, facing* Thomas)—And I have to leave you here to contend all by yourself with the enticements of cherry tart and——

Carlyle—And what?

Jane Carlyle (*repressing an impulse to specify*)—Nothing else. Cherry tart is quite enough for a feeble man like you to contend with. (*With a slightly noticeable carelessness*) You *are* staying?

Carlyle—Perhaps. She wishes it.

Jane Carlyle (*with pointed innocence*)—She?

Carlyle (*falling, as often, into voluntary dialect*)—Dinna play the fool, Jane. It's a part Nature has not qualified ye for.

Jane Carlyle (*very urbanely*)—I understand, my dear. There is a time in a man's relations with a woman when "She" becomes a proper name. But I didn't know you'd reached that point with Lady Harriet.

Carlyle—As for that, there's a point in a man's relations with a woman when the pronoun "She" becomes a coronet. Ye should know that yourself.

(*He speaks bluffly, as if to excuse the blandness of the words.*)

Jane Carlyle—Thank you, Thomas. I begin to think cherry tart agrees with you.

Carlyle—She wants *you* to stay, too.

Jane Carlyle—She? (*Feigning to bethink herself*) Oh, yes. But I really must go back to Chelsea, that is, if I can find a carriage, or a dog cart, or a wheelbarrow to take me to the station. One can trust to nothing in a house like this. They put heliotropes in your bedroom and forget the soap.

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CARLYLE—Ay, giddypates, featherheads, all of them. (*Enter* FOOTMAN, *right, with the "Times."*)

FOOTMAN (*offering paper to* JANE CARLYLE)—*Times*, Madam? (*He goes out.*)

JANE CARLYLE—Will you have the *Times*, Thomas?

CARLYLE (*reaching for it*)—Why not?

JANE CARLYLE—Because you never read it at Chelsea—in the morning.

CARLYLE—A man's mornings in his own house are serious, Jane, but here!—the *Times* fits like a knick-knack on an *étagère*. Besides, it shuts out the company. Is that somebody coming?

(*He hastily screens his face with the unfolded "Times."*)

JANE CARLYLE (*seating herself near* THOMAS, *and speaking low*)—It is Mr. Travers Mildmay.

(CARLYLE *mutters something between a grunt and a moan. Enter at right,* MR. TRAVERS MILDMAY, *young, scrupulously dressed, sometimes tongue-tied, sometimes blunt.*)

TRAVERS MILDMAY—Good morning, Mrs. Carlyle. (JANE CARLYLE *bows graciously.*) Good morning, sir. (CARLYLE *growls an inarticulate response.*) A fine day.

CARLYLE—Fire-new from the old mint.

TRAVERS MILDMAY (*at a loss*)—Sir?

CARLYLE—The morning's a coin, I say, sterling metal, with the king's head stamped on it.

TRAVERS MILDMAY (*still at a loss*)—I suppose so.

JANE CARLYLE—You must excuse my husband, Mr. Mildmay. It isn't insanity; it's cherry tart. He has had too good a breakfast.

TRAVERS MILDMAY—Does that make him . . .

JANE CARLYLE—Yes, it makes him lyrical. Let us hope that poetry will be the only consequence. At home, now, where he eats bread and butter, he is fairly rational.

TRAVERS MILDMAY—I should enjoy talking to literary men—if they'd only talk like other people.

JANE CARLYLE—Try before breakfast, Mr. Mildmay.

TRAVERS MILDMAY—The breakfasts here are very irregular.

JANE CARLYLE—There is system under it, Mr. Mildmay. Each rank breakfasts at its own hour. The peasantry break their fast at nine.

CARLYLE (*not to* MILDMAY, *but dispersedly to the walls and furniture*)—That's for me. She's a doctor's lass.

JANE CARLYLE—The commoners breakfast at half-past nine; the minor gentry at a quarter-past ten; and the earls and marquises at eleven. The earliest arrivals in England come last to the breakfast room. (*Demurely*) Have you breakfasted, Mr. Mildmay?

TRAVERS MILDMAY—Half an hour ago.

CARLYLE (*in a moment's truce with* TRAVERS MILDMAY)—That puts ye down with us.

TRAVERS MILDMAY (*with an air of achievement*)—That's high enough.

CARLYLE (*again putting up the "Times" as a breastwork*)—Humph!

TRAVERS MILDMAY (*glancing out of the window*)—Mr. Tennyson is coming in.

JANE CARLYLE—Is Mr. Tennyson up?

TRAVERS MILDMAY—Yes. He breakfasted with me.

CARLYLE—Another peasant, Jane.

JANE CARLYLE—Oh, we can't hold Mr. Tennyson to any rule. Poets are the most simple-hearted creatures. For them morning begins at daybreak.

(*Enter, at left,* ALFRED TENNYSON, *thirty-eight years old, large, a little stooping, lazily majestic, good-humoredly saturnine, with a lounging stateliness of gait. He comes over to* JANE CARLYLE *and* MILDMAY, *exchanging nods of succinct cordiality with* CARLYLE.)

ALFRED TENNYSON (*to* JANE CARLYLE)—Good morning.

JANE CARLYLE—Good morning, Mr. Tennyson. You come from the garden, I see. Have you been teaching the thrushes music?

ALFRED TENNYSON—No. (*Pause.*) I should as soon think of teaching—felicity—to Mrs. Carlyle.

(*He has, in the slow utterance of this compliment, the effect of a half-skilled navigator bringing to port a heavy cargo through a choppy sea.*)

JANE CARLYLE—You are turning courtier, too?

CARLYLE (*sunk in his chair and in the "Times"*)—His pension has corrupted him.

ALFRED TENNYSON (*who has seated himself, while* MILDMAY, *feeling a little neglected, moves off to the other end of the room*)—You know who got me that pension?

CARLYLE—How should I know who gives pensions?

ALFRED TENNYSON (*in his ruminative bass*)—You know Richard Milnes, don't you?

CARLYLE (*the "Times" on his knees*)—Ay, I know Milnes, God forgive me for including such a popinjay in my acquaintance.

ALFRED TENNYSON (*fixing his eyes on* CARLYLE)—Who spoke to Milnes?

CARLYLE (*letting the paper fall to the ground*)—Who spoke to Milnes? Heavens, man, do you think I keep a register of all the simpletons in the British Isles under my forehead?

JANE CARLYLE—Don't mind him, Mr. Tennyson. That is just his way of saying that Milnes is a very decent fellow, and so he is.

(*Enter, at left,* RICHARD MILNES, *well dressed, smiling, with a social ease that finds vent alternately in stingless cynicism and unfeigned kindness.*)

RICHARD MILNES—Who is that saying that I am a very decent fellow?

CARLYLE—Not me, Richard, God be praised! I ha'ena that load upon my conscience.

RICHARD MILNES—It wasn't your voice, I think, Tennyson.

ALFRED TENNYSON (*sincerely*)—It wasn't my voice, Milnes; though it expressed my feeling.

RICHARD MILNES—Then it comes home to you, Mrs. Carlyle.

JANE CARLYLE—I was just explaining to Mr. Tennyson that my husband has his own way of expressing fondness. When he says: "The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon" all he means is: "Sit down, my dear fellow, and have another pipe."

CARLYLE—D'ye hear what comes frae the creature? And men marry the jades, knowing all the while that they have tongues!

(*He resumes the "Times" as if in renunciation of human society from that time forward.*)

JANE CARLYLE—Sit down, Mr. Milnes, unless you

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want to go into the garden. Mr. Tennyson has been out already listening to the thrushes.

ALFRED TENNYSON (*simply*)—I went out to smoke.

JANE CARLYLE (*with a disdainful gesture*)—Ah, these poets! Their trade is disenchantment.

RICHARD MILNES—I know Lady Harriet is inexorable on tobacco. But I will sit down, Mrs. Carlyle, since I don't feel any great need either of smoke or thrushes, or other extraneous things, at this moment.

(*He takes a chair, and settles himself comfortably.*)

JANE CARLYLE—You look ridiculously cheerful. I believe you slept last night.

RICHARD MILNES—I did. My sleep is masterly.

JANE CARLYLE (*with velvety satire*)—Each of us has his accomplishment, Mr. Milnes.

RICHARD MILNES—Thank you. Are you learning the art of paying compliments from your husband?

(*They both glance at the "Times" behind which* CARLYLE *is ambushed.*)

JANE CARLYLE—No, my wickedness is all original, a poor thing, but mine own. (*She observes the "Times" narrowly.*) My dear, you are reading that paper upside down.

CARLYLE—It's every bit as sensible that way as the other.

JANE CARLYLE (*surprised into familiarity*)—Milnes, I verily believe he put that paper down and took it up wrong side first for the express purpose of making that remark.

(*They wait for a retort, but* CARLYLE *is, or seems, oblivious.*)

RICHARD MILNES (*after a pause, in a low tone, which escapes the confidential*)—Don't you think that Mr. Carlyle reads the world much as he is now reading the *Times?* He holds it upside down and finds it nonsense.

JANE CARLYLE—Exactly. And Mr. Carlyle means to turn the world upside down and find the sense in it.

RICHARD MILNES—The rest of us find it fairly sensible as it is.

JANE CARLYLE—That is because you are standing on your heads to read it. You don't expect Mr. Carlyle to stand on his head, do you?

RICHARD MILNES (*laughing*)—No, we don't expect that.

(*Enter, at right,* LADY HARRIET BARING, *a regal woman, with a fine, dashing geniality, convertible at the shortest notice into authority or disdain.*)

LADY HARRIET (*speaking to persons without*)—Where is Charles Buller? Such a man! When Charles Buller is wanted for Addiscombe, he is almost undiscoverable, and when we have him at Addiscombe, he simply cannot be discovered at all.

VOICE OFF STAGE—Mr. Buller has gone for a ride, Lady Harriet.

LADY HARRIET—He leaves us for our horses. I always said he could discriminate. Come in, both of you. (GIUSEPPE MAZZINI, *melancholy and brooding enthusiast, enters the room, followed by* MR. BARING. MILDMAY *is already on his feet;* MILNES *and* TENNYSON *have risen on* LADY HARRIET'S *entrance;* CARLYLE *pointedly keeps his seat.* LADY HARRIET *includes the whole company in a bright nod, then turns to whisper an aside to* MR. BARING)—That young Mildmay is sulking in a corner. He mustn't be allowed to get peevish. Go to him, William. Convince him that he is somebody. Two minutes will do it. (MR. BARING *moves toward* MILDMAY, *whom he engages in a quiet conversation, while* MAZZINI, *following* LADY HARRIET *at a rather cautious distance, crosses to left stage.* LADY HARRIET *continues*)—Mr. Milnes, you are blooming as usual. Mr. Tennyson, we saw you from our upper windows in the garden at a legendary hour. Mr. Carlyle, I'm sorry I can't thank you for rising to greet your hostess when she enters her morning room, but I am glad that you appreciate my chairs.

CARLYLE (*getting up in a perfectly deliberate and unembarrassed fashion*)—I am on my feet, not for the lady, but——

LADY HARRIET (*peremptorily*)—For what, then?

CARLYLE—For the woman.

LADY HARRIET—That deserves any reward—even a chair. Sit down, Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Milnes, Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Mazzini. I hate to see a man idle on his feet. *The men seat themselves, while* LADY HARRIET *approaches* JANE CARLYLE.) Let us look at this woman.

JANE CARLYLE—Am I to get up, too?

LADY HARRIET—If you please, my dear. I can't inspect you in that retirement. (JANE CARLYLE *rises with mock dudgeon, and offers herself to* LADY HARRIET'S *imperious scrutiny*)—Mrs. Carlyle, you outshine us all. With that color in your face you will not venture to tell me that you have not slept.

JANE CARLYLE—I'm sure the color is much obliged to you.

LADY HARRIET—You have slept, then?

JANE CARLYLE—I slept—in particles.

LADY HARRIET (*to the men*)—I believe the woman falls asleep and dreams that she is awake, and reports her dreams as history the next morning.

RICHARD MILNES—In other words, her sleeplessness is a nightmare.

LADY HARRIET—You put the case with masculine brutality, Mr. Milnes, but you say what I mean.

THOMAS CARLYLE, *great genius and devoted husband, was also a bear, ravaged by dyspepsia and outraged by spring housecleanings. The brilliant and loving Jane was herself tempestuous and far from well. Life at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, was a constant excitement. The manuscript of the "French Revolution" had been accidentally burned and had to be written all over again; Thomas had refused to receive unwelcome callers; as they wrestled with poverty, ideas and ill-health, affection and jesting forbearance would give way to sudden cyclones.*

Mr. Firkins' lively comedy is built on fact. The Barings had been among the first to recognize Carlyle's genius, and Carlyle was their frequent and honored visitor. In fact, according to Jane, Lady Harriet made entirely too much of Thomas ("I am afraid Lady Baring is an arch coquette," she says in a letter). Moreover, Jane knew that she was welcomed at the Barings only for her husband's sake—Carlyle's famous biographer, Froude, tells us—and she was not one to put up meekly with this state of affairs.

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JANE CARLYLE—Men utter the brutalities that women only think; that is why women are so fond of their company.

LADY HARRIET (*to* JANE CARLYLE)—The only really sleepless thing about you is your wit. Its wakefulness is scandalous.

JANE CARLYLE (*her eyes traversing* LADY HARRIET'S *person from foot to forehead*)—It caught the disease at Addiscombe.

LADY HARRIET (*graciously masterful*)—Mrs. Carlyle, have the kindness to remember that I hate flattery.

JANE CARLYLE—I have observed that there are no persons whom it is safer to flatter than those who hate flattery.

LADY HARRIET (*to the company*)—Isn't it provoking that this person has gone and married herself to Mr. Carlyle, and made it indiscreet for me to box her ears?

JANE CARLYLE (*with affected gravity*)—I shouldn't advise you to do that, Lady Harriet, in my husband's presence.

CARLYLE—Eh, Jane, why not?

LADY HARRIET—You think he would defend you?

JANE CARLYLE (*meekly*)—He would defend his prerogatives.

(*This requires some seconds to sink in, but finally scores a general laugh, in which* CARLYLE'S *bass outvoices all the rest.*)

LADY HARRIET—We will give you one more chance to better your record. If you sleep tonight we may possibly forgive you.

(*She sits down, and* JANE CARLYLE, *obeying her signal, sits down by* MAZZINI.)

JANE CARLYLE—I can't sleep here tonight. I am going home by the half-past eleven.

LADY HARRIET—To Chelsea?

JANE CARLYLE—Yes. (*Pause.*) Our villa in the Riviera isn't open.

LADY HARRIET—I ignore your levity. Don't you know that Mr. Carlyle is here?

JANE CARLYLE—Yes, I know that my husband is here, but my house is in Chelsea.

LADY HARRIET—It won't run off, I suppose?

JANE CARLYLE—No, Lady Harriet, but it runs down. A house like ours has to be painted and papered and subjected to various other tortures from time to time, and I—I am the grand inquisitor.

LADY HARRIET—But, Mr. Carlyle tells me that all this doesn't begin till Tuesday.

JANE CARLYLE (*with a peculiar look at her husband*)—Mr. Carlyle is most communicative. It doesn't begin till Tuesday, Lady Harriet, but—I have to break the news to the house.

LADY HARRIET—She thinks her very house has nerves.

JANE CARLYLE—It has.

ALFRED TENNYSON (*with a certain robust shyness*)—Hasn't it some excuse for nervousness?

(*He stops.*)

LADY HARRIET (*with mock severity*)—Proceed.

ALFRED TENNYSON—It has sucked in—a French Revolution.

JANE CARLYLE (*smiling at* TENNYSON)—Not to mention little Reigns of Terror which it sets up on its own account.

LADY HARRIET (*affecting the Titaness*)—Mr. Tennyson, if you are here to abet Mrs. Carlyle——

ALFRED TENNYSON (*with unexpected courage*)—I can't imagine any better reason for being anywhere.

JANE CARLYLE—Alfred, if I do not kiss you for that, it is only in order not to scandalize Lady Harriet.

LADY HARRIET—Mr. Carlyle, I think she should go home.

CARLYLE—Nay, she's but a flighty lass. She would kiss the postman if he brought her a letter she wanted.

RICHARD MILNES—You trust her, then, Mr. Carlyle?

CARLYLE—Divil a bit. I trust Alfred.

LADY HARRIET (*changing the subject with a tactician's quick perception of a check*)—With your nerves, Mrs. Carlyle, I somehow can't see you in a household maelstrom.

JANE CARLYLE—Ah, you see, if one has a hurricane in one's nerves, it is thankful for a little company.

LADY HARRIET (*with entire geniality*)—Then you are quite sure that you want to go and that you don't need Mr. Carlyle's help?

JANE CARLYLE—Lady Harriet, my husband in a domestic squall is about as helpful as a seasick passenger in the cabin is to a skipper on deck in a storm.

CARLYLE (*to* LADY HARRIET)—She should have gone home yesterday.

LADY HARRIET—When Mrs. Carlyle points out the delinquencies in her husband, she reminds me of the woman that swept cobwebs out of the sky.

JANE CARLYLE—Thank you for forgetting that she was an *old* woman, Lady Harriet. No, Mr. Carlyle is literature, and literature at the proper time and place is highly captivating; but literature groaning because its inkstand is in the coalscuttle, literature fuming because its nightgown is in the garret or its toothbrush in the paintpot, is quite another matter. No, it is best that literature stay at Addiscombe. I have already made that suggestion to literature, and literature has listened with the most beautiful docility.

LADY HARRIET (*to* CARLYLE)—Then it is all settled—you will stay?

CARLYLE (*in his large way*)—We shall see.

(*Enter, from the right,* CHARLES BULLER, *over forty, six feet three, flushed with riding, athletic, unabashed, and carelessly good-natured.*)

LADY HARRIET—Charles Buller at last. (BULLER *advances toward his hostess, and kisses her hand with brusque deference.*) Your tardiness has cost you dear, Charles. You have missed some delightful exposures of Mr. Carlyle by his wife and some particularly sharp things that I have told the company about you.

CHARLES BULLER (*who has been scattering nods and handshakes in all directions*)—As to the first loss, Lady Harriet, I am sorry to have missed any abuse of my old tutor (*he nods toward* CARLYLE) or any scintillations from his wife. For the second loss I hope to be compensated in the near future.

LADY HARRIET—You read my intentions perfectly, Charles. It appears you find our horses interesting.

CHARLES BULLER—Engrossingly so.

LADY HARRIET—We have noticed that. Mr. Baring and I are very grateful to our horses. They keep several desirable friends on our visiting list.

CHARLES BULLER—I will not undervalue your horses

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even to flatter the first woman in England, Lady Harriet. Keep your stables, and my heart is yours.

LADY HARRIET—You must come and show yourself to Mr. Baring. You can spare a minute for the lower animals? Come, all of you. (*In the responsive movement which follows,* JANE CARLYLE *and* MAZZINI *are a little slower than the rest, and* LADY HARRIET *gives emphasis, gives, as it were, conclusiveness, to this backwardness by her swift remark*) You two want to stay behind? Please yourselves, by all means.

(*The party moves to the right.* JANE CARLYLE *reseats herself beside* MAZZINI.)

JANE CARLYLE (*tranquilly*)—They have left us to ourselves, Mazzini.

MAZZINI (*simply*)—I am glad to be alone with you.

JANE CARLYLE (*faintly indicating* LADY HARRIET)—You like her, don't you?

MAZZINI—Very much. She is a great lady.

JANE CARLYLE—She is more than that, Mazzini. She is a fine creature.

MAZZINI—That is what Mr. Carlyle likes, I think—the fine creature.

JANE CARLYLE—True, my dear. It is the fine creature that he likes. (*She pauses.*) But he likes *to be liked* by the great lady.

MAZZINI—You English are hard on each other. I sometimes think you do not deserve your liberty. You are hard and greedy—and free. And the races that throb and aspire—they are chained.

JANE CARLYLE—That is true, and you know why, don't you? We English have liberty because we can content ourselves with its prose. You Italians want its poetry, and so——

MAZZINI (*bitterly*)—We do not even get its prose.

JANE CARLYLE—Quite so. Some day you will learn prose from us. Then, perhaps, you will get your Italy.

MAZZINI—It is hard to get what one has never had.

JANE CARLYLE—There is a thing that is still harder, Mazzini: *to get what one has.*

MAZZINI—I do not understand that.

JANE CARLYLE—To get back what one has never lost! But that is foolishness. (*She changes the subject resolutely.*) When do you expect your Italy will wake, Mazzini?

MAZZINI—Who knows? The sleep is drugged; that is the trouble. But I have hope; sometimes I say to myself, next year.

JANE CARLYLE—Have you never feared that Italy's waking might be like——

(*She pauses half repentingly.*)

MAZZINI—Like what?

JANE CARLYLE—Like Juliet's —*in the tomb?*

MAZZINI (*wincing*)—Ah, you are cruel.

JANE CARLYLE—Forgive me. I was thoughtless. I meant nothing. (*There is a burst of laughter from the other group.*) We are quite on the edge of things, Mazzini.

MAZZINI (*trying to smile*)—I am used to exile.

JANE CARLYLE (*reaching for his hand*)—Ah! (*Pause.*) Well, let her exile us, if she chooses. She is a queenly woman.

MAZZINI—I am glad she is not a queen.

JANE CARLYLE (*looking at him curiously*)—Why?

MAZZINI (*simply*)—She would make it hard to be a revolutionist.

JANE CARLYLE (*with a faint edge in her voice*)—You feel that way about her?

MAZZINI—Yes, don't you? You called her a fine creature just now.

JANE CARLYLE—Oh yes, that. It is easy to offer praise, Mazzini. The hard thing is to agree to it.

MAZZINI (*very simply*)—I do not understand women.

JANE CARLYLE—Neither do I. (*She looks toward the other group.*) Is that Mr. Travers Mildmay actually detaching himself from Lady Harriet? I believe he is coming to us.

TRAVERS MILDMAY (*slightly fatigued and discontented*)—May I sit down here, Mrs. Carlyle?

JANE CARLYLE—By all means. In this out-of-the-way district we pine for despatches from the capital.

TRAVERS MILDMAY (*perfectly blank*)—Ah!

JANE CARLYLE—What are our friends talking about?

TRAVERS MILDMAY—They are talking about the Corn Laws.

JANE CARLYLE—Is Lady Harriet talking about the Corn Laws?

TRAVERS MILDMAY (*ingenuously*)—She is talking more than anyone else.

JANE CARLYLE—Is she really? That must be looked into. You don't care for the Corn Laws, I judge, Mr. Mildmay?

TRAVERS MILDMAY—They may be all right. I don't know. It's hard to feed everybody.

JANE CARLYLE—Mr. Carlyle would begin with the poor.

TRAVERS MILDMAY—It's simpler not to begin.

JANE CARLYLE—Was Lady Harriet supporting the Corn Laws?

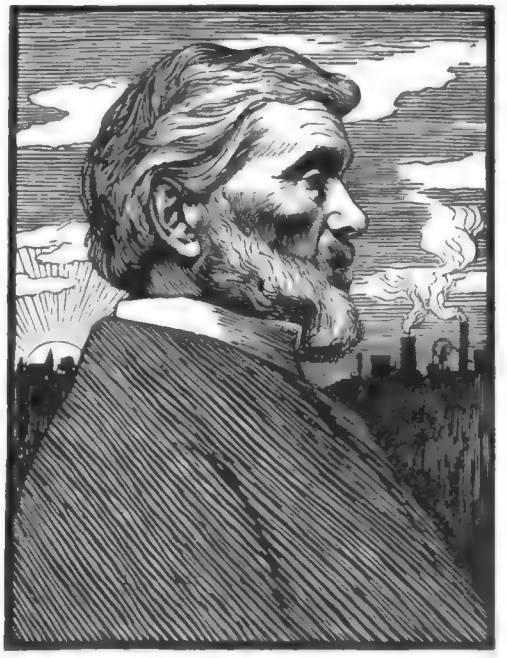
TRAVERS MILDMAY—Yes. She let no one else speak.

JANE CARLYLE—I'm afraid you're not fond of women, Mr. Mildmay.

TRAVERS MILDMAY—I like them well enough—if they'd let a man speak.

JANE CARLYLE—We have another recruit, Mazzini. (CHARLES BULLER *is crossing to the group at left.*) Mr. Buller, have you, too, been sent to Coventry?

CHARLES BULLER (*seating himself easily*)—No, I've fled to Coventry—if this is Coventry. Coventry appears to be a very habitable place. . . . Are you contemplating any experiments in the line of Lady Godiva?



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Thomas Carlyle

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JANE CARLYLE—Mr. Buller, please speak low. I am nearly ruined in Lady Harriet's esteem already. The one thing needed to complete my fall would be the mention of my name in connection with Lady Godiva.

CHARLES BULLER (*easily*)—I fancy Lady Harriet would like to play the part of Lady Godiva herself.

JANE CARLYLE—I fancy she would, but I don't think she would like to see the chance of doing it first snapped up by any other woman. The only proper indecorums are those which begin with the aristocracy.

CHARLES BULLER (*with absolute unconcern*)—Lady Harriet's a nice woman.

JANE CARLYLE—You seem to fight with her a good deal.

CHARLES BULLER—Oh yes, a standing fight is the easiest way to handle such a woman. It saves a man from the sillier sort of nonsense, and it keeps the woman occupied; it keeps her from asking the man to treat her seriously.

JANE CARLYLE—You don't like serious women?

CHARLES BULLER—No, women are bad enough when they are frivolous.

JANE CARLYLE—I believe you are trying to get up a standing fight with me.

CHARLES BULLER—I should enjoy it of all things.

JANE CARLYLE—No, if that is your attitude, it would be sinful to oblige you. I shall leave you no excuse for not treating me seriously—unless, indeed, you want to try me with the sillier sort of nonsense.

CHARLES BULLER (*with a something that might or might not be seriousness*)—Carlyle is a lucky man.

JANE CARLYLE—Tell him so, Mr. Buller, tell him so.

(RICHARD MILNES *leaves the group at the right and crosses to* MRS. CARLYLE *and her companions. From this time on the liveliness transfers itself to the group at left.*)

CHARLES BULLER—Hello, Milnes. Are you an emigrant, too?

JANE CARLYLE (*looking at* LADY HARRIET)—I should call him a refugee.

RICHARD MILNES (*taking a chair*)—Why not a pioneer?

JANE CARLYLE—We hope you'll find the climate bearable. We were very few at first, only Mazzini and I, but we grow, Mr. Milnes, we grow like an American state. (*She looks again at* LADY HARRIET.) We shall brave the mother country some day.

RICHARD MILNES—The Americas have some delightful products.

JANE CARLYLE—You are thinking of Mr. Emerson. That man is so good a picture that it is a pity he is a man. I always wanted to frame him and set him up above the mantelpiece.

MAZZINI—It would be an altarpiece then.

JANE CARLYLE—That is better than my husband's phrase. Carlyle says of him that he sheds light.

CHARLES BULLER—Where did he get his light?

RICHARD MILNES—You aren't looking for any, are you, Buller?

CHARLES BULLER—Not just that kind. It wouldn't help the gloom of Parliament. But where did he get his light? I have always fancied that he filled that pretty agate lamp of his from an overflowing oil well at Craigenputtock.

JANE CARLYLE—He borrowed the oil, perhaps, but I think the fragrance is his own.

RICHARD MILNES—That is it—the fragrance. You feel somehow that incense is always arising from him.

JANE CARLYLE (*after an appreciative pause*)—Richard Milnes, there are times when I forgive people for thinking you intelligent.

RICHARD MILNES—We all rise above ourselves now and then. Mrs. Carlyle is sometimes charitable.

JANE CARLYLE (*satirical again*)—When I rise above myself, Mr. Milnes, I have the grace to relapse. But when you are chidden for wit, you repeat the offense —indelicately.

RICHARD MILNES—Indelicately? I don't see that.

JANE CARLYLE—It is always indelicate to outshine one's neighbors.

RICHARD MILNES (*unguardedly eager*)—I am not the only one.

(*The company laugh.*)

JANE CARLYLE—Confession at last.

LADY HARRIET (*from across the room*)—What are you people laughing at?

JANE CARLYLE—Mr. Milnes has begun to confess his superiorities. We shall have occupation for the whole day.

LADY HARRIET—I advise you to stop at once, Mr. Milnes. Those are the only confessions for which your friends will never absolve you.

RICHARD MILNES—Mrs. Carlyle has made that clear.

JANE CARLYLE—Never mind, Mr. Milnes. I am off by the half-past eleven. I go and leave my character behind me.

RICHARD MILNES—You leave a husband behind you to defend it.

JANE CARLYLE—You remind me of an interesting fact. I have a husband. A husband always defends the wife who has gone away. Out of mere gratitude—*were there nothing else.*

(*The company recognize a phrase of* CARLYLE's, and *the laughter is general.*)

CARLYLE (*who has heard imperfectly*)—Woman! Woman!

JANE CARLYLE (*mimicking a corrected housemaid*)—Sir!

CARLYLE (*quite beaten by the laughter which ensues*)—Gang your gait, hizzie. Ye hae too many abettors in your wickedness. It's nae guid, marryin' 'em. It's like holdin' Ireland. The mair ye have her, the less she minds ye.

(ALFRED TENNYSON *rises with an incidental air and strolls over to the group on the left.*)

JANE CARLYLE—Mr. Tennyson, you are a loiterer. You should have come to us in our destitution.

ALFRED TENNYSON—I wanted to come.

JANE CARLYLE—You are punished for your delay. The only seat now available is this one beside me, which Mr. Milnes and Mr. Buller and Mr. Mildmay have carefully avoided. Mazzini is on my other side, but he's a revolutionist and likes adventure.

ALFRED TENNYSON (*seating himself*)—I like adventure, too.

JANE CARLYLE (*looking at the other group*)—There's only one person left to capture. I should like to annex Mr. Baring. Mr. Carlyle, of course, doesn't count.

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RICHARD MILNES—Why doesn't Mr. Carlyle count!

JANE CARLYLE—A husband is not amenable to capture. If he were——

(*She leaves the sentence unfinished.*)

RICHARD MILNES—I suppose he'd be the supreme conquest.

JANE CARLYLE—Yes, the supreme conquest, Mr. Milnes—the conquest of impossibility. The least attractive woman in the company—to say nothing of the Lady Harriet—can hold the husband against the wife.

ALFRED TENNYSON—Are you sure of that?

JANE CARLYLE—Sure of it? The proof of it is that at this very moment Mr. Baring is getting up and coming over to talk to me. I say "me" because I refuse to believe that so sane a gentleman is coming over to talk to Mr. Buller.

CHARLES BULLER—He's sane enough to follow my example.

(MRS. CARLYLE *rises to greet* MR. BARING, *a grave and courtly man of middle age, essentially modest, but with a slight pomp of station beneath which his inherent modesty is uncomfortable.*)

MR. BARING—Mrs. Carlyle, Lady Harriet and I are very sorry that you insist on leaving us this morning.

JANE CARLYLE—You are most kind, Mr. Baring, and I am very sorry to go. But Cheyne Row is insistent—even more so than Addiscombe. I am leaving my husband behind to tell you how sorry I am that I cannot stay too.

MR. BARING—That does not console Lady Harriet and me for your departure, glad as we are to keep Mr. Carlyle.

JANE CARLYLE (*taking the seat which* MR. BARING, *by a courtly gesture, has invited her to resume, and speaking with much apparent sincerity*)—I am very glad to leave Mr. Carlyle in such excellent and friendly hands. There are very few places where his contentment is even probable. Addiscombe is one.

MR. BARING—We are sorry that you will not add to his contentment and ours—our happiness, I would say (*he is unduly troubled by the trifling inadvertence*)—by staying with us.

JANE CARLYLE—You are both very kind.

CHARLES BULLER (*who has fetched another chair*)—Sit down, Baring. You sha'n't miss the last minutes of Mrs. Carlyle's society. Go on, Mrs. Carlyle. Give Mr. Baring some of those little stabs you've been showering on Milnes and me. The only decent thing you can do now is to prove that your malignity is impartial.

(*The action in this quarter is carried on for some minutes in dumb show, while the center of interest shifts to the other end of the room, where* LADY HARRIET *and* CARLYLE *are left in somewhat obvious intimacy in the farthest recess of the bow window.*)

LADY HARRIET (*impetuously*)—Your wife is a superb woman.

CARLYLE (*tranquilly*)—Men have fared worse in this tickle gear of matrimony.

LADY HARRIET—I could not find a fault in her, except that I dream sometimes that she has lost a little—a very little—of the first edge of her appreciation of you.

CARLYLE—There's edge enough.

LADY HARRIET—That is your admirable comedy. Nothing will ever convince me that your married life is not radiant—consummate.

CARLYLE—There's nae question of convincing. If it weren't—what was that braw word ye used?—consummate, ye'd have to find that out for yourself. Oh, I don't doubt that ye could. Ye're sharp enough.

(*A burst of laughter from the other end of the room draws the eyes of both momentarily to* JANE CARLYLE.)

LADY HARRIET—She holds them all.

CARLYLE—The lass has a spike at the end of her tongue. (*He pauses.*) I wouldna have the spike removed. I should miss the glint on it.

LADY HARRIET—That is what I envy you. You understand each other perfectly.

CARLYLE—Fairly weel, fairly weel. Barrin' the fact that she is a woman, which is a sore disadvantage, and that I am a man, which is a sorer, and that the kind God put a bit of the devil into both of us—doubtless for the furtherance of our mutual understanding—Jeannie and I get on cannily enough. From year's end to year's end it works out not so badly. (*He pauses, then adds*) There's room for many things in a year.

LADY HARRIET—There's room for reality in your year—not in mine.

CARLYLE (*disobligingly*)—Like enough.

LADY HARRIET—I want reality, Mr. Carlyle.

CARLYLE (*whose eyes have been passingly drawn to his wife by another burst of merriment in the distance*)—Jane would say, "Don't you wish you may get it?"

LADY HARRIET (*imperiously*)—Never mind what Jane would say.

CARLYLE (*with sudden energy*)—Mind what I say, then. Realities are no stuff for you. You are a noble seeming, set aloft, majestical, like Artemis on a frieze, worthy of all men's eyes. But, for the doing and the being, for the bread-baking and the bairn-bearing, the first hard-knuckled lass in Dumfries that can barely spell her own name is worth scores of ye. Stay on your frieze, woman, beautiful to men's sight, and let the poor old world's eyes get what good they may of your grace and queenliness. Let that content you, if there's strength in you to be content, and, if that be not granted ye, be dumb.

LADY HARRIET (*a little shaken, but on the whole more pleased at having evoked the cataract than startled by its vehemence*)—Mr. Carlyle, you are the first of men, but I will not be thrust out of my rights as a human being because I am a peer's daughter and may be a peer's wife some day. I hold my own with any milkmaid.

CARLYLE (*grimly*)—Except in the milking.

LADY HARRIET (*with great good humor*)—Come, you shall talk to me, you masterful farmer's son. Tell me what will put meaning, substance, into my life.

CARLYLE (*abruptly concise*)—Study German.

LADY HARRIET—I have told you already that I have no time for learning languages.

CARLYLE—No—only time for putting substance into your life. Ye'll do that while ye're putting on your gloves, nae doubt.

LADY HARRIET—That is a petty gibe, sir. Let me tell you that it takes a long time to do nothing.

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CARLYLE (*drily*)—I have observed that.

LADY HARRIET—The hardest drudgery is drudging at frivolities.

CARLYLE—It's hard work—digging with a feather. I grant ye that.

LADY HARRIET—A man like you doesn't realize the extent to which a life can be empty—and yet crowded.

CARLYLE—And why can I not? Any dolt can see that an empty box—or an empty head, for that matter—takes up as much room as a full one.

LADY HARRIET—You shall not escape me. I don't want metaphors—I want counsel, definite counsel.

CARLYLE (*abruptly concise again*)—Keep a diary.

LADY HARRIET—A diary!

CARLYLE (*his eye attracted to his wife by renewed laughter in the distance*)—You know all the spangles, all the nobodies. Keep a diary. Some day the historian of human folly will be thankful to ye.

LADY HARRIET—I see your drift. You want provender for another Carlyle. There will be no other.

CARLYLE—I do not know that. There might be one honest man in the twentieth century.

LADY HARRIET (*with a deprecatory gesture*)—I can't pin life to a page. I am too impatient.

CARLYLE—Like enough.

LADY HARRIET (*a little sharply*)—Give me some advice that I can take.

CARLYLE—There are only two sorts of advice for a fine woman; the advice that is good for nothing and the advice that she will not take.

LADY HARRIET—Mr. Carlyle, I am a very long-suffering woman; I wish sometimes that I were back in the feudal ages, when a woman in my position could have ordered forty lashes for a man in yours.

CARLYLE—Ye would have been a great lady at any time; but (*he looks at her curiously*) I doubt if I should have cared to see the backs of your bondsmen.

LADY HARRIET—Churl!

(*She stamps her foot, laughs, then holds out her hand.*)

CARLYLE (*taking the hand warmly*)—There are times when I'm nae so sure that ye are na' a great woman, too.

(LADY HARRIET *and* CARLYLE *converse for some minutes in dumb show.*)

JANE CARLYLE—Oh, these differences between husband and wife are much exaggerated. A wife is a convenience; a husband is an inconvenience; it is only the difference of a prefix.

RICHARD MILNES—You should be the last person to say that, Mrs. Carlyle.

JANE CARLYLE—And why, Mr. Milnes?

RICHARD MILNES—You have married into the firmament, so to speak!

JANE CARLYLE—Into the firmament! How delightful! (*To* TENNYSON) Is he thinking of the Great Bear?

MR. BARING (*seriously*)—It seems strange that anyone should know Carlyle well enough to say that.

JANE CARLYLE (*respectfully*)—Use and wont, Mr. Baring—it works marvels.

RICHARD MILNES—Even at a distance the thought of use and wont in relation to genius seems almost paradoxical, and when one thinks of living like Mrs. Carlyle, day after day, with the paradox at one's elbow——

(*He pauses to measure the idea.*)

JANE CARLYLE—Oh, one takes the genius in sections, Mr. Milnes. He takes himself in sections. That's his recipe for living.

RICHARD MILNES—I suppose in a less degree there's the same confusion in all of us. It's a long road from our toothpicks to our prayer-books.

CHARLES BULLER—Yes, if we read our prayer-books. Tennyson, how do you reconcile the Muses to your pipe?

ALFRED TENNYSON—They seem to like it.

RICHARD MILNES—Considering the fact that the Muses are ladies and that they were brought up in Greece, where nobody smoked, they have an astonishing indulgence for tobacco.

JANE CARLYLE—That reminds me that, since Mr. Tennyson has been sitting by me, I have been visited by hallucinations in my nose. I have dreamed of odors from the spicy shore of Araby the Blest—or what shore is it, Mr. Tennyson? If Lady Harriet's eye were not upon me, I should certainly investigate the contents of this pocket next me.

ALFRED TENNYSON—The pocket would be grateful.

JANE CARLYLE—No, Mr. Tennyson, Lady Harriet would not approve. I renounce the satisfaction of my curiosity—unless, indeed, Mr. Buller——

CHARLES BULLER—By all means.

(*He reaches across and draws from Tennyson's pocket a well-browned meerschaum pipe.*)

JANE CARLYLE (*much interested*)—Is that all?

CHARLES BULLER—There's his tobacco-pouch.

JANE CARLYLE—Give them to me, Mr. Buller. (*She takes the pipe and pouch with affected daintiness*)—It's really too tempting.

(*She begins to fill the pipe.*)

CHARLES BULLER—Sha'n't I do that for you?

JANE CARLYLE—Thank you, I know how to fill pipes. Though I have married into the firmament, as Mr. Milnes so charmingly suggests, it is a London firmament and very smoky. (*She surveys the filled bowl.*) It lacks something. Mr. Buller, have you a match? I was sure you had. (*She applies to the tobacco the match which* BULLER *has lighted and put into her hand.*) Look at that smoke. I can almost see little wisps of the *Day-Dream* floating in it. Open your mouth, Mr. Tennyson.

(*She puts the pipe into Tennyson's mouth. Murmurs of amusement in the group alternate with cautious glances toward Lady Harriet.*)

LADY HARRIET (*sniffing*)—Who is smoking? Mr. Tennyson, you surprise me. Poets are kings at Addiscombe, but even kings obey the law of the house. You might, at least, have respected Mrs. Carlyle's presence.

(*At this everybody laughs.*)

ALFRED TENNYSON (*removing the pipe from his mouth*)—The woman tempted me and I did—smoke.

JANE CARLYLE—The man was in Paradise. You can see that by his excuses.

LADY HARRIET (*severely*)—Mrs. Carlyle!

JANE CARLYLE—Yes, Lady Harriet.

LADY HARRIET—You are fairly riotous this morning.

JANE CARLYLE—I belong to the mob, you know.

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LADY HARRIET—Mr. Tennyson, you are forgiven—that is, if you don't repeat the offense. When the persuasions of tobacco are added to the seductions of woman, man is helpless between two sirens.

ALFRED TENNYSON—If you please, Lady Harriet—I should like to keep all the blame to myself.

LADY HARRIET—Keep it, by all means. We grudge you nothing, Mr. Tennyson, in our house.

JANE CARLYLE—No, I will not be absolved at Mr. Tennyson's expense. Alfred, give me that pipe.

(*She takes the unextinguished pipe from* TENNYSON'S *hand and deliberately applies her mouth to the stem. Sensation.*)

LADY HARRIET (*this time almost genuinely angry*)—Mr. Baring, you are the master in this house. Will you ask Mrs. Carlyle to put aside that pipe?

MR. BARING—I beg your pardon, my dear, but it seems to me that my being the master of the house should make me the servant of its guests.

LADY HARRIET—Is his name Baring or forbearing? Mr. Carlyle, will you discipline your wife?

CARLYLE (*who has hugely enjoyed the pipe episode*)—Ask the possible, Madam.

LADY HARRIET (*still resourceful*)—Mr. Tennyson, at my earnest entreaty, you will have the goodness to remove your pipe from the mouth of Mrs. Carlyle.

ALFRED TENNYSON—Lady Harriet, I don't quite see myself snatching any article of mine from a friend who is using it.

JANE CARLYLE—What shall he do with it, Lady Harriet, if he takes it from me?

LADY HARRIET—Anything he likes.

JANE CARLYLE—Mr. Tennyson, smoke your own pipe.

ALFRED TENNYSON (*taking the pipe*)—I have your permission, Lady Harriet?

LADY HARRIET—Do anything except return the pipe to Mrs. Carlyle.

ALFRED TENNYSON (*in apology to the company*)—I smoke in the drawing-room at Cheyne Row.

LADY HARRIET (*resenting the comparison*)—You are at Addiscombe, Mr. Tennyson.

RICHARD MILNES (*glancing at* JANE CARLYLE)—Cheyne Row is powerful even here.

LADY HARRIET (*with a leonine glance at* JANE CARLYLE)—Powerful, Richard Milnes? You mean *sovereign.*

(FOOTMAN *enters, right, and approaches* LADY HARRIET.)

FOOTMAN—The housekeeper asks to see you, my lady.

LADY HARRIET (*instantly resuming her regal suavity*)—Excuse me for a moment. (*To* CARLYLE, *whom she evidently wishes to detain in the bow window*)—I will be back instantly, Mr. Carlyle.

(*She goes out, right.*)

JANE CARLYLE (*whose chair is so placed that she cannot see* CARLYLE, *whispering to* MAZZINI)—Is he stirring, Mazzini?

MAZZINI—Who?

JANE CARLYLE—Carlyle.

MAZZINI—No.

JANE CARLYLE—Immovable. I knew it. He is waiting for her to come back.

RICHARD MILNES—Mrs. Carlyle, you have defended poetry against power. Tennyson should write you a lyric.

JANE CARLYLE—Impossible, Mr. Milnes. Tennyson was not foreseen when I was born, and my parents had the heartlessness to name me Jane.

CHARLES BULLER—Jane is a good name.

TRAVERS MILDMAY—Better than most. A man can spell it.

JANE CARLYLE—Oh, Jane is good cobblestone, Mr. Mildmay, but it doesn't fit into Mr. Tennyson's mosaic.

MAZZINI (*to* JANE CARLYLE)—He is getting up.

JANE CARLYLE—We shall win yet, Mazzini. (CARLYLE *has risen, and slowly makes his way toward the group at the left. The impulse that brings* JANE CARLYLE *to her feet is reflected in the entire company, who form instinctively a kind of lane through which* CARLYLE, *with whimsical deliberation, advances toward his wife.*)

CARLYLE—Well, Jeannie.

JANE CARLYLE—Yes, Thomas.

CARLYLE—The de'il's been in you this morning.

JANE CARLYLE—Yes, Thomas. He likes the places he is used to.

CARLYLE—Ay, ay, the places where he is made much of. Is it from him that ye get your damnable proclivity for smoke?

JANE CARLYLE—From him, Thomas, I think—or from some of his associates.

(*She looks menacingly at her husband.*)

LADY HARRIET (*entering right and approaching* JANE CARLYLE)—Mrs. Carlyle, I am very sorry to see the end of a visit which Mr. Baring and I have thoroughly enjoyed, but the carriage is at the door, and I fear that no time is to be lost if you insist upon leaving by the half-past eleven.

JANE CARLYLE—Lady Harriet, the happiest visits must come to an end, and I have the most urgent reasons for getting back to Chelsea.

(*Various salutations.*)

LADY HARRIET—If you would like to say good-by to Mr. Carlyle in your own room——

JANE CARLYLE—No, no, the front steps will do perfectly well. We shall edify all the lady's-maids by the sobriety of our endearments.

CARLYLE (*quietly*)—I'm going with you, Jane.

LADY HARRIET (*thunderstruck*)—But, Mr. Carlyle, you were to stay with us.

CARLYLE (*genially*)—Some other time, some other time. Don't you see that the creature's clean daft and not fit to be trusted in the street by herself? She'd be run over by the first omnibus in Soho, and, mad as the quean is, I should miss her.

(JANE CARLYLE, *glancing through her dropped eyelashes at* LADY HARRIET'S *face, bends her head in a pose of meek surprise and deprecating humility.* LADY HARRIET, *shaken by the blow, recovers herself gallantly and speaks in the tone of royalty at bay.*)

LADY HARRIET—Any reasons which grow out of concern for Mrs. Carlyle are conclusive for Mr. Baring and myself. We are grateful beyond words for all that you have given us.

(CURTAIN)

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The story of a most unusual crime

In the Fog

From an etching by Percy Robertson *Courtesy Schwartz Galleries*

In Trafalgar Square, London

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THE GRILL IS THE CLUB most difficult of access in the world. To be placed on its rolls distinguishes the new member as greatly as though he had received a vacant Garter or had been caricatured in *Vanity Fair*.

Men who belong to the Grill Club never mention that fact. If you were to ask one of them which clubs he frequents, he will name all save that particular one. He is afraid, if he told you he belonged to the Grill, that it would sound like boasting.

The Grill Club dates back to the days when Shakespeare's Theater stood on the present site of the *Times* office. It has a golden Grill which Charles the Second presented to the Club, and the original manuscript of *Tom and Jerry in London,* which was bequeathed to it by Pierce Egan himself. The members, when they write letters at the Club, still use sand to blot the ink.

The Grill enjoys the distinction of having blackballed, without political prejudice, a Prime Minister of each party. At the same sitting at which one of these fell, it elected, on account of his brogue and his bulls, Quiller, Q. C., then a penniless barrister.

When Paul Preval, the French artist who came to London by royal command to paint a portrait of the Prince of Wales, was made an honorary member—only foreigners may be honorary members—he said, as he signed his first wine-card, "I would rather see my name on that than on a picture in the Louvre."

At which Quiller remarked, "That is a devil of a compliment, because the only men who can read their names in the Louvre today have been dead fifty years."

On the night after the great fog of 1897 there were five members in the Club, four of them busy with supper and one reading in front of the fireplace. There is only one room to the Club, and one long table. At the far end of the room the fire of the grill glows red, and, when the fat falls, blazes into flame, and at the other there is a broad bow-window of diamond panes, which looks down upon the street. The four men at the table were strangers to each other, but as they picked at the grilled bones, and sipped their Scotch and soda, they conversed with such charming animation that a visitor to the Club, which does not tolerate visitors, would have counted them as friends of long acquaintance, certainly not as Englishmen who had met for the first time, and without the form of an introduction. But it is the etiquette and tradition of the Grill that whoever enters it must speak with whomever he finds there. It is to enforce this rule that there is but one long table, and whether there are twenty men at it or two, the waiters, supporting the rule, will place them side by side.

For this reason the four strangers at supper were seated together, with the candles grouped about them, and the long length of the table cutting a white path through the outer gloom.

"I repeat," said the gentleman with the black pearl

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by a famous writer of adventure

From an etching by Fred A. Farrell *Courtesy Schwartz Galleries*

Westminster Abbey

Richard Harding Davis.

The First of Three Parts

stud, "that the days for romantic adventure and deeds of foolish daring have passed, and that the fault lies with ourselves. Voyages to the pole I do not catalogue as adventures. That African explorer, young Chetney, who turned up yesterday after he was supposed to have died in Uganda, did nothing adventurous. He made maps and explored the sources of rivers. He was in constant danger, but the presence of danger does not constitute adventure. Were that so, the chemist who studies high explosives, or who investigates deadly poisons, passes through adventures daily. No, 'adventures are for the adventurous.' But one no longer ventures. The spirit of it has died of inertia. We are grown too practical, too just, above all, too sensible. In this room, for instance, members of this Club have, at the sword's point, disputed the proper scanning of one of Pope's couplets. Over so weighty a matter as spilled Burgundy on a gentleman's cuff, ten men fought across this table, each with his rapier in one hand and a candle in the other. All ten were wounded. The question of the spilled Burgundy concerned but two of them. The eight others engaged because they were men of 'spirit.' They were, indeed, the first gentlemen of the day. Tonight, were you to spill Burgundy on my cuff, were you even to insult me grossly, these gentlemen would not consider it incumbent upon them to kill each other. They would separate us, and appear against us as witnesses tomorrow morning at Bow Street. We have here tonight, in the persons of Sir Andrew and myself, an illustration of how the ways have changed."

THE MEN around the table turned and glanced toward the gentleman in front of the fireplace. He was an elderly and somewhat portly person, with a kindly, wrinkled countenance, which wore continually a smile of almost childish confidence and good-nature. It was a face which the illustrated prints had made intimately familiar. He held a book from him at arm's-length, as if to adjust his eyesight, and his brows were knit with interest.

"Now, were this the eighteenth century," continued the gentleman with the black pearl, "when Sir Andrew left the Club tonight I would have him bound and gagged and thrown into a sedan chair. The watch would not interfere, the passers-by would take to their heels, my hired bullies and ruffians would convey him to some lonely spot where we would guard him until morning. Nothing would come of it, except added reputation to myself as a gentleman of adventurous spirit, and possibly an essay in the *Tatler*, entitled, let us say, 'The Budget and the Baronet.'"

"But to what end, sir?" inquired the youngest of the members. "And why Sir Andrew, of all persons—why should you select him for this adventure?"

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The gentleman with the black pearl shrugged his shoulders.

"It would prevent him speaking in the House tonight. The Navy Increase Bill," he added, gloomily. "It is a Government measure, and Sir Andrew speaks for it. And so great is his influence and so large his following, that if he does"—the gentleman laughed ruefully—"if he does, it will go through. Now, had I the spirit of our ancestors," he exclaimed, "I would bring chloroform from the nearest chemist's and drug him in that chair. I would tumble his unconscious form into a hansom-cab, and hold him prisoner until daylight. If I did, I would save the British taxpayer the cost of five more battleships, many millions of pounds."

The gentleman again turned, and surveyed the baronet with freshened interest. The honorary member of the Grill, whose accent already had betrayed him as an American, laughed softly.

"To look at him now," he said, "one would not guess he was deeply concerned with the affairs of state."

The others nodded silently.

"He has not lifted his eyes from that book since we first entered," added the youngest member. "He surely cannot mean to speak tonight."

"Oh, yes, he will speak," muttered the one with the black pearl, moodily. "During these last hours of the session the House sits late, but when the Navy bill comes up on its third reading he will be in his place—and he will pass it."

The fourth member, a stout and florid gentleman of a somewhat sporting appearance, in a short smoking-jacket and black tie, sighed enviously.

"Fancy one of us being as cool as that, if he knew he had to stand up within an hour and rattle off a speech in Parliament. I'd be in a devil of a funk myself. And yet he is as keen over that book he's reading as though he had nothing before him until bedtime."

"Yes, see how eager he is," whispered the youngest member. "He does not lift his eyes even now when he cuts the pages. It is probably an Admiralty Report, or some other weighty work of statistics which bears upon his speech."

The gentleman with the black pearl laughed morosely.

"The weighty work in which the eminent statesman is so deeply engrossed," he said, "is called *The Great Rand Robbery*. It is a detective novel for sale at all bookstalls."

The American raised his eyebrows in disbelief.

"*The Great Rand Robbery?*" he repeated, incredulously. "What an odd taste!"

"It is not a taste, it is his vice," returned the gentleman with the pearl stud. "It is his one dissipation. He is noted for it. You, as a stranger, could hardly be expected to know of this idiosyncrasy. Mr. Gladstone sought relaxation in the Greek poets, Sir Andrew finds his in Gaboriau. Since I have been a member of Parliament, I have never seen him in the library without a shilling shocker in his hands. He brings them even into the sacred precincts of the House, and from the Government benches reads them concealed inside his hat. Once started on a tale of murder, robbery, and sudden death, nothing can tear him from it, not even the call of the division-bell, nor of hunger, nor the prayers of the party Whip. He gave up his country house because when he journeyed to it in the train he would become so absorbed in his detective-stories that he was invariably carried past his station." The member of Parliament twisted his pearl stud nervously, and bit at the edge of his mustache. "If it only were the first pages of *The Rand Robbery* that he were reading," he murmured bitterly, "instead of the last! With such another book as that, I swear I could hold him here until morning. There would be no need of chloroform to keep him from the House."

The eyes of all were fastened upon Sir Andrew, and each saw, with fascination, that, with his forefinger, he was now separating the last two pages of the book. The member of Parliament struck the table, softly, with his open palm.

"I would give a hundred pounds," he whispered, "if I could place in his hands at this moment a new story of Sherlock Holmes—a thousand pounds," he added, wildly—"five thousand pounds!"

The American observed the speaker sharply, as though the words bore to him some special application, and then, at an idea which apparently had just come to him, smiled, in great embarrassment.

Sir Andrew ceased reading, but, as though still under the influence of the book, sat looking, blankly, into the open fire. For a brief space no one moved until the baronet withdrew his eyes and, with a sudden start of recollection, felt anxiously for his watch. He scanned its face eagerly, and scrambled to his feet.

The voice of the American instantly broke the silence in a high, nervous accent.

"And yet Sherlock Holmes himself," he cried, "could not decipher the mystery which tonight baffles the police of London."

At these unexpected words, which carried in them something of the tone of a challenge, the gentlemen about the table started as suddenly as though the American had fired a pistol in the air, and Sir Andrew halted, abruptly, and stood observing him with grave surprise.

The gentleman with the black pearl was the first to recover.

"Yes, yes," he said, eagerly, throwing himself across the table. "A mystery that baffles the police of London. I have heard nothing of it. Tell us at once, pray do—tell us at once."

The American flushed uncomfortably, and picked uneasily at the table-cloth.

"No one but the police has heard of it," he murmured, "and they only through me. It is a remarkable crime, to which, unfortunately, I am the only person who can bear witness. Because I am the only witness, I am, in spite of my immunity as a diplomat, detained in London by the authorities of Scotland Yard. My name," he said, inclining his head, politely, "is Sears, Lieutenant Ripley Sears, of the United States Navy, at present Naval Attaché to the Court of Russia. Had I not been detained today by the

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police, I would have started this morning for Petersburg."

The gentleman with the black pearl interrupted with so pronounced an exclamation of excitement and delight that the American stammered and ceased speaking.

"Do you hear, Sir Andrew?" cried the member of Parliament, jubilantly. "An American diplomat halted by our police because he is the only witness of a most remarkable crime—*the* most remarkable crime, I believe you said, sir," he added, bending eagerly toward the naval officer, "which has occurred in London in many years."

THE AMERICAN moved his head in assent, and glanced at the two other members. They were looking doubtfully at him, and the face of each showed that he was greatly perplexed.

Sir Andrew advanced to within the light of the candles and drew a chair toward him.

"The crime must be exceptional, indeed," he said, "to justify the police in interfering with a representative of a friendly power. If I were not forced to leave at once, I should take the liberty of asking you to tell us the details."

The gentleman with the pearl pushed the chair toward Sir Andrew, and motioned him to be seated.

"You cannot leave us now," he exclaimed. "Mr. Sears is just about to tell us of this remarkable crime."

He nodded vigorously at the American naval lieutenant, after first glancing, doubtfully, toward the servants at the far end of the room, and leaned forward across the table. The others drew their chairs nearer and bent toward him. The baronet glanced, irresolutely, at his watch, and, with an exclamation of annoyance, snapped down the lid. "They can wait," he muttered. He seated himself quickly, and nodded at Lieutenant Sears.

"If you will be so kind as to begin, sir," he said, impatiently.

"Of course," said the American, "you understand that I understand that I am speaking to gentlemen. The confidences of this Club are inviolate. Until the police give the facts to the public press, I must consider you my confederates. You have heard nothing, you know no one connected with this mystery. Even I must remain anonymous."

The gentlemen seated around him nodded gravely.

"Of course," the baronet assented, with eagerness, "of course."

"We will refer to it," said the gentleman with the black pearl, "as 'The Story of the Naval Attaché.'"

"I arrived in London two days ago," said the American, "and I engaged a room at the Bath Hotel. I know very few people in London, and even the members of our embassy were strangers to me. But in Hong Kong I had become great pals with an officer in your navy, who has since retired, and who is now living in a small house in Rutland Gardens, opposite the Knightsbridge Barracks. I telegraphed him that I was in London, and yesterday morning I received a most hearty invitation to dine with him the same evening at his house. He is a bachelor, so we dined alone and talked over all our old days on the Asiatic Station, and of the changes which had come to us since we had last met there. As I was leaving the next morning for my post at Petersburg, and had many letters to write, I told him, about ten o'clock, that I must get back to the hotel, and he sent out his servant to call a hansom.

"For the next quarter of an hour, as we sat talking, we could hear the cab-whistle sounding, violently, from the doorstep, but apparently with no result.

"'It cannot be that the cabmen are on strike,' my friend said, as he rose and walked to the window.

"He pulled back the curtains and at once called to me.

"'You have never seen a London fog, have you?' he asked. 'Well, come here. This is one of the best, or, rather, one of the worst, of them.' I joined him at the window, but I could see nothing. Had I not known that the house looked out upon the street I would have believed that I was facing a dead wall. I raised the sash and stretched out my head, but still I could see nothing. Even the light of the street-lamps, opposite, and in the upper windows of the barracks, had been smothered in the yellow mist. The lights of the room in which I stood penetrated the fog only to the distance of a few inches from my eyes.

"Below me the servant was still sounding his whistle, but I could afford to wait no longer, and told my friend that I would try and find the way to my hotel on foot. He objected, but the letters I had to write were for the Navy Department, and, besides, I had always heard that to be out in a London fog was the most wonderful experience, and I was curious to investigate one for myself.

"My friend went with me to his front door, and laid down a course for me to follow. I was first to walk straight across the street to the brick wall of the Knightsbridge Barracks. I was then to feel my way along the wall until I came to a row of houses set back from the sidewalk. They would bring me to a cross street. On the other side of this street was a row of shops which I was to follow until they joined the iron railings of Hyde Park. I was to keep to the railings until I reached the gates of Hyde Park Corner, where I was to lay a diagonal course across Piccadilly, and tack in toward the railings of the Green Park. At the end of these railings, going east, I would find the Walsingham, and my own hotel.

"TO A SAILOR the course did not seem difficult, so I bade my friend good night and walked forward until my feet touched the paving. I continued upon it until I reached the curbing of the sidewalk. A few steps farther, and my hands struck the wall of the barracks. I turned in the direction from which I had just come, and saw a square of faint light cut in the yellow fog. I shouted, 'All right,' and the voice of my friend answered, 'Good luck to you.' The light from his open door disappeared with a bang, and I was left alone in a dripping, yellow darkness.

"I have been in the Navy for ten years, but I have never known such a fog as that of last night, not even among the icebergs of Behring Sea. There one at least could see the light of the binnacle, but last night I could not even distinguish the hand by which I guided myself along the barrack-wall. At sea a fog is

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a natural phenomenon. It is as familiar as the rainbow which follows a storm, it is as proper that a fog should spread upon the waters as that steam shall rise from a kettle. But a fog which springs from the paved streets, that rolls between solid house-fronts, that forces cabs to move at half speed, that drowns policemen and extinguishes the electric lights of the music hall, that to me is incomprehensible. It is as out of place as a tidal wave on Broadway.

"As I felt my way along the wall, I encountered other men who were coming from the opposite direction, and each time when we hailed each other I stepped away from the wall to make room for them to pass. But the third time I did this, when I reached out my hand, the wall had disappeared, and the farther I moved to find it the farther I seemed to be sinking into space. I had the unpleasant conviction that at any moment I might step over a precipice. Since I had set out, I had heard no traffic in the street, and now, although I listened some minutes, I could only distinguish the occasional footfalls of pedestrians. Several times I called aloud, and once a jocular gentleman answered me, but only to ask me where I thought he was, and then even he was swallowed up in the silence. Just above me I could make out a jet of gas which I guessed came from a street-lamp, and I moved over to that, and, while I tried to recover my bearings, kept my hand on the iron post. Except for this flicker of gas, no larger than the tip of my finger, I could distinguish nothing about me. For the rest, the mist hung between me and the world like a damp and heavy blanket.

"I could hear voices, but I could not tell from whence they came, and the scrape of a foot, moving cautiously, or a muffled cry as someone stumbled, were the only sounds that reached me.

"I then decided that until some one took me in tow I had best remain where I was, and it must have been for ten minutes that I waited by the lamp, straining my ears and hailing distant footfalls. In a house near me some people were dancing to the music of a Hungarian band. I even fancied I could hear the windows shake to the rhythm of their feet, but I could not make out from which part of the compass the sounds came. And sometimes, as the music rose, it seemed close at my hand, and, again, to be floating high in the air above my head. Although I was surrounded by thousands of householders, I was as completely lost as though I had been set down by night in the Sahara Desert. There seemed to be no reason in waiting longer for an escort, so I again set out, and at once bumped against a low, iron fence. At first I believed this to be an area railing, but, on following it, I found that it stretched for a long distance, and that it was pierced at regular intervals with gates. I was standing, uncertainly, with my hand on one of these, when a square of light suddenly opened in the night, and in it I saw, as you see a picture thrown by a projector onto a silvered screen, a young gentleman in evening dress, and, back of him, the lights of a hall. I guessed, from its elevation and distance from the sidewalk, that this light must come from the door of a house set back from the street, and I determined to approach it and ask the young man to tell me where I was. But, in fumbling with the lock of the gate, I instinctively bent my head, and when I raised it again the door had partly closed, leaving only a narrow shaft of light. Whether the young man had reëntered the house or had left it I could not tell, but I hastened to open the gate, and as I stepped forward I found myself upon an asphalt walk. At the same instant there was the sound of quick steps upon the path, and someone rushed past me. I called to him, but he made no reply, and I heard the gate click and the footsteps hurrying away upon the sidewalk.

"Under other circumstances the young man's rudeness, and his recklessness in dashing so hurriedly through the mist, would have struck me as peculiar, but everything was so distorted by the fog that at the moment I did not consider it. The door was still as he had left it, partly open. I went up the path, and, after much fumbling, found the knob of the door-bell and gave it a sharp pull. The bell answered me from a great depth and distance, but no movement followed from inside the house, and, although I pulled the bell again and again, I could hear nothing save the dripping of the mist about me. I was anxious to be on my way, but unless I knew where I was going there was little chance of my making any speed, and I was determined that until I learned my bearings I would not venture back into the fog. So I pushed the door open and stepped into the house.

"I found myself in a long and narrow hall, upon which doors opened from either side. At the end of the hall was a staircase with a balustrade which ended in a sweeping curve. The balustrade was covered with heavy Persian rugs, and the walls of the hall were also hung with them. The door on my left was closed, but the one nearer me on the right was open, and as I stepped opposite to it, I saw that it was a sort of reception or waiting-room, and that it was empty. The door below it was also open, and, with the idea that I would surely find someone there, I walked on up the hall. I was in evening dress, and I felt I did not look like a burglar, so I had no great fear that, should I encounter one of the inmates of the house, he would shoot me on sight. The second door in the hall opened

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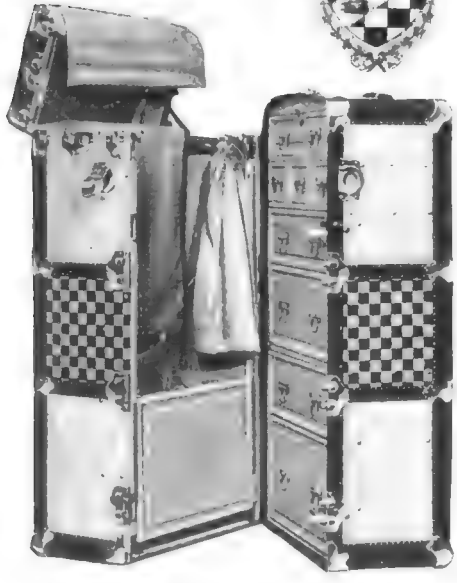

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into a dining-room. This was also empty. One person had been dining at the table, but the cloth had not been cleared away, and a flickering candle showed half-filled wine-glasses and the ashes of cigarettes. The greater part of the room was in complete darkness.

"By this time I had grown conscious of the fact that I was wandering about in a strange house, and that, apparently, I was alone in it. The silence of the place began to try my nerves, and in a sudden, unexplainable panic I started for the open street. But as I turned, I saw a man sitting on a bench, which the curve of the balustrade had hidden from me. His eyes were shut, and he was sleeping soundly.

"The moment before I had been bewildered because I could see no one, but at sight of this man I was much more bewildered.

"He was a very large man, a giant in height, with long, yellow hair, which hung below his shoulders. He was dressed in a red silk shirt, that was belted at the waist and hung outside black velvet trousers, which, in turn, were stuffed into high. black boots. I recognized the costume at once as that of a Russian servant, but what a Russian servant in his native livery could be doing in a private house in Knightsbridge was incomprehensible.

"I advanced and touched the man on the shoulder, and, after an effort, he awoke, and, on seeing me, sprang to his feet and began bowing rapidly, and making deprecatory gestures. I had picked up enough Russian in Petersburg to make out that the man was apologizing for having fallen asleep, and I also was able to explain to him that I desired to see his master.

"HE NODDED VIGOROUSLY, and said, 'Will the Excellency come this way? The Princess is here.'

"I distinctly made out the word 'princess,' and I was a good deal embarrassed. I had thought it would be easy enough to explain my intrusion to a man, but how a woman would look at it was another matter, and as I followed him down the hall I was somewhat puzzled.

"As we advanced, he noticed that the front door was standing open, and with an exclamation of surprise hastened toward it and closed it. Then he rapped twice on the door of what was apparently the drawing-room. There was no reply to his knock, and he tapped again, and then timidly, and cringing subserviently, opened the door and stepped inside. He withdrew himself at once and stared stupidly at me, shaking his head.

" 'She is not there,' he said. He stood for a brief moment, gazing blankly through the open door, and then hastened toward the dining-room. The solitary candle which still burned there seemed to assure him that the room also was empty. He came back and bowed me toward the drawing-room. 'She is above,'

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he said; 'I will inform the Princess of the Excellency's presence.'

"Before I could stop him, he had turned and was running up the staircase, leaving me alone at the open door of the drawing-room. I decided that the adventure had gone quite far enough, and if I had been able to explain to the Russian that I had lost my way in the fog, and only wanted to get back into the street again, I would have left the house on the instant.

"Of course, when I first rang the bell of the house I had no other expectation than that it would be answered by a parlormaid who would direct me on my way. I certainly could not then foresee that I would disturb a Russian princess in her boudoir, or that I might be thrown out by her athletic bodyguard. Still, I thought I ought not now to leave the house without making some apology, and, if the worst should come, I could show my card. They could hardly believe that a member of an Embassy had any designs upon the hat-rack.

"The room in which I stood was dimly lighted, but I could see that, like the hall, it was hung with heavy Persian rugs. The corners were filled with palms, and there was the unmistakable odor in the air of Russian cigarettes, and strange, dry scents that carried me back to the bazaars of Vladivostock. Near the front windows was a grand piano, and at the other end of the room a heavily carved screen of some black wood, picked out with ivory. The screen was overhung with a canopy of silken draperies, and formed a sort of alcove. In front of the alcove was spread the white skin of a polar bear, and set on that was one of those low Turkish coffee tables. It held a lighted spirit-lamp and two gold coffee cups. I had heard no movement from above stairs, and it must have been fully three minutes that I stood waiting, noting these details of the room and wondering at the delay, and at the strange silence.

"And then, suddenly, as my eye grew more used to the half-light, I saw, projecting from behind the screen, as though it were stretched along the back of a divan, the hand of a man and the lower part of his arm. I was as startled as though I had come across a footprint on a deserted island. Evidently, the man had been sitting there since I had come into the room, even since I had entered the house, and he had heard the servant knocking upon the door. Why he had not declared himself I could not understand, but I supposed that, possibly, he was a guest, with no reason to interest himself in the Princess's other visitors, or perhaps, for some reason, he did not wish to be observed. I could see nothing of him except his hand, but I had an unpleasant feeling that he had been peering at me through the carving in the screen. I moved my feet noisily on the floor and said, tentatively, 'I beg your pardon.'

(*Continued on page* 115)

WELCOME TO JAPAN

THE spirit of Nippon is symbolized in Kinkaku-ji. Today, just as in the Sixteenth Century, this "Gold Pavilion" is an object of adoration by a people to whom the love of beauty is a sacred and holy thing.

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Music and Radio

By ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN

THE EDITORS OF *Liberty* are presenting to their readers a series of articles in which experts in various fields attempt to define the nature of beauty as expressed through the various media they know the best. Whether music is to be considered in the series I do not know, but the idea of discovering a factor or factors of musical beauty is one that is alluring.

On the shelves of my library there are two books bearing the title, *The Beautiful in Music,* one by Eduard Hanslick, the celebrated Viennese music critic, the other by Max Schoen, professor of psychology at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. The two books thus represent two methods of approach to the problem, the esthetic and the psychological.

Hanslick's intended scientific treatise is actually a polemic, a pamphlet supporting a party in the musical politics that raged around Wagner in his lifetime. Hanslick was the head of the opposition, and his book is concerned primarily with proving a negative case. Wagner, Berlioz, Liszt, and the others, were making of music an elaborate series of symbols for everything under the sun. Hanslick attacks them on the ground of their excuse—the emotional force of music. He sets out to prove that the beauty and value of great music does not lie in its emotional expressiveness, and argues in part as follows:

Many of the most devout arias in Handel's oratorios were originally composed for operas, wherein they were fitted to texts that were profane in more than one sense of the word. Yet they fit perfectly into the emotional scheme in both instances.

Two compositions may be evaluated emotionally as equal, yet one may be an eternal masterpiece and the other a trifle.

The same piece of music will arouse widely different emotions in two individuals, yet both will agree on its beauty. Emotion is therefore not a function of musical beauty, but of the individual.

Such are a few of Hanslick's negative propositions. His positive argument is obvious. Musical beauty inheres in purely musical factors—the balance, symmetry or assymmetry of melodic line, the contrast of movement of rhythms, the juggling of dynamics, the juxtapositions of harmony, and so on. The listener, ridding his mind of emotional bias and literal images, comes to appreciate in music a deeper beauty than the beauties of his images and emotions, and to Hanslick this is the true beauty.

Hanslick's book piles up its material convincingly, but there are a few facts which tend to modify one's complete acceptance of it—the interesting melodic parallels one can observe between different composers, for instance. There is the famous case of the finale of Beethoven's opus 135 quartet. That movement opens with a three-note motive, a motive which has parallels in the first movement of Schumann's fourth symphony, in the introduction to the eighth (unfinished) symphony of Schubert, in the introduction to Franck's symphony, in the opening bars of Liszt's tone poem "Les Preludes," and in the motive of Fate in the "Ring." Here we have six composers of widely different temperament, style, and school making use of the same melodic figure. But, more than that, in four of the six cases the figure is used as an introduction, and Wagner sometimes uses it to start off a scene. In three of the six cases a definite, extra-musical, emotional idea is attached to the motive. Beethoven wrote over the notes the words, "Muss es sein?" ("Must it be?") and over the answering notes (whose melodic curve is the converse of the question), the words, "Es muss sein," ("It must be"). It is a solemn question, solemnly answered, even if the doubtful story of its jesting intention is true. The Liszt tone poem is based upon the poem of Mallarmé which has it that all the events of life are but preludes to death. And Wagner, as we have seen, employs the figure as the motive of Fate. The conclusion points one way—that certain definite musical processes may have a fixed emotional value for widely different individuals at different periods.

> WHAT ANY MUSIC I like expresses for me is not *thoughts too indefinite,* but too *definite* . . . If you ask me what I thought on the occasion in question, I say, the song itself, precisely as it stands. And if, in this or that instance, I had in my mind a definite word or definite words, I would not utter them to a soul, because words do not mean for one person what they mean for another; because the song alone can say to one, can awaken in him, the same feelings it can in another—feelings, however, not to be expressed by the same words.
>
> —FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

Another thing at which Hanslick blinks is the remarkable uniformity of emotional reaction induced by musical compositions. It is much more fun to emphasize the differences between emotional "interpretations." But when we analyze them we find that the differences lie in the particularization of the emotions, in the imagery employed to express them. Thus two of the investigators quoted by Schoen submitted the same musical composition to a group of art students, and asked each to draw what the music suggested to him. The specific figures of the drawings varied, but the mood of the pictures was uniform.

It is, therefore, comforting to conclude that in this day of pure music, when critics and composers unite to attack emotionalism in art, emotional expression *may* be a factor of musical beauty, that music *may* be a super-articulate speech of mood. On the other hand, there is Schoen's conclusion that the more musical listener conjures up less imagery than the unmusical, and the imagery of the musical listener is occasioned not by good music but by bad. This is a blow to one's pride. But there is a way of parrying the blow which may be a rationalization and a subterfuge and may be a truth. For it may be that the musical writer is not so much concerned with evaluating the work as the man behind the work, and that is a different thing. An analogy will make clear what I mean.

It is accepted doctrine in the criticism of painting that the subject represented is not to be taken into consideration in the evaluation of the specific canvas. Yet, in the evaluation of the artist, predilections for certain types of subjects must be one of the chief factors. Similarly with music. The specific composition may be heard in the abstract way Hanslick urges upon us, yet in our view of the composer extra musical ideas derived from history, biography, and the spirit of the composer's milieu must have their place. This theory then leads us back to Hanslick, for it shows us that we read into music what the music itself does not express, and this is inconsistent with the idea previously developed that music itself may give voice to emotion and mood. The resolution of the inconsistency is one which, I freely confess, stumps me. But to venture at all into esthetic theory leads always into such blind alleys as this, and each adventure, by discovering a new blind alley, adds to our knowledge of the topography of the whole.

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(*Continued from page* 111)

"There was no reply, and the hand did not stir. Apparently, the man was bent upon ignoring me, but, as all I wished was to apologize for my intrusion and to leave the house, I walked up to the alcove and peered around it. Inside the screen was a divan piled with cushions, and on the end of it nearer me the man was sitting. He was a young Englishman with light-yellow hair and a deeply bronzed face. He was seated with his arms stretched out along the back of the divan, and with his head resting against a cushion. His attitude was one of complete ease. But his mouth had fallen open, and his eyes were set with an expression of utter horror. At the first glance, I saw that he was quite dead.

"FOR A FLASH of time I was too startled to act, but in the same flash I was convinced that the man had met his death from no accident, that he had not died through any ordinary failure of the laws of nature. The expression on his face was much too terrible to be misinterpreted. It spoke as eloquently as words. It told me that before the end had come he had watched death approach.

"I was so sure he had been murdered that I looked instinctively on the floor for the weapon, and, at the same moment, out of concern for my own safety, quickly behind me; but the silence of the house continued unbroken.

"I have seen a great number of dead men; I was on the Asiatic Station during the Japanese-Chinese war. I was in Port Arthur after the massacre. So a dead man does not repel me, and, though I knew that there was no hope that this man was alive, still, for decency's sake, I felt his pulse, and, while I kept my ears alert for any sound from the floors above me, I pulled open his shirt and placed my hand upon his heart. My fingers instantly touched the opening of a wound, and as I withdrew them I found them wet with blood. He was in evening dress, and in the wide bosom of his shirt I found a narrow slit, so narrow that in the dim light it was scarcely discernible. The wound was no wider than the smallest blade of a pocket-knife, but when I stripped the shirt away from the chest and left it bare, I found that the weapon, narrow as it was, had been long enough to reach his heart. There is no need to tell you how I felt as I stood by the body of this boy, for he was hardly older than a boy, or of the thoughts that came into my head. I was bitterly sorry for this stranger, but, at the same time, selfishly concerned for my own safety and for the notoriety which I saw was sure to follow. My instinct was to leave the body where it lay, and to hide myself in the fog, but I also felt that since a succession of accidents had made me the only witness to a crime, my duty was to make myself a good witness and to assist to establish the facts of this murder.

"That it might, possibly, be a suicide, and not a murder, did not disturb me for a moment. The fact that the weapon had disappeared, and the expression on the boy's face, were enough to convince at least me that he had had no hand in his own death. I judged it, therefore, of the first importance to discover who was in the house, or, if they had escaped from it, who had been in the house before I entered it. I had seen one man leave it; but all I could tell of him was that he was a young man, that he was in evening dress, and that he had fled in such haste that he had not stopped to close the door behind him.

"The Russian servant I had found apparently asleep, and, unless he acted a part with supreme skill, he was a stupid and ignorant boor, and as innocent of the murder as myself. There was still the Russian princess whom he had expected to find, or had pretended to expect to find, in the same room with the murdered man. I judged that she must now be either upstairs with the servant, or that she had, without his knowledge, already fled from the house. When I recalled his apparently genuine surprise at not finding her in the drawing-room, this latter supposition seemed the more probable. Nevertheless, I decided that it was my duty to make a search, and after a second hurried look for the weapon among the cushions of the divan, and upon the floor, I cautiously crossed the hall and entered the dining-room.

"THE SINGLE CANDLE was still flickering in the draught, and showed only the white cloth. The rest of the room was draped in shadows. I picked up the candle, and moved around the corner of the table. Either my nerves were on such a stretch that no shock could strain them further, or my mind was inoculated to horrors, for I did not cry out at what I saw, nor retreat from it. Immediately at my feet was the body of a beautiful woman, lying at full length upon the floor, her arms flung out on either side of her, and her white face and shoulders gleaming dully in the unsteady light of the candle. Around her throat was a great chain of diamonds, and the light played upon these and made them flash and blaze in tiny flames. But the woman who wore them was dead, and I was so certain as to how she had died that, without an instant's hesitation, I dropped on my knees beside her and placed my hands above her heart. My fingers again touched the thin slit of a wound. I had no doubt in my mind but that this was the Russian princess, and when I lowered the candle to her face I was assured that this was so. Her features showed the finest lines of both the Slav and the Jewess; the eyes were black, the hair blue-black and wonderfully heavy, and her skin, even in death, was rich in color. She was a surpassingly beautiful woman.

"I rose and tried to light another candle with the one I held, but I found that my hand was so unsteady that I could not keep the wicks together. It was my intention to search again for this strange dagger which had been used to kill both the English boy and the beautiful princess, but before I could light the second candle I heard footsteps descending the stairs, and the Russian servant appeared in the doorway.

"My face was in darkness, or I am sure that, at the sight of it, he would have taken alarm, for at that moment I was not sure but that this man himself was the murderer. His own face was plainly visible to me in the light from the hall, and I could see that it wore an expression of dull bewilderment. I stepped quickly toward him and took a firm hold upon his wrist.

" 'She is not there,' he said. 'The Princess has gone. They have all gone.'

" 'Who have gone?' I demanded. 'Who else has been here?'

" 'The two Englishmen,' he said.

" 'What two Englishmen?' I demanded. 'What are their names?'

"The man now saw by my manner that some question of great moment hung upon his answer, and he began to protest that he did not know the names of the visitors, and that until that evening he had never seen them.

"I guessed that it was my tone which frightened him, so I took my hand off his wrist and spoke less eagerly.

" 'How long have they been here?' I asked, 'and when did they go?'

"He pointed behind him toward the drawing-room.

" 'One sat there with the Princess,' he said; 'the other came after I had placed the coffee in the drawing-room. The two Englishmen talked together, and the Princess returned here to the table. She sat there in that chair, and I brought her cognac and cigarettes. Then I sat outside upon the bench. It was a feast-day, and I had been drinking. Pardon, Excellency, but I fell asleep. When I woke, your Excellency was standing by me, but the Princess and the two Englishmen had gone. That is all I know.'

"I believed that the man was telling me the truth. His fright had passed, and he was now apparently puzzled, but not alarmed.

" 'You must remember the names of the Englishmen,' I urged. 'Try to think. When you announced them to the Princess what name did you give?'

"At this question he exclaimed, with pleasure, and, beckoning to me, ran hurriedly down the hall and into the drawing-room. In the corner farthest from the screen was the piano, and on it was a silver tray. He picked this up and, smiling with pride at his own intelligence, pointed at two cards that lay upon it. I took them up and read the names engraved upon them."

[*To be continued*]

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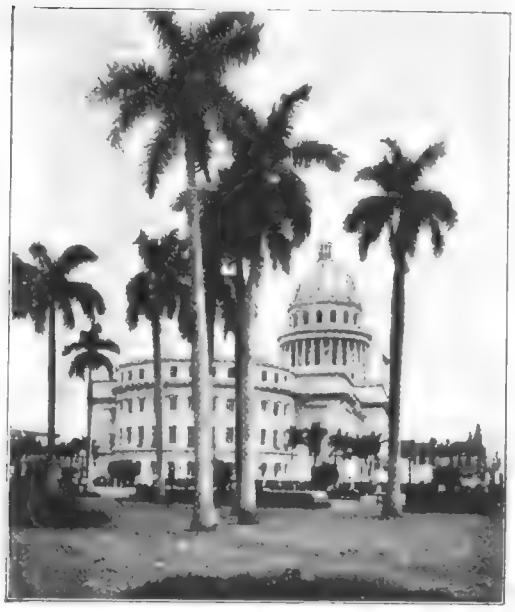
The National Capitol at Havana



Travel News: Cuba

A Cave in Pinar del Rio

Eight Hundred Miles of Scenery, Sunshine, and Sugar

By E. DE LAUREAT SLEVIN

HUNDREDS of thousands have visited Cuba in our time, as did Columbus nearly four and a half centuries ago, and have gone away almost as ignorant of the island as "El Gran Almirante," who died in the belief that it was part of Asia. Just as Columbus, visiting the other end of the island, was enthralled by Cuba's beauty, declaring that "human eyes could never tire of gazing upon it," so the modern visitor on landing in Havana is enthusiastic in his admiration, but after spending a few days or weeks in the city goes away thinking that he has seen Cuba.

There is enough of the old in Havana that is new to the American, and of beauty, interest, and modern comfort to charm any visitor during a protracted sojourn; but the capital is only a scrap of the beautiful island which stretches for nearly eight hundred miles between the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic and the Caribbean. From the Yucatan Channel on the west to the Windward Passage at its eastern extremity are more than forty-four thousand square miles of lovely panorama unlike anything to be seen north of the Tropic of Cancer.

It is a pity that more of today's visitors do not see the island as Columbus did, in late October, or in November, when the whole countryside is still vividly green from the autumn rains which put the soil in condition for planting the great tobacco crop and enable the cane to complete its growth. By January, when the tourists begin to arrive in large numbers, the land has lost some of its brilliant verdancy, for while the vast cane fields retain their mantle of light green and the royal palms and the corn fields flaunt their darker verdure, the slopes are turning brown under the effects of the rainless, sunshiny winter that makes Cuba so delightful for the autoist, the golfer, and every lover of the out-of-doors.

IT IS NOT DIFFICULT, as regards either time or money, for the traveler to visit Cuba. This season there are frequent sailings from New York to Cuban ports offered by the Ward Line, the Cunard Line, the United Fruit Co., and the Clyde Line. The traveler can book one-way or round-trip passage between New York and Havana, or he can choose between several well-planned cruises. Or, if he wishes to avoid the three-day sea trip to Cuba, he can go by rail to Key West, and from there to Havana by a P. & O. steamer; or to Miami, and then to Havana by a Pan-American Airways plane.

BEFORE WANDERING farther afield after landing at Havana, the visitor will of course drive out to the Country Club, where in 1912 Mr. Frederick Snare and a few enthusiastic coadjutors converted the Finca Lola, an ancient country seat which had degenerated into a disreputable road-house, into the finest golf links in the western hemisphere. Unsurpassed by any in engineering the course is equaled by none in beauty. Practically all of the golf world's greatest have played on it and warmly praised the work of its designers. Just beyond the Country Club is Country Club Park, in which members have built themselves cozy ivy-clad houses surrounded by lawns and shrubbery, facing on broad avenues with shrubbery and parterres of flowers lining either side and stretching along the middle. An excellent automobile road extends westward to the Bay of Mariel, where part of Albermarle's force landed in 1762 to march upon Havana.

On a high hill overlooking the bay is Cuba's naval academy, lodged in a stately building constructed by Horatio Rubens for a residence in the days of the American intervention. From that point of vantage one may see the wreck of the Spanish supply ship *Alfonso XII*, sunk by the Americans in 1898. At Mariel is the Morro cement plant, representing one of Cuba's great industrial developments. Winding along a ridge which parallels the coast line at various points, the road to Bahia Honda affords an ever-changing panorama of cultivated valleys on either side, hundreds of feet below. On one side they spread to the Organos mountains and on the other almost to the margin of the sea, which sparkles with the cobalt blue of the Gulf Stream, and is dotted with snowy sails.

The western part of Cuba, with its cultivated fields and lovely skyline of the Organos mountains, its countless millions of royal palms and its tobacco plantations, which are in fullest luxuriance during the tourist season, may be seen from the cars of the United Railways. The route extends westward to the limit of the Vuelta Abajo—a name familiar to every smoker of the world's finest cigars.

But from Pinar del Rio, in the heart of the famous tobacco region, it is well worth while to motor to Matahambre, where there is one of the world's richest copper mines, and to the marvelous Vinales valley. This valley is believed to have been formed by the falling in of land which formerly spread some hundreds of feet above the valley's present surface. This is suggested by the great pillars, hundreds

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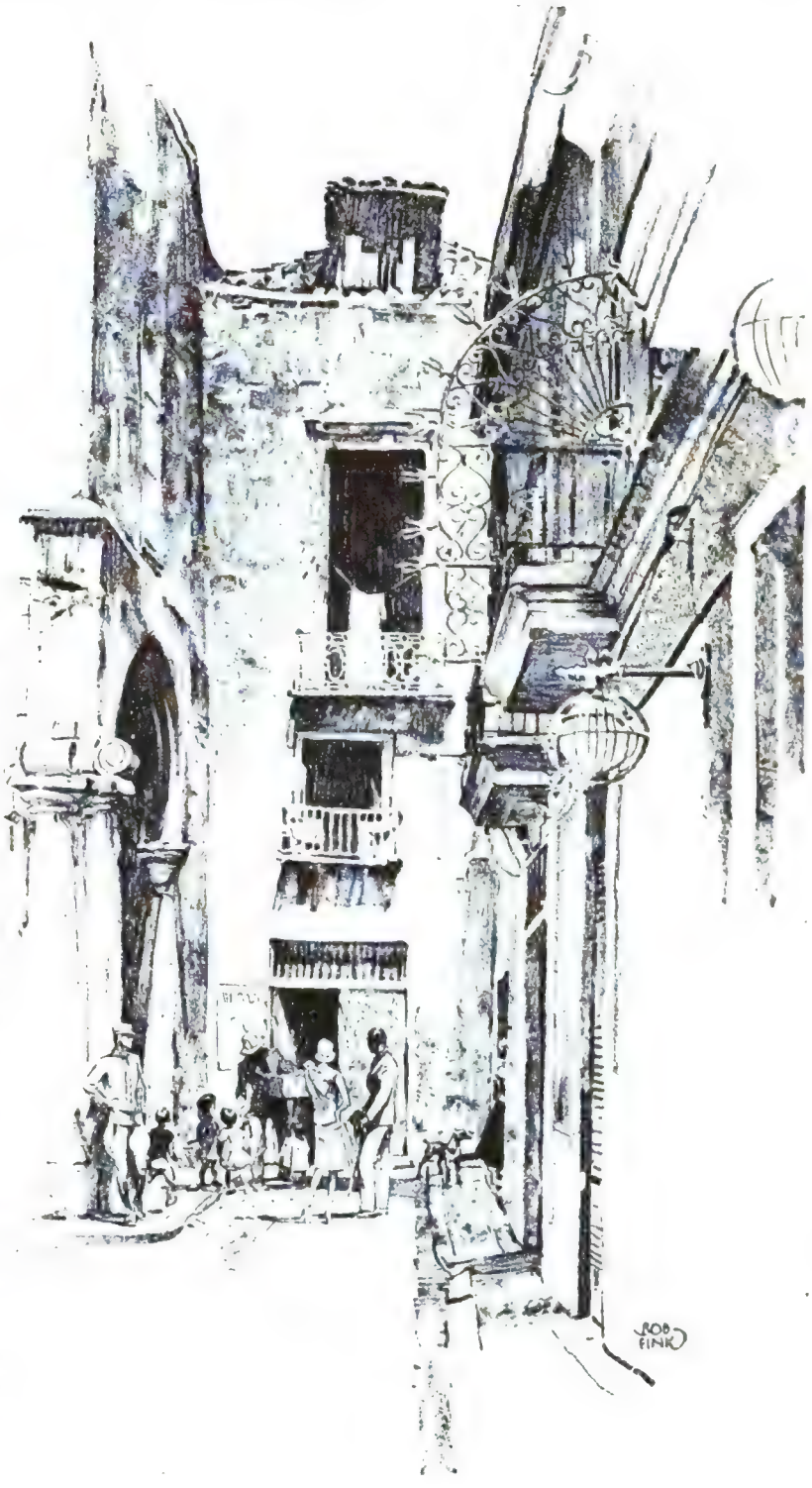

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of feet in diameter, which rise from the valley's floor. It is a limestone region, and seemingly the sedimentary rock was eroded, dissolved, and washed away by subterranean streams, until the roof collapsed, leaving only the pillars, called *mogotes*, which were of more resistant material than the rest of the strata.

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First of these comes Matanzas, on the north coast, a lovely Old World city fifty-five miles from Havana, and reached by the United Railways. It is at the mouth of the Yumuri valley, miles upon miles of whose marvelous beauty may be viewed from the Monserrate Hermitage, perched on a hill several hundred feet above the bay. The highest point of the ranges between which the verdant valley sweeps down to the sea is the Pan de Matanzas, so called because its summit resembles in shape a loaf of bread, 1300 feet high, which is the first landmark sighted by mariners approaching from the north.

Rivaling the Yumuri valley as a scenic attraction is the great Cave of Bellamar, a far-spreading series of submarine chambers glistening with stalactites. Matanzas is in the midst of the oldest sugar-growing region of the island, though far eclipsed in recent years by the huge development in Oriente. Its distinctive industry now is the manufacture of cordage, twine, and sacking from sisal, the fiber of the Heniquen plant, grown on wide areas that are of little value for other crops. The product of the giant factory of the Matanzas Sisal Co. is absorbed by the International Harvester Co. At Matanzas Claude Neon, inventor of the Neon light, has conducted submarine electrical experiments which may yet startle the world by the development of a new source of power.

Eastward from Matanzas, on the Bay of Cardenas, is Cardenas itself, with its splendid Varadero Beach, upon which the American multi-millionaire Irené Dupont projects the creation of a private beach for himself and relatives and friends who have joined him in the enterprise.

Santa Clara, eastern terminus of the United Railways (where they connect with the Consolidated Railroads of Cuba, which continue on to Santiago de Cuba), enjoys, in addition to its importance as a great railroad center, the distinction of being the birthplace of President Machado, who, in November, 1928, was reëlected as the unanimous choice of Cuba, all parties making him their candidate.

Caibarien, with a population of 15,000, is a new port on the north coast of Santa Clara province, and is a great outlet for sugar and tobacco, although it has no deep harbor, and freight must be lightered out to ships standing many miles from shore. Not far inland from Caibarien is Remedios, said to be Cuba's second oldest city.

Cienfuegos, most populous city of Santa Clara province, numbering more than fifty thousand souls, and next to Santiago the most important port on the south coast, possesses none of the antiquity of most Cuban cities. It was founded by Don Luis d'Clouet, by permission of the Captain General, Don José Cienfuegos, in 1819. Spain had ceded Florida to the United States, and many Spaniards and French emigrated to Cuba. Later, other French and Spanish families, fleeing from Santo Domingo because of

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BEFORE SANTIAGO DE CUBA lies historic Santiago Bay, where Admiral Cervera's fleet was bottled and destroyed by Sampson in 1898. Behind the city rise the Sierra Maestra mountains; Turquino Peak towering 7500 feet above sea level. The most beautiful view in all Cuba is obtained at Boniato (1526 feet up), reached over a splendid mountain highway built by General Leonard Wood. Below is shown a memorial to the 71st Infantry, New York Volunteers, on San Juan Hill

VACATION THIS WINTER amid scenes famous in American history. See the towering Ceiba, pictured here—the Peace Tree. Live again—in tropic sunshine—the storming of San Juan Hill with Roosevelt's Rough Riders. Below is shown the famous block house crowning San Juan's summit; and the fortress El Viso (center) at El Caney.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA invites you. This quaint old Spanish city on the shores of the Caribbean offers the winter sojourner unusual pleasures. Modern hotels hospitably attend on creature comforts. From the battlements of El Morro Castle one overlooks the whole field of Spanish-American conflict—richly endowed by nature as well as history. Most interesting is the Museum and Library presented to the city by Emilio Bacardi, where the thrilling story of Cuba's long struggle for freedom is vividly told by hundreds of relics, some dating back to the days of Cortés, Mexico's conqueror, once mayor of the city. Here is the home of world-famous Bacardi, an industry established in 1838; pictured above amid its gardened surroundings. . . . Come to Santiago de Cuba and you will come again.

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Negro domination there, joined the colony on Jagua Bay, which, in gratitude to the Captain General, Don Luis d'Clouet named Cienfuegos. With a magnificent harbor in which may float the world's greatest ships, and a hinterland that is one of the richest agricultural regions of Cuba, Cienfuegos prospered from the start. The United Railways have extensive docks there from which ships of the deepest draught may be loaded directly. The city is a favorite center of activity with Havana society, and its yacht club is brilliant with the capital's élite during the winter months.

CAMAGUEY IS ONE of Cuba's oldest cities, founded in 1515, years before Havana arose upon its present site, and the old architecture and crumbling walls bear testimony to the antiquity of what is now the bustling home of the Consolidated Railroads' principal shops. In Camaguey there are still survivals of the old Indian stock, and the city's society boasts some of the proudest and most aristocratic descendants of the Spanish grandees who lorded it in the Cuba of another day.

The city lies about midway between the north and south coasts, and has tributary to it not only a sugar region second to none in Cuba, but also wide-flung pasture lands which support a great and growing cattle industry. For it is in the midst of a plain over which the ocean rolled for ages between the elevated lands of the east and those of the west, dividing what is now Cuba into two islands, with the Sierra Maestra at one end and the Organos mountains at the other.

Camaguey was raised from the stagnation of an aristocratic old town to its present bustling activity by Sir William Van Horne when he made it the point of departure for his Cuba Railroad, which was to link the isolated ends of the island, bringing Santiago and all the great eastern territory into rail communication with Havana and the west. After achievements of greater magnitude in the northwest, collaborating with others, Sir William crowned his work with the creation of the Cuba Railroad by his own indomitable will and boundless resourcefulness. Van Horne's building of the Cuba Railroad constitutes a romance of idealistic material achievement.

While building the railroad, Sir William recreated the town, erecting for himself a stately home in which he extended hospitality to many of the world's great, and converting, or, rather, transforming, a grim old Spanish fortress into the spacious and altogether delightful Hotel Camaguey, which has not its like in all the world. A considerable part of the fort was built as late as 1849, but the original structure, of which much remains, dates back to the early seventeenth century. In the time of Sir Henry Morgan's raids it served as a refuge for the populace. The hotel occupies nine acres in the heart of

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the city, and its many *patios* are bright with bougainevilla and other gorgeous tropical blooms, and picturesque with the huge *tinajone* earthen jars which in the old days held the water supply of the fortress. Gazing on the tall, big-bellied vessels, one is apt to recall childhood rapture over the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. In striking contrast to the ancient walls are the modern comforts and service of the Camaguey Hotel.

Of Camaguey's old churches the most interesting are La Soledad and La Merced. The latter was built in 1628 by missionaries, and its silver altar was wrought from 40,000 Spanish *pesos*, those shining "pieces of eight" which were the pirate's delight all up and down the Spanish Main. La Soledad was constructed half a century later, as a hermitage, and the present building was begun in 1697. Its most notable claim to distinction is found in the fine frescoes, painted in 1852.

PASSING ON from Camaguey through cultivated lands and meadows, a point of interest is found near Palo Seco, where one of the most important battles of the Ten Years' War took place, with the Cubans under General Maximo Gomez victorious. At Las Tunas the railroad enters a section of large and flourishing citrus-fruit groves. Las Tunas is famous as the scene of an engagement in the War of Liberation (1895-98), when the Cuban forces under General Mario Menocal—afterward President of Cuba—assaulted the town defended by 600 Spanish troops and captured it, along with all of the garrison left alive, after two days' fighting. After traversing the elevated plateau east of the Camaguey plain the train begins, at Alto Cedro, a winding descent to Santiago de Cuba, squeezing through a narrow break in the Sierra Maestra range. The highest peak of these mountains, Turquino, towers 7500 feet above the nearby sea.

Santiago realizes and surpasses the dream of the tourist who comes to Cuba in quest of scenery and historical interest. In the midst of marvelous beauty of sea and mountain it presents on every hand reminders of every great event in Cuba's history from the beginning. Founded in 1515, it soon became the smelting center of the gold which the Spaniards were finding or were taking from the natives in those days. Velasquez, the Governor General, made it his capital. From there Hernando Cortés, after serving as mayor of the city, sailed to discover for Spain a better gold supply in the empire of the Montezumas—a discovery which nearly wrecked Cuba, for all able-bodied men who could joined in a gold rush to the new field where the precious yellow metal was to be had for the taking.

Every movement for Cuban freedom had its birth in the country adjacent to Santiago, and there finally were fought the battles by land and by sea which resulted in the extinction of Spain's western

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empire after a life of more than four hundred years. Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, Thomas Estrada Palma, Cuba's first President, José Marti, and other martyrs to Cuban liberty lie buried in Santiago's ancient cemetery.

Other landmarks of history include the wall where the *Virginius* expedition victims were shot, the ruins of the homes of Velasquez, founder of the town, and of Cortés. Near the center of the city is a museum and library founded by Emilio Bacardí, late owner of the famous Bacardí rum distillery which, perhaps, constitutes Santiago de Cuba's leading industry. The museum contains hundreds of relics of Cuba's long struggle for freedom, and some date back to the time of Cortés. The Bacardí family also is credited with much benevolent work in other parts of the island, and their rum appears to have become Cuba's national tipple.

The Santiago cathedral, said to be the second constructed in the New World; Clinica Los Angeles, reputedly Cuba's finest hospital, built by Professor Ortiz in memory of his wife; and the Casa Granda hotel, owned by the Cuba Railroad, are other attractions.

Bayamó, among the foothills of the Sierra Maestra, which are rich in copper, manganese, and other minerals, is the birthplace of Estrada Palma, and also of many of the movements started between 1868 and 1895 with the idea of freeing Cuba. When it was recaptured from the rebels in 1868 its inhabitants burned their homes rather than have them fall into the hands of the Spaniards. Yara, small town on the line leading to the port of Manzanillo, bears the distinction of being the site of Céspedes' declaration of war against Spain in 1868.

From the battlements of the Morro, or from the hilltops, the visitor can see the whole field of our fighting in Cuba on land and sea, and gaze upon the towering Ceiba tree under which were signed the articles of capitulation. He can see San Juan Hill and Kettle Hill, an advanced position of the Spanish left flank, up which the Rough Riders charged under Colonel Roosevelt. To his left, facing the sea from the hills behind the city, are Caney and the fortress of El Viso, which stubbornly held out through the greater part of a long summer day against the attack of Lawton and Chaffee until the brave Spanish commander Vara de Rey fell riddled with bullets. From Morro Castle he can see, to the left, Siboney and Daiquiri, where the Rough Riders came ashore, immortalized by the cocktail evolved by the United States Navy as soon as it became acquainted with the Bacardí rum which is Santiago's pride. To the right is the harbor in which lay the fleet of Admiral Cervera, and the entrance to the channel where Hobson sank the *Merrimac* in an abortive attempt to block the exit. Straight ahead is the sea, where Sampson's fleet lay in a wide semicircle ready to converge

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instantly upon the harbor mouth should any sortie be attempted; and, to the westward, miles of the dazzling blue water through which the American ships pursued the fleeing Spaniard until every ship was either sunk or run ashore on fire.

THERE ARE MANY drives out from Santiago de Cuba, the one offering the most beautiful scenery being that constructed by General Leonard Wood when he was governor. This drive, which clings to the mountain side, winds upward to Boniato, 1526 feet above the sea, from which is to be had the most beautiful view of land and sea in all Cuba. Some who have traveled the world over say that they have never seen a more striking panorama. From Boniato summit one looks down on a fertile valley dotted with thatched roofs set in cultivated fields, bounded by a low range of hills, across a glistening lake and another low ridge, beyond which spread the roofs of the city at whose feet lies the beautiful harbor, stretching past the Morro to the deep blue, white-flecked Caribbean.

Jiguani, in the foothills of the Sierra Maestra, is another war-scarred town, and at Baire the Cuban flag was first raised in the 1895 rebellion. Oriente is an exceptionally fertile region aside from its minerals, maize, coffee, cacao, cane, bananas, oranges, and grape fruit thriving in the soil of the many valleys and on its slopes of the mountains. Guantanamo Bay, where the American fleet usually has its maneuvers and target practice, is west of Santiago de Cuba and is reached by a narrow-gauge railway.

The Isle of Pines, reached by steamer from Batabano (across the island from Havana), is a beautiful and fertile island with an area of about one-quarter that of Porto Rico, and three mountain chains ranging from 400 to 1653 feet. Caballos and Las Casas mountains, 1074 and 1035 feet high, respectively, are composed entirely of high-grade marble, which is now being quarried for use in the embellishment of Havana. Fanned by the trade winds, the climate is delightful, and there are fine bathing beaches and thermal springs which have long been famous for their healing properties.

With some mineral deposits which have not yet been sufficiently prospected, the island has ample sources of prosperity in the fruits and vegetables raised for the Havana and the northern winter markets. The island was developed largely by Americans who went there just after the Spanish-American War, and English is generally spoken. It is an ideal place for wealthy persons seeking quiet, or even for persons of moderate means, to settle down to the enjoyment of boating, fishing, swimming, golf, tennis, horseback riding, and other outdoor sports to be enjoyed the year round, with the best of farm produce available in perfect freshness for the table.

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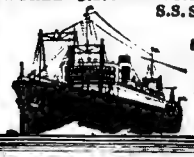

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How Much Life Insurance?

AN OUTSTANDING article for everyone fortunately interested or unfortunately not interested in insurance was Roland G. E. Ullman's discussion recently in the *Review of Reviews* —a layman's answer to his own question, "How Much Life Insurance?"

Early in his twenties, according to Mr. Ullman, he had concluded that he should carry life insurance, but he did not know how much or what kind. He had just turned twenty-one, had no dependents, was earning more than his actual living expenses, but was engaged in work where seasonal factors affected his income.

Discussions followed with numerous insurance solicitors in various towns, but each time the question of how much and what kind of insurance was best suited for him remained unanswered. Meanwhile, he had taken a course in life insurance in the evening class of a large university to get a picture of life insurance protection, and even after a few years, as related in his article, "I could see that my insurance requirements were already different from what they had been six or seven years earlier, and that they would change further.

"About this time, I bought my first policy for $5000. That is, it had a life coverage of that amount, but in addition it paid $50 a month for disability, and the same amount as a monthly income after I am sixty. Less than a year later I added two more units of a similar type. I had found out what kind of insurance was best adapted to my condition and prospects as I then saw them, but not yet *how much* of my income should be invested in insurance. Also, I was *buying* insurance rather than having it sold to me, which I believe is the correct way. . . .

"Before long, I began to find in an indefinite way an answer to *how much*. I had married. The advent of our first and second child brought new problems. I was putting aside more and more money in the form of life insurance and other securities as my income and family responsibilities increased after marriage, but I still had not the answer to 'how much of my savings should be put into life insurance?' "

His first lead to the solution of this problem was offered by a helpful life insurance specialist who suggested that he chart his income, from the time of his first job, to provide a graphic picture of his earning power. This pointed the way, and "I tried it on a sheet of cross-section paper, looking up the figures I needed from my insurance record book, from household accounts, check stubs, and a complete study of our income-producing assets. The thing worked. Reduction to a common denominator of the variable factors which make every man's life insurance problems different was possible.

"Those variable factors are important because they affect the final answer and are highly personal. They are social requirements, ambitions, family program, and similar important but intangible personal elements. The common denominator is nothing more than the cost of living up to those elements."

> BANKERS WARN you that you cannot buy securities and forget them. Securities should be watched constantly to exchange or convert. It is the same way with life insurance if you want to get the most from it, except that it needs less watching. But every holder of insurance policies should review them —if possible with the aid of a good insurance adviser—at least once every five years, in order to be sure that all features, methods of payment, and beneficiary arrangements are still in accord with present conditions. . . . The guidance of a really good insurance adviser can be distinctly worth while.
>
> —ROLAND G. E. ULLMAN.

Mr. Ullman then pointed out that the old age of many Americans would be more pleasant if they were more income-minded, and he continued:

"This item of income had a multiplied importance for me, for I was no longer single, but was responsible for the well-being of a family now grown to five. . . . My six policies totaled somewhat more than $43,000. If the entire amount were left in trust, it would mean not over $200 a month, but $10,000 of this principal was to be paid in cash for settling my estate. It might not require that much, but it was not safe to figure otherwise. That left $33,000, the interest from which would not be sufficient to rear two boys and a girl and send them to college, let alone keep their mother in comfort for the rest of her days.

"A study of the various settlement options showed that it was just about adequate for the task if principal as well as interest were used. In this way, I could assure my wife of necessary income for her life and our children at least for twenty years. It still left something to be desired. . . . But before I could consider increasing the straight life coverage, it was necessary for my earning power to be protected. The policies then in force provided a total disability of $180 a month, but were cancellable at the option of the company after recovery from disability, or if I changed my occupation. That was not sufficient protection. . . . Accordingly, I added two non-cancellable health-disability policies—one for $250 a month, with a two-months' elimination clause, and one in like amount, with a three-months' elimination clause. That reduced the premium considerably."

Still further progress was made two years later when Mr. Ullman made the chart which answered definitely his question of how much for life protection:

"I began by charting my income from the time I had my first job, just as I had done at first, but this time I added two more curves. The bottom one showed

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the total cost of living during the same period. Above it was the cost-of-insurance line. By total cost I mean everything that had been paid out for any purpose other than savings, insurance, real estate, securities, or building and loan. These last items were divided into 'insurance' and 'other savings.'

"The early years for every man are apprentice years, devoted to getting experience and building up his earning capacity. On a chart his earnings curve climbs gradually at first and then starts to accelerate about the end of his twenties or the beginning of his thirties. Then, at some point between the late thirties and the middle of the forties in the life of the average man his income begins a horizontal movement. . . .

"I had crossed the great divide of thirty-five three years earlier. Would my income continue to increase at the same rate, or would it start that horizontal movement? In the first twelve years I had earned a total of $28,000, at the end of which time my savings area stood slightly more than $1,000. Earlier areas had been absorbed.

"During the next seven years I had earned more than twice this sum. This was reflected by an even sharper increase in the savings area on the chart. I projected the expended-for-living area to the age of sixty, making due allowance for such charges as could be foreseen. Then I projected the earnings line to the same age, using as a basis the amount of salary I was then receiving, and allowing only such increases as I could reasonably expect from reinvestment of income, from property, and securities.

"The result was most interesting. If for the next twenty-two years I could keep both curves approximately as projected on the chart I could be in a position to retire in comfort and ultimately leave an estate of helpful proportions to our children. . . . If I lived half that interval and kept both curves to their projections, our total accumulations in the savings area would be about $100,000. That was sufficient principal to provide an adequate income for my family. . . .

"There was the answer to *how much* for me. I added six more policies in the next eighteen months. More than fifteen per cent. of my income was *not* being put into life, health, and disability premiums, even after applying dividends to reduction of the premiums. . . . Four of my policies will mature when I am sixty. If I convert the other eight into paid-up units, I shall have a total of $78,000 as a life insurance estate and in addition nearly $100 more income every month from my dividends.

"Today, half my policies have riders on them, modifying or dropping certain features of the original contracts to conform to changing conditions. Some of them have as many as three such riders. For there is no constant to insurance requirements. They shift with conditions."

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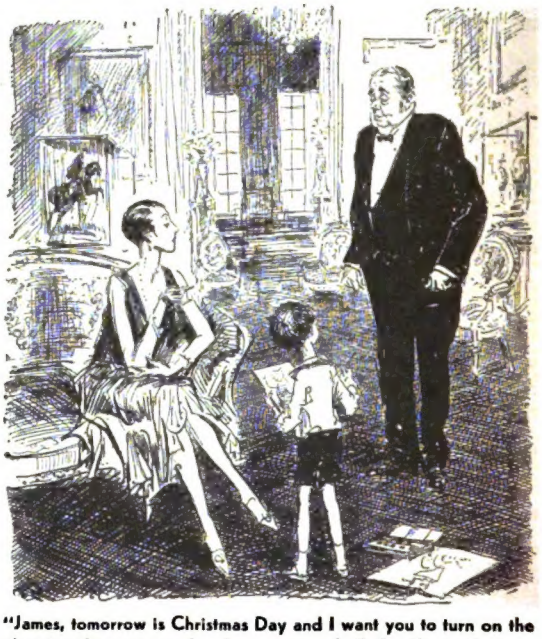

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